MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. L. AUGUST, 1895. No. 4.

PETER PAUL RUBENS (1577–1640).

IN the beginning of the seventeenth century the art of the Netherlands, in the person of Rubens, again assumed that clearly defined expression that had been lacking in it since the time of Quinten Massys. The interval between these two great names—a period of about seventy-five years—is not, however, without interest in artistic achievements. But all previous attainments sink into comparative insignificance beside the extraordinary capacity displayed by the Flemish artists of the seventeenth century.

Peter Paul Rubens was born on June 29, 1577,—the festival of Sts. Peter and Paul,—at the little town of Siegen, in Westphalia, to which place his father, John Rubens, a magistrate of Antwerp, had been relegated in consequence of an offense that he had committed against the Prince of Orange. When young Rubens was a year old his parents removed to Cologne, where they remained until his father died. His mother then returned with her son to Antwerp, where she attended carefully to his education. He became versed in the classics, and, besides his mother tongue, spoke French, German, English, Italian, and Spanish. His mother intended him for the law, but as he evinced an early passion for art, he was suffered to pursue that course. It is known that he had three instructors in art—that he began his studies under Tobias Verhaegt, a well-known landscape-painter, continued them with Adam van Noort for the space of four years, and ended them with Octavio van Veen (Otho Vaenius).

At twenty-three he departed for Italy to study the great masters. In the service of Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga of Mantua, an enthusiastic patron of the fine arts, he visited Venice, Florence, Rome, and Genoa, copying important works. The duke, discovering the variety and richness of his talents, and having an eye to the beauty of his person and the elegance of his manners, sent him on a diplomatic mission to the court of Spain. In Spain he met Velasquez, with whom he continued in correspondence. He remained eight years in Italy, being summoned hastily to Antwerp by the illness of his mother, who died before he reached home.

Here he was induced to remain by the archduke Albert, who appointed him court painter. He founded a school at Antwerp, which was very successful, his most famous pupils being Vandyke, Jordaens, Snyders, Diepenbeeck, Van Thulden, Zegers, and Quellinus. This was in 1609, when he was thirty-two years old. His fame became such that his works and his society were contended for by princes and monarchs. He married his first wife, Isabella Brandt, in 1609, and built himself a magnificent house, painting it within and without. The Duke of Buckingham having coveted it, Rubens sold it to him for ten times its original cost. At Antwerp Rubens led an uncommonly active life. As he himself assures us, while in the service of the regent Albert and his consort Isabella he had one foot always in the stirrup, making repeated trips to London, Paris, and Madrid, and devoting as much of his time to politics as to art. He performed important services as

Copyright, 1895, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.



PAINTED BY RUBENS. ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

HELENA FOURMENT, SECOND WIFE OF RUBENS, AND TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

ambassador to Spain and England. Maria de' Medici, queen of France, invited him to her court, and he celebrated her life in a series of great works now to be seen in the Louvre. Rubens was knighted by Philip IV. of Spain, and also by Charles I. of England, who, in addition to other favors, gave him his own sword and a gold chain, which the painter wore ever afterward. In 1630, four years after the death of his first wife, he married one of the richest and most beautiful girls in all Flanders,—Helena Fourment,—then only sixteen years of age. In 1632, pending negotiations between Belgium and Holland, Rubens was in the latter country, and visited the workshops of many of its most famous painters. It is a matter of astonishment that there exists no trace of any relations between him and Rembrandt, who was already famous, having painted his "Anatomical Lesson" and many other important works. It is also singular that in the inventory of Rubens's works made after his death, among his many pictures of various schools, the name of Rembrandt is conspicuously absent. Not so with Rembrandt, however, who possessed many engravings after Rubens's works—choice impressions before the letter.

Rubens died in 1640, possessed of immense wealth, after a career marked by all the distinctions that fame and universal admiration could bestow upon him in the triple character of painter, diplomatist, and man. He was buried with extraordinary pomp in the church of St. Jacques, Antwerp, where, over his tomb, is placed one of his most charming works, a picture of St. George—a work wholly formed, as tradition says, of the portraits of members of his family. Side by side in it are his two wives, his daughter, his niece (the celebrated girl of the "Chapeau de Paille"), his father, his grandfather, and, finally, his younger son, in the guise of an angel, certainly one of the most adorable children he ever painted. He himself figures there as St. George, in shining armor, holding in his hand the banner of that saint.

Rubens was an almost universal genius in his art, and has left a vast number of canvases dealing with every kind of subject. He painted pictures sacred and secular, studies of animals and men, portraits of men and women, charming pieces treating wholly of children, grand historical and mythological works, and fine landscapes. The great number of works attributed to him would seem fabulous did we not know that many of them—perhaps the majority of them—were really executed, under the eye of the master, by pupils who worked from his designs. His works are scattered all over Europe, but possibly the best idea of his range and versatility is conveyed by the collection in the gallery of the Pinakothek at Munich, which has ninety-five of his works. In his time over 1200 engravings were made from his works.

The "Descent from the Cross," in the cathedral of Antwerp, is generally conceded to be his masterpiece. This and the "Elevation of the Cross," in the same cathedral, are two magnificent examples of the genius of the painter that must be seen before one can obtain a judicious estimate of his powers. How it can be said that Rubens had no spirituality, in view of these two splendid pictures, is very hard to understand. If we are accustomed, from his numerous historical and mythological works scattered all over Europe, to regard him in the light of a boisterous painter of tremendous dash and fire, in the cool precincts of the Antwerp cathedral we obtain a different view of his character, and behold him wise, religious, and restrained. These works were painted shortly after his arrival from Italy, while he was yet imbued with the Italian spirit.

The "Descent from the Cross" is a touching and impressive work, profound and tender in sentiment. The Saviour is being lowered from the cross into the arms of loving friends by means of a sheet. The value of the naked body against the sheet, in full light and relieved against a dark sky, is one of the most striking and effective things in art. The draperies of the others, in their rich and varied coloring, are subdued to the faintest note, so that the faces come out with wonderful relief, and the eye naturally dwells upon the various emotions depicted in each, from the weeping countenance of the Virgin, as pale as the body of her son, to the visage of her dead Lord, calm in the repose of death, and, finally, to the lovely features of the Magdalene, whose bloom of health and youth, emphasizing the pallor of death, is the culminating note of color in the whole.

I could not understand why the best photographs and engravings I had seen of this work should all be so hard and ill drawn, and so utterly void of the tender values and the floating atmospheric quality of the original; but the reason was evident enough when in the museum of Antwerp I saw what purports to be an original sketch by Rubens for the great work, and was informed by the custodian that all the photographs and engravings are executed from this poor thing, which bears the unequivocal stamp of a copy—and a laborious and heavy copy. But, being a bright and hard thing, it photographs and engraves well, and makes an attractive and marketable object for a shop window.

The sketches in oil by Rubens are the most



PAINTED BY RUBENS. ENGRAVED BY T. OGLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

PORTRAIT KNOWN AS THE "CHAPEAU DE PAILLE" (STRAW HAT).

delightful things imaginable. Being executed in thin glazings, or washed in upon some warm ground, they have an airy and dreamily suggestive quality; or else, if painted more solidly, they have a light and spirited touch, and are charged with energy of character and dash and fire, as in his marvelous study of some negroes' heads to be seen in the museum at Brussels.

It was the custom of Rubens, in the execution of his numerous works, to sketch in the subject upon the canvas, and then to have his pupils paint up the body of the work. Afterward he himself added the finishing touches. In this way, combined with his extraordinary rapidity of execution, he was enabled to complete a prodigious amount of work, his canvases numbering, it is said, several thousands. An admirable example of his first stage of procedure is the sketch of the portrait of his second wife, Helena Fourment, with her two children, to be seen in the Louvre. The heads are the most finished portions. How charming in sentiment it is! The young mother, not more than twenty, is dreaming in bliss over her first son. The boy evidently is the occasion of the picture, which gives expression to the old feeling — which exists among parents to the present day in Germany and Flanders — of doting upon the boy, but relegating the girl to the background of their regard. I like the natural innocence and unconsciousness of this little girl, coming in upon the scene, with her apron filled, possibly with flowers, as opposed to the decidedly conscious air of the boy, who already seems aware of the superior estimation with which he is regarded. He holds a dove by a silken cord in one hand, and a perch in the other.

The portrait known as the "Chapeau de Paille," in the National Gallery, London, is that of a young lady in a black bodice with red sleeves, and a black Spanish beaver or felt hat. It is life-size. How it came to be called the "Chapeau de Paille" is not known, since the hat does not resemble straw. The portrait is said to be that of Mlle. de Lunden, whom Rubens was once upon the point of marrying. The blending of a strongly reflected light with a direct light gives a pleasing transparent illumination to the features, which are powerfully offset by the black hat and dress. Nothing could be more strikingly effective.

The portrait of the wife of Cordes, in the museum of Brussels, is another life-size bust. Though of a more serious order, it is none the less effective as a picture. What could be more striking than this black satin dress illuminated by cream-colored puffs, and surmounted by a splendid display of lace and glittering jewelry, against a gray background? This sumptuous display and love of sensuous beauty are never wanting in the works of Rubens.

T. Cole.

"LET ME NOT MUCH COMPLAIN."

LET me not much complain of life, in age;
Life is not faulty, life is well enough,
For those who love their daily round of doing,
And take things rounded, never in the rough,
Turning from day to day the same old page,
And their old knowledge ever more renewing.
I have known many such: through life they went
With moderate use of moderate heritage,
Giving and spending, saving as they spent.
These are wise men, though never counted sage;
They looked for little, easy men to please;
But I, more deeply drunk of life's full cup,
Feel, as my lips come nearer to the lees,
I dived for pearls, and brought but pebbles up.

Thomas William Parsons.



DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.

"SONIA PASSED VERY NEAR HIM."

[*BEGUN IN THE MAY NUMBER.*]

THE PRINCESS SONIA.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER,

Author of "Across the Chasm," "The Child Amy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

XI.

AS Sonia got out of her carriage before the house in the Place de la Madeleine, and mounted the steps with her maid, her heart was beating violently, but she had never been stronger in the sense of complete self-possession. She knew that a difficult ordeal was before her, but she had no fear that her spirit would falter. It was only necessary for her to remember her former weakness, and how she had paled and cowered before Harold, to make her securer in her defiant resolution with every pulse-beat.

At the door of the apartment she dismissed her maid, and, dropping the train of her heavy dress, swept into the little antechamber, regally tall and self-collected, to the admiration of the servants, who thought her every inch a princess.

A door opposite opened, and Martha appeared in a pretty evening gown, and led her friend into the salon.

Near the table, holding the "Figaro" in his hands, and bending his eyes upon its columns, sat Harold. His severe evening dress, his grave, dark face, with its close-trimmed, pointed beard, and his straight, smooth hair, with its definite part, all spoke of composure, deliberation, and repose.

He rose to his feet, laid down the paper, and stood in his place, waiting. His sister's guest had taken off her lace hood and thrown open her cloak, between the parted folds of which appeared a rich evening dress. She came forward, moving lightly in her heavy garments, and when Martha, with a fluttering heart, which made her manner somewhat excited and confused, said, looking from one to the other, "My brother, Mr. Keene—the Princess Mannernorff," she looked him full in the face with what Martha thought a rather haughty look, and gave him a somewhat ceremonious bow.

Harold met her gaze with unflinching eyes, and bowed in his turn with an air which Martha thought unnecessarily formal and distant. After all she had said to each about the other, it disappointed her that their meeting should be so absolutely without cordiality. She asked her friend if she would come into her room to lay aside her wraps; but the latter declined, and threw her cloak and hood upon a chair before Harold had time to offer his assistance.

She was dressed in a plain gown of thick yellow satin, with trimmings of brown fur and creamy lace. A diamond arrow pierced the mass of her rich brown hair, and a great clasp of many-colored jewels in an antique setting held the folds of her gown at the waist. She wore no other ornaments, and her beautiful arms and hands were without bracelets or rings. She did not seat herself, but opened a fan, and stood waving it softly as she looked down at Martha from her greater height. The introduction had, of course, been in French, and the conversation continued in that language.

In strong contrast to her glowing brilliancy of color Harold was very pale as he stood with his shoulder braced against the mantel, and talked to her. He was, however, quite as collected as she.

Presently she began to wonder dimly if he were not more so; for underneath her assured calm of manner there was a wild excitement of which she was intensely aware, and all the force of her will was set upon the effort of concealing it from her companions.

She did not wish Martha to know that she was excited; and to have this quiet man in front of her get even a suspicion that she was not fully as composed as he appeared to be, was a thought that she could not endure.

She began to talk about the atelier where she and Martha had met and made friends, and she gave an amusing description of her first encounter with Étienne when she had gone there to enter her name as a pupil.

"It was my first venture into the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter," she said; "and I felt brave, but self-protective, when I reached the place and went in, with my maid, to investigate.

The cloak-room was empty, and when I got to the atelier, and walked around the great piece of sail-cloth which turned its dirty and undecorated side toward me, I saw a fat little old man, in carpet slippers and a dirty, besmeared linen blouse and black skull-cap, washing brushes in some soft soap contained in an old lobster-can. 'I wish to see M. Étienne,' I said rather haughtily; and to my great indignation he answered, still dabbing and flattening out his brushes in their lather of soap, 'What do you want with him?' My maid quite jumped with fright, and I, wishing to show my courage, said severely, 'That is what does not concern you.' Instead of showing the self-abasement which I thought my rebuke merited, he said amiably, still rubbing his brushes round and round: 'But yes, it does; for I 'm the man you are looking for. What will you have?' I was so honestly discomfited that he kindly came to the rescue, and, overlooking my blunder, began to talk business. I have heard since that the mistake which I made had been so frequently made before that I suppose he scarcely noticed it."

As she ceased speaking, the readiness with which Martha took advantage of the pause to move toward the dining-room suddenly made her aware that dinner must have been announced,—how long ago she could not tell,—and that her garrulous speech and gesticulation had prevented her from hearing it. Her back was toward the door; but how excited she must have been, and appeared, not to have been aware of the announcement! Her face flushed, and she bit her lip with vexation.

Martha looked at her brother, supposing that he would offer his arm to their guest. Instead of doing so, however, he merely stood aside and waited for the two ladies to go into the dining-room before him. In doing this, Sonia passed very near him; and with a feeling of defiance in her breast she looked straight at him.

He did not meet her gaze, however; for his own eyes were gravely lowered and hid behind a pair of heavy lids, the curves and lashes of which were startlingly familiar to her.

In the lull which the formalities of the moment occasioned, it was painfully borne in on Sonia that she had been too talkative. Her recent rapid speech smote annoyingly on her ears; and when she recalled the fact that she had done all the talking, and must have made an appearance of almost vulgar chattiness, she felt humiliated and indignant. Was she exposing her inward excitement to this quiet man, who was now giving some low-toned instructions to the butler with a self-possession which she suddenly envied? Feeling hurt and angry, she fell into utter silence.

A constraint had fallen upon the party which was even more marked than that which usually characterizes the first moment or two at a formal table. Sonia felt that she would bite her tongue in two before she would speak again, and Martha had a helpless sense that things were somehow going wrong. It was Harold who broke the silence.

"Martha," he said, "the princess will say, perhaps, what wine she prefers."

Sonia felt as if she hated him. He knew all her little aversions and preferences as well as she knew them herself, and had ordered her dinners and wines times out of number. How could he pretend that he had never seen her before, with so much success as almost to impose upon herself? Was it really a dream? Which was the dream, the past or the present? How could he seem to be so indifferent, unless he really felt so? Perhaps he was. That might be the simple explanation of what seemed mysterious.

As these thoughts hurried through her mind while she made a pretense of eating her soup, it suddenly occurred to her that her present complete silence might look as odd as her former garrulousness. Harold, while eating his dinner with apparent relish, was doing all the talking now, but with how different a manner from hers! How quiet he was, and what well-bred pauses interspersed his talk, and how agreeably he deferred to Martha and herself, and brought them into it! She had come to this dinner with the proudest confidence of being able to conform the conditions about her absolutely to her will, and yet, in spite of herself, she seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper every moment into the slough of regret and self-reproach which she had come here to get out of.

As the meal proceeded, her self-dissatisfaction increased, and presently, with a feeling almost of panic, she realized that her conduct must be so peculiar as to cause surprise to Martha, if not to her brother. What interpretation would he put upon the sudden dumbness that possessed her? A very obvious one occurred to her, which it filled her with anger to think of, and she felt she must talk, must recover herself, must do away with the impression of her present stupidity.

Martha, groping about for an agreeable topic, had mentioned the young bridal couple, and a telegram which she had just received from them, and that led her to some remarks about the wedding.

"Oh, it was a beautiful wedding — I was there!" said Sonia, in a breathless endeavor to come naturally into the talk.

As she spoke she met Harold's eyes, and thought that she discovered just a shade of

surprise in them. He only bowed, however, in assent to her rather demonstrative expression of praise. Sonia felt at once that her attendance at any wedding, particularly that one, was a thing that grated on him. His presence there was, of course, a necessity; but the odious taste of her going, out of pure curiosity, as it would appear to him, to see this marriage, must add one more item to the evidence which was rolling up against her. She was experiencing what was new to her — a sensation of total inadequacy to the social demands of her surroundings.

"Harold, do you think you can possibly stay for the opening of the Salon?" said Martha, presently, in another effort to make the conversation go. This was a topic which she thought Sonia should be interested in. Apparently she was right.

"I 'm going to exhibit a picture," said Sonia, quickly.

Sonia had thought only of recovering herself by talking naturally, and this speech, as well as the last one, she regretted bitterly the moment she had uttered it. Not only did it seem in bad taste to speak of her exhibiting, when Martha was so far removed from such an honor, but it might also make the impression that she thought that the fact might be an inducement for him to stay for the Salon. It was maddening to have him look at her again with polite interest, and express his congratulations upon a fact of which she now felt heartily ashamed. How he must despise her! What should she do?

"I wonder," said Martha, at this point, in her clear, low voice, "if Harold has ever seen that striking picture that hangs in your room, Sonia. It is Watts's 'Hope,' Harold. Do you know it?"

Harold answered that he did not, and Sonia's sense of helpless misery increased as she perceived that Martha was going to describe it. She bit her tongue to keep from crying out as Martha proceeded to give the following description:

"It is a woman's figure lying on the globe in an attitude of fatigue and dejection. The scantily draped form is beautiful, but not youthful-looking, and the face, partly concealed by a bandage over the eyes, is also beautiful, but lined with care and sorrow. In her hands she holds an old lyre with every string broken except one. This one string, frayed and worn and lax, she is striking with her thin, weak fingers, and she is bending her dulled ears to try to catch the note. When Sonia first showed it to me, and said that it was one of her favorite pictures, I did not understand it. We have all been taught at Étienne's such a fine contempt for English art that I was disposed to treat it lightly. I soon saw, however, the wonderful, tragic meaning in the picture, and I quite long to see the original."

This was too much. Sonia felt that if anything else occurred to hold her up to contempt in this man's eyes, she should give up, and burst into tears. Her courage was fast oozing to the last ebb; and with a feeling of actual desperation she looked involuntarily into the face of her opposite neighbor, and met his eyes fixed on her with a strong gaze that in an instant supported and calmed her. She did not quite read its meaning, but she felt that there was kindness for her in it, and that there was no contempt. A look from him had given her courage many a time in the past, and it was availing now. She felt suddenly self-possessed and strong; but the remainder of the meal was a confused blur in her memory, and she was devoutly thankful when her maid came to fetch her home.

Martha thought it a little strange that her brother did not go down to put their guest into her carriage; but she reflected that he was far more familiar with the rules of foreign society than she was, and she concluded that he must be acting in accordance with them.

XII.

MARTHA felt herself genuinely surprised, puzzled, and disappointed at the result of the meeting which she had worked so hard to bring about. Nothing could be more incontestably evident than that her brother and her friend had not proved sympathetic — did not "hit it off." What was the reason? How could both of them be so perfectly congenial to her and still uncongenial to each other? It was a painful mystery, to which she tried in vain to find the key.

Next morning Sonia did not come to the atelier at her usual time, and Martha painted on without her in pronounced despondency of spirit. When she had quite given the princess up, she looked around, and, to her delight, saw Sonia placing her easel, and preparing to go to work, a short distance off. She thought her friend looked a little pale and ill; but when she managed presently to catch her eye, she received an affectionate smile from her, which gave her a certain amount of reassurance.

When the interval for lunch came, and they went off together to the creamery, Martha waited for her friend to introduce the subject so near to her heart, and was surprised when she led the talk in an entirely different direction.

It had been much the same with Harold after their guest had left the evening before. Beyond a rather preoccupied and spiritless assent to all she had to say about the beauty of the

princess, he seemed more or less indifferent on the subject, and plunged with zest into the discussion of other things. Martha could not altogether wonder at this, for she had never seen her adored friend appear to so little advantage. Her brother, however, had seemed to her charming, though not, of course, at his very best, and she expected that Sonia would at least say that he was handsome and agreeable. When it appeared that she was going to say nothing at all, Martha boldly took the initiative, and asked:

"What do you think of Harold?"

"Think of him? Oh, I think he's very good-looking, though less like his sister than I could wish."

"Oh, Sonia, don't tease me! If I thought you meant that, I should give you up, both as an artist and a friend. But, really, did you like him or not?"

"I could hardly say 'not' to that heartfelt appeal," said Sonia, smiling; "and, indeed, I don't feel inclined to. I liked him, of course. But, my dear, I told you only the truth when I said I was sick to death of men. Étienne is the solitary exception. I like *him* for the reason that he did say a decent word to me this morning, and I really believe he thinks I am beginning to daub with promise."

Martha saw that there was no hope, so with profound disappointment she gave up, and said no more.

As for Sonia herself, never had she been in a state of such abject self-abasement. She had donned her gorgeous raiment and gone off to that dinner in exultant self-confidence, and had never doubted her ability to conform circumstances to her will, and to make exactly the impression upon Harold which she desired him to have. What, then, was the secret of her complete and humiliating failure? She asked herself this question, and immediately tried to shut fast her ears to the answer which her heart gave. She had confidently believed, up to this hour of her life, that her woman's pride was strong enough for any demands which she could possibly make upon it; but it had failed her. She had passed a sleepless night after that dinner, and it took tremendous effort to go to her work next morning. She did it only because she knew that if she did not the news of her absence would reach Harold, and she could not endure the thought of the motive to which he might attribute it. Perhaps the most poignant recollection which rankled in Sonia's mind was the thought that, in her helplessness, she had made an appeal to him by that look which he had answered with such strength-giving kindness. It had enabled her to get through with the remaining time; but now, as she thought of it, she felt that he had taken it as an appeal of weakness which he had been strong and merciful enough to respond to.

This thought, whenever it recurred, made her cheeks tingle.

And what could she do to right herself? She dared not make any more self-confident plans, only to have them end in fresh humiliation. She now felt afraid of seeing Harold, and it seemed to her that the utmost that was in her power was to be regular and faithful to her work, in the hope that the report of such a sensible course would reach his ears.

Martha made a weak little effort to get her friend to come to her again, but to this she received such a faint response that she let the subject drop. All sorts of conjectures were busy in her mind to account for the present phenomena. She even wondered if she and her brother, with their American education and ideas, could have done anything which offered an affront to the state and dignity of their princess-guest. But this could hardly be. Sonia was as friendly and affectionate as ever, though she now seemed to wish to confine their intercourse to the limits of the atelier, and did not even ask her to come to her own apartments. So Martha was free to give up all her spare time to her brother, and they had numerous trips to the theater and opera; but somehow the *solitude à deux* with her beloved Harold had not the zest in it which she had counted on beforehand. He was certainly changed, this brother of hers. He had grown more serious, and was given to long silences. She even thought that it was an effort to him to be so much in her society, and that he would perhaps prefer to be alone. This was a hard blow to Martha, but she bore it without making a sign, and was glad of the excuse which her work gave her to be much away from him. He also had important business in Paris, and often worked for many hours at a time, which, as Martha told herself, accounted for his rather careworn expression. She even thought he was getting thin, and begged him not to stay on because of her, as she would far rather give up her lessons and join her mother than be a trouble and injury to him. This, however, he would not listen to, and he even declared it his intention to stay in Paris until after the opening of the Salon, now only a week or so off.

Day after day went by, and although Sonia and Martha were together at least one half of their conscious time, they seemed to have in some way gone backward instead of forward in their intimacy. They still lunched together daily, and had ample opportunity for talk; but there seemed now a dearth of topics such as they had never been aware of before, and a sense of distance had arisen which made it hard for Martha to realize the familiarity and

nearness which had marked their former intercourse.

One afternoon, when the work had been going more than usually well and the model had been more than usually interesting, Sonia and Martha, their easels side by side, had lingered in the atelier after every one else had gone. It was very agreeable to be able to paint and talk together, and the princess, whose carriage had been announced some time before, gladly agreed to wait with Martha until hers should arrive.

While they were talking, a knock was heard at the door, and as all rules were relaxed at this hour, both women called out, "*Entrez!*"

The door was opened, and around the corner of the old sail-cloth screen the tall figure of Harold appeared. The day was raw and chilly, and he wore a fur-lined coat with its large fur collar drawn close around his throat, and carried his high hat and his stick in his hand.

At sight of him Martha uttered a little exclamation of pleasure, and gaily called to him to come on. Sonia, in spite of the jerk at her heart-strings and the rush of blood through all her veins, felt, taken unprepared as she was, a sudden sense of strength and self-possession. Her color deepened, and by a swift motion she drew herself erect; and as she stood there in her old green skirt and red silk blouse, she looked so workman-like and charming that, as Martha drew her brother forward toward their easels, her heart quite glowed with pride in both her dear companions. She always adored Harold in that coat, and Sonia in that dress, and her sensitive organism seemed to be receiving impressions of pleasure from the minds of each. Harold stood still, a little distance off, and bowed, with a look that expressed some hesitation or uncertainty. Looking past his sister and at her friend, he said:

"Do you permit me to look at your work?"

"Oh, if you care to," said Sonia in a light and natural tone. "It 's a mere daub of a study. One goes through a great deal of discouragement in a place like this, and a great deal of one's time is spent in acquiring a knowledge of one's ignorance. After that is quite mastered, things get easier. I think I may say that I have graduated in that branch of study, and am now ready to go on to the more advanced ones."

Harold stood still, and looked at her picture. She was thinking how natural it would be to ask him if he thought she had improved. He was thinking how natural it would be to tell her that she had. Martha was thinking how beautiful and full of charm they both were, and almost wishing that the atelier could be filled with students to look at such models.

It occurred to her now that Harold remained silent unnecessarily long, and she was afraid that he did not appreciate her friend's work; so she herself began to speak in voluble praise of it.

Sonia felt a strong impulse to check her, and to explain to her that he was always silent when he really liked a thing exceedingly, and that she therefore felt delighted that he said nothing.

However, Harold forced himself to utter a few words of praise that sounded very stiff and conventional, and a sort of bewildered look, which Martha could not understand, came into his eyes. Sonia understood it by its reflection in her own heart. She felt as if she were in some strange, confusing dream, where the conditions around her were sad and constrained, and yet which she felt she must hold on to and keep conscious of, lest they should vanish and leave her utterly empty-hearted, estranged, and desolate. While Martha exhibited her own work, and proceeded to pick it to pieces in imitation of what Étienne would say to-morrow, the man and woman standing behind her, so near that they almost touched, were feeling, from this proximity, a force that went to the very deeps of both their natures. Hardness, resentment, wounded pride, regret — all these were parts of this force in each; but there was in it, too, something stronger than any of them, something that warned Sonia that she had better not trust herself, at the same moment that Harold turned abruptly away, and said that he had an engagement, and could not wait longer. He explained in a hurried, confused speech, out of which it was hard to get any intelligent meaning, that he had forgotten Martha's need of the carriage, and had kept it waiting somewhere for him, which was his excuse for coming to the atelier to see if she had waited or was gone.

Martha saw by his manner that something was wrong, and made haste to put up her brushes, and follow him into the cloak-room, insisting that Sonia should come also, as she objected to leaving her there alone.

Sonia obediently did as she was told, but she felt as if she were stumbling along half blindly, and had not the will-power to object or protest.

She put on her hat, and was reaching for her heavy cloak, when a strong, brown hand, specked with two small dark moles just below the thumb, took it down from the peg, and folded it around her.

As she reached to draw to the collar, her hand touched his. If the sight of that hand had been familiar to her, what was its touch? She felt herself trembling, and her quick breaths almost suffocated her. She had just power to control herself until she was in her carriage,

and alone. Then, falling back upon the cushions, her eyes closed, and she passed into a state of semi-consciousness.

She did not really faint, for she was all the time aware that the necessity for self-control was for the moment gone, and that she could rest, and cease to fight.

Long before the carriage stopped at her own door she had recovered, and realized it all. She knew that, miserable as the last two years had been, she had gradually been gaining strength, and recovering her power for the struggle of life. She might have gone on, and met the future bravely, if she had never seen this man again. Not now, however — not after she had heard his voice, and met his eyes, and touched his hand. This encounter had deprived her of her strength so absolutely that she longed only for the safety to be found in flight.

But how would that sudden flight appear to him? That was the question.

XIII.

SONIA found herself, after that meeting, in a state of helpless irresolution. She could take no action. She could not even make plans. She could only drift. There was only one solace — work; and she was now generally the last person at the atelier, staying there until the light failed. She had got over all her timidity about being there after the others. The old concierge was apt to put her head in now and then, to nod to her, and give her a sense of protection; and sometimes she would come in and chat with her, while she was doing such sketchy sort of tidying up as an atelier admits of.

A few days had gone by without her having seen or heard of Harold. Martha seemed to divine that the princess wanted to talk only of her work and her atelier interests, and had tacitly adapted herself to her friend. They often worked together now, after regular hours, but Martha generally found it necessary to go before her friend was ready.

One afternoon Martha had left rather earlier than usual, in order to keep an appointment with her brother, and Sonia was at work all alone, save for the companionship of her little terrier "Inkling" — a tiny, jet-black creature that wore a collar of little silver bells, which Sonia had amused Martha by saying had caused some one to give him the name of "Tinkling Inkling." She did not often bring her pet to the atelier, for fear he might be troublesome. This afternoon, however, she knew that Étienne would not be there; and when the little fellow, palpitating with eagerness, had looked at her beseechingly from the seat of the carriage where she had just shut him in, she had suddenly snapped her fingers and twisted her lips into a sound of encouragement, and he had leaped out of the carriage window, and followed her with an air of perfect understanding that this unusual privilege made a demand on him to be on his best behavior.

He had been propriety itself all the afternoon, and Sonia had seen and appreciated his heroic self-control in not barking at the model, whom he had looked at with inveterate disapproval, only expressed by one little whispered growl. The class of society to which the model belonged were Inkling's natural enemies; and whether, in spite of nudeness, he recognized this man as a member of that class, or whether the nudeness itself outraged his sense of propriety, certain it was that, during all the hours in which his mistress was painting, Inkling lay at her feet, with his eyes fixed unwinkingly upon his enemy, ready to take advantage of the first excuse to fly at him.

No such occasion had arisen, however; and now the model was gone, and Inkling, off duty at last, was enjoying the reaction of a sound nap at his mistress's feet.

The room was so profoundly still that Sonia was startled by a rap at the door, gently though it was given. Even Inkling did not wake at it. She looked up from her easel, expecting to see her footman come to announce the carriage, or some workman delivering supplies for the atelier, and saw, instead, Harold Keene standing only a few feet from her. She knew that the swing-door had closed behind him, and that they were alone together. Her heart shook, and for a moment she could not speak. He came forward a little, and said in French:

"I beg your pardon, princess. I came for my sister to fill an engagement. Is she not here?"

"She has just gone," answered Sonia, also in French. "She expected to meet you at the apartment."

"I have just been there. Not finding her, I came on here. I suppose I passed her on the way."

Inkling had opened his eyes at the sound of voices, but, seeing that the model-throne was empty and his enemy gone, he had not troubled himself further. As Harold ceased speaking, a look of sudden interest came over the dog, and he got up, his little bells a-tinkle, and trotted across to where Harold stood.

No sooner had he looked at him than he uttered a gruff bark of surprise, and no sooner had he snuffed once at the legs of his trousers than he grew frantic with excitement. He barked and yelped, and jumped up on him with such evidences of wild delight that no man with a kind heart in his bosom could have refused some recognition of such a welcome.

Harold stooped and patted him, speaking to him in English.

Somehow, to have him treat a dog like that, and to address her in cold formality, in a foreign language, by a pompous title which did not belong to her, seemed to Sonia wilfully cruel.

Inkling, still frantic with delight, left Harold, and rushed over to her, yelping and barking, and shaking his tail violently, looking up in her face with eloquent insistency. Then he ran back to Harold, and again back to her, with fluttering agitation.

Sonia's spirit did not falter, however, and her voice was firm and steady as she said in English:

"Why do you speak to Inkling in English, and to me in French?"

"Because Inkling and I are old friends, who have a common language, while the Princess Mannernorff is a stranger and a foreigner."

"It seems very childish to keep up that farce."

"I thought it was your wish."

"And you despise me, probably, for the deception I have practised in passing myself off for the Princess Mannernorff. I did not do it deliberately," she said, with an almost child-like air of contrition and confession. "It has hurt me all along to be deceiving Martha; but some one told her I was a Russian princess, and as my mother had been one before her marriage, and my aunt, with whom I live, is the Princess Mannernorff, I let the false impression remain, and even took advantage of it. It was wrong, I know; but I did want to hold on to Martha's friendship a little longer! However," she said quickly, her face and voice hardening, "it is simply a question of time; and a few weeks sooner or later, what does it matter?"

"Why is it a question of time?" said Harold. "Why should you not keep that friendship always, if you care for it? Martha shall know nothing from me."

There was a moment's silence. Then Sonia said:

"I thought it possible that you might disapprove of our friendship."

"Why should I? It is a thing absolutely between Martha and yourself."

"She would cast me off immediately if she knew the truth, and any moment an accident may reveal it to her."

"Such an accident is most unlikely. It could, as things are now, come about only through me, and I shall be on my guard."

How confident and strong he was! It roused all the pride in her. The sense of weakness which had overcome her at their last meeting, and which for a moment had threatened her in this one, was utterly gone.

"Besides," went on Harold, quickly, "I believe you are wholly wrong in thinking that she would give you up if, by chance, she should discover what you have so carefully guarded from her. I see no reason why she should."

He had spoken in English, since she had criticized his using French, and Inkling seemed at least partly satisfied, as he stood midway between the two, with his front legs wide apart, as if to keep his body firm, while his tail wriggled wildly, and his head turned from one to the other with a quickness which was enough to make him dizzy. He was alertly aware of them, but they had both forgotten him, in the keen absorption in each other which underlay their outward composure.

"Have you, then, told her nothing?" said Sonia, in answer to his last words.

"Only the simple fact."

"What fact?" she said, looking him in the face with a certain hardness and defiance.

"That the woman whom I had loved no longer loved me; that she had repudiated my name and every connection with me, and had asked for a divorce, which I was taking all possible steps to give her as soon as it could be done."

"And do you think that Martha, feeling as she does, would continue the acquaintance of a woman who had cast off her brother with no stronger reason than that?"

"It was sufficient for me. There could not be a stronger reason for divorce than absence of love on either side."

"The world does not agree with you," she said.

"Yet I fancy Martha would. If it came to remarriage on either side, her verdict would perhaps be condemnation; but I think she would consider separation a higher thing than a loveless marriage."

Somehow, there was a spirit in these words that touched her heart. Her voice, for the first time, was a little unsteady as she said:

"You do believe that, at least! You do feel that I could never think of another marriage!"

"I have always felt it. Indeed, I may say I have known it. I know that you see the inevitableness of all this as clearly as I do. I have often wished, for your sake, that I had never seen you, to put this blight upon your life."

"And have not I also blighted yours? Do you suppose that I never think of that?"

"It need not trouble you, if you do. In my case there was a compensation, and a sufficient one. In your case there is none."

She knew what he meant: that his love for her, and that happy month of marriage, had been enough to pay him for having afterward lost her; and she knew that he held the fact that she had never really loved him to have barred her from any compensation at all. Why

did she so resent his assuming this? Had she not told him, in language of such emphatic decision that it rang even now in her ears, that she had found out that she had made a great mistake, and that she had never loved him? He had simply taken her at her word.

She wilfully ignored the true meaning of his last words, as she went on:

"It is a mistake to think that my life has no compensations. My work, whether it ever amounts to anything or not, is a great compensation. The friendship of Martha is another. You are very good to wish not to take that from me; but the present sham conditions cannot be kept up after we separate. Fortune has favored us almost miraculously as it is. She heard that there was a Russian princess studying here, and some one mistakenly pointed me out for her. I had already seen her name on her canvases, and knowing that your mother and sisters were in Paris, of course I knew exactly who she was. Independent of this, her face and manner had strongly attracted me, so I saw no reason why we might not be friends, provided I could keep from her who I was. As soon as I saw that she believed me to be the princess, the fact that my aunt was a Russian and had Russian servants opened the way to my carrying on the idea; and so far there has been no trouble. My little Russian name for Sophia helped me, too. If she had known me as Sophia or Sophie, she would probably have recoiled from me, even if she had had no suspicion as to my identity."

"I beg you not to have that thought," said Harold. "If the time ever comes when the truth must be declared to Martha, let me be the one to tell her; and I promise you there shall be no recoil — no lessening of her friendship for you."

"Thank you," said Sonia, coldly. "You were always a generous man."

Her tone smote discordantly upon Harold. It seemed a sort of compulsory tribute to him, which he had no fancy for, from her.

"I am thinking of Martha, too," he said. "She is very lonely in her life, and rarely goes out to any one, in spite of her ardent nature. This friendship with you is very valuable to her, and I am anxious that nothing shall disturb it."

"Thank you for correcting me," returned the other, quickly; "though I did not really suppose that it was for my sake that you were willing to take so much trouble."

She knew that this speech was silly, petulant, and unworthy of her, but she wished him to understand that she asked and expected nothing of him. He could not be so cool and steady during this interview unless he had ceased to care for her. She quite realized that he had, and she wished him to know that she accepted it as a matter of course.

Inkling, meantime, had grown very uneasy. He felt that things were not going well, and he now began to show symptoms of distress, instead of the wild delight of the moment before. He ran whimpering from one to the other; and when they took no notice of him, he sprang upon the lap of his mistress, and, uttering the most expressive plaints and beseechings, tried to lick her face. Sonia, in a fit of irritation very characteristic of her, gave him a hard little slap, which sent him out of her lap, whining, and running to Harold for pity. He was not really hurt; and she felt cross with the clever little brute for posing as a victim so successfully.

"Don't touch him!" she cried imperatively to Harold. "He 's only pretending, to get your pity. You sha'n't pat him or speak to him. If you do, I 'll be very angry."

The effect which these words had upon Harold would have surprised her, could she have known it. They were so like her, so absolutely herself, that they brought back the past with a rush; and it seemed such a hollow pretense to suppose that they were separated, and compelled to be as strangers to each other, that he came nearer to losing his head than he had done yet.

Ignoring Inkling's fawnings and plaints, he said suddenly:

"I am forgetting that Martha is waiting for me;" and then, changing his tone, and speaking in French, he added:

"May I take you to your carriage, princess?"

She answered him in French, as prompt and easy as himself. She thanked him for his offer, but declined it, saying that her servant would let her know when her carriage arrived. She added that she was not ready to leave the atelier yet, as she had lost time, which she must now make up.

He bowed in silence, turned, and walked away. Inkling made a weak effort to follow him, but was scared into a sudden and humiliated return by the imperious command of his mistress. The little creature looked so ridiculously distressed, as he sat on his haunches near her, with his ears dropped and his tail nerveless and still beneath him, that Sonia's irritation deepened as she put up her brushes and paints; and when she had washed her hands and was emptying the basin, she yielded to a sudden impulse and dashed half the meager supply of water over him.

"There, you little idiot!" she said crossly. "That 's for your ridiculous nonsense in trying to make out that I care one pin for him, or anything about him. I 'll very soon convince *him* that I don't; and if ever *you* dare to act in such a way again, I 'll sell you to the concierge on the spot!"

Inkling gave every indication of a complete understanding of this threat, which had the effect of bringing him at once to a state of cowed dejection.

XIV.

SONIA said nothing to Martha of that meeting and conversation at the atelier; and as Martha made no reference to it, she understood that Harold also had been silent on the subject.

A few days went by, which were fraught with agitation to the pupils at Étienne's, as they were the last days of April, and two or three of the atelier students were to exhibit in the Salon. Sonia's picture had been entered, under a fictitious name, rather against her master's wishes; but he had found it impossible to move her on this point. She had made both Étienne and Martha promise her most solemnly to tell no one which her picture was; and so she looked forward to the great exhibition with a pleasure which had no disturbing element in it.

This pleasure had, however, grown paler recently, as her hold on all outward things, slight as she had thought it before, had grown weaker. She had felt a real emotion when told that her picture had been admitted by the jury, and an intense anxiety as to how it would be hung. In contrast to this was the languid interest which she experienced when she found that it was on the line.

Martha and she had gone to the Vernissage on April 30, and had stood before the picture together; but it was Martha who had flushed and fluttered with delight at the remarks upon it which they had overheard. Sonia herself seemed to have lost interest in it.

On the morning of the Vernissage Harold had gone to London, to be absent until the next day, when he was to take Martha to the formal opening of the Salon.

There was, therefore, no reason why Sonia should not accept her friend's invitation to dine and spend the evening. When she saw what pleasure her acceptance gave the girl, her heart suddenly smote her with the reflection that she did very little to reward such ardent love, and she impetuously offered to spend the night also, saying that she had not done such a thing since her school-days.

Martha was overjoyed; and when Sonia duly arrived, prepared to spend the night, the two women made a great effort to get the amount of enjoyment which they felt ought to be for each in their *tête-à-tête* dinner and evening together. Their talk, however, seemed rather desultory and unproductive, and both of them felt that their endeavors to return to their former attitude of free and natural mutual confidence were strangely unavailing.

After a rather dull discussion of Paris apartment-houses, and their advantages and disadvantages, Martha proposed to show her guest over this one; and Sonia went with her into all the rooms, with a civil effort to seem interested, until she came to one, on the threshold of which Martha said:

"This is the girls' room, which Harold has now. It is just next to mama's, which is the one you have. The governess has a room on the other side of the salon, in order to protect me. They tell such frightful stories about the crimes and murders in these Paris apartments that I used to be quite timid, though I 've got over it now."

Sonia, while she appeared to be listening to her companion, was in reality so inwardly shaken by certain influences received in this room that she felt as if her mind were staggering. On the dressing-table just in front of her were several toilet articles in old German silver which it seemed to her that she had seen and touched but yesterday. A clothes-brush with fantastic decorations of women's figures, entwined with fish and garlands of roses, had a large dent in it, of which she knew the whole history. She could even have told why one of the three bottles in the leather case was without a stopper, and what had become of the smallest pair of scissors, the place of which in the dressing-case was empty. On a table near by was a leather portfolio with the letters "H. R. K." on one corner in a silver monogram.

While Martha moved about the room and talked, Sonia's eyes searched eagerly among the familiar objects for certain others which she would have given the world to see. Her search was in vain, however. There was not one thing of his own in sight which had not been a possession of his bachelor days. This was quite evident, and of course was entirely as it should be.

When they returned to the salon, Martha, observing that her friend looked tired, proposed that they should go to bed early — an idea received with evident favor. They were quite safe in the protection of the man-servant, who had been brought with the family from America. Harold had given him orders to sleep for the night in the antechamber, and Martha had one of the maids in the room back of hers. When she asked her guest if she felt at all timid, and saw the smile of amused denial that answered her, she went with her to her room, lingered a few moments to see that all was comfortable about her, then kissed and embraced her friend, and said good night.

Left alone, Sonia stood an instant silent in her place; then, with movements of swift decision, she locked the door by which Martha had gone out, and, crossing the room to another door, softly turned the handle. She had her bedroom candle in her hand, and as the door yielded and opened, she passed into the room beyond it, and stood still once more, as if possessed by that presence from out the past.

The lights in this room had been put out, and all the doors and windows closed. She knew that she was safe in her solitude, and need no longer struggle with the feelings which crowded her heart.

She went to the dressing-table, and took up the old clothes-brush, and put her lips to the dent which she herself had made there once, by using the brush as a hammer. Then silently dashing away the heavy tears that rolled from her eyes, she looked closely at the grotesque figures of women and fish, and recalled such amusing things which had been said about them that she began to laugh, even while more tears were gathering, and straining her throat with pain. The nervous little laugh died away as she pressed the brush again to her lips. Then she lifted, one by one, all the familiar objects that lay before her, and looked at them, while her tears fell like rain.

Presently she took up the portfolio from the table near by, and turned over the thick sheets of blotting-paper within. She could see plainly the inverted and almost illegible, but characteristic, impression of a woman's writing. In some places this was lost in very different characters, but in others it was distinctly recognizable. She walked to the dressing-table with it, and held it before the mirror, and read distinctly in one place the words, "Yours always, Sophie," and in another "Yours faithfully, Sophia Keene." Her heart trembled. She had no idea to whom she had so signed herself, but she wondered passionately if Harold had ever tried this experiment, and seen those signatures from the faithless woman who had been his wife.

Suddenly she put the book back on the table, and fell on her knees before it, laying her face upon its pages, and sobbing upon them until they were saturated with her tears; for, underneath her own handwriting, she had seen, reflected in the glass, writing which seemed almost as familiar, in which she had deciphered the words, "Your loving husband."

She had destroyed every word of that handwriting which she had ever possessed, and thousands of times her heart had hungered to see it in these very words. It was upon this spot that her lips were laid now, while they whispered out, in inarticulate sobs and gasps, words of heartbroken pain.

She had told him that she did not love him, and had demanded a divorce from him. She must never contradict those words, or try to undo that act. She knew that she was weak, but she knew that she had courage enough to stand to this resolution. He should never know how, slowly at first, and afterward with increasing force and swiftness, the knowledge of her mistake had come to her. For a while she had fought it off with furious denial. She had argued and talked with herself, and recalled past feelings of resentment, anger, and desperate antagonism, to prove to herself that she had been right in vowing that she did not love him; but in the end nothing had availed. Long before their paths had met again she had known that she was wrong; that she had made a hideous mistake of her life; and that, with all the force, fire, energy, and passion of her heart, she loved the man whom she had repudiated. But, even with this knowledge, she might have borne it, she might have lived and died without making a sign, if only she had not seen him again.

Now, however, that she had seen him, heard him, felt the atmosphere of his presence about her, felt his thoughts of her surrounding her, and felt through all her pulses his touch upon her hand, what was she to do? How was she to stumble on, and pretend to fight, when a mere look from his eyes made her sword-arm nerveless?

Oh, she *must* give way this once, she felt, and shed a few of those millions of pent-up tears! Now that she was here in the very room that he had slept in yesterday, and would come back to-morrow, she must let the spirit of love and grief within her have its way. Perhaps some remnant of it might linger after she was gone, and speak to his heart from hers.

As her mind formed this idea, she sprang to her feet. Was she losing control of herself? Was her mind weakening or deserting her? How had she so forgotten herself as to have this thought, which was in its nature a wish? She knew that in her proper senses she would choose to die a death of torture rather than that he should have one suspicion of her feeling for him. No, no! She passionately recanted that moment's impulsive wish as she took her candle, and, more tranquil now, went over and stood by his bed.

It was not swathed in a great cretonne cover, as French beds are apt to be, but was made in the American fashion, with smooth white coverlet and fair linen sheets. Still holding the candle in her hand, she sank on her knees beside this bed, and closed her eyes, and moved her lips in prayer. Her long hair was hanging in a thick mass down her back. The white gown that she wore was almost as plain as a religious habit, and she looked, with her taper burning in front of her, like a nun before a shrine.

She felt a certain power of renunciation come into her, and a strength to do what right and duty demanded. She rose from her knees, and bent over the bed, and for a moment laid her cheek against the cool white pillow. Oh, might God be very good to him, she prayed! Might he make up to him for all the pain and grief and woe that she had caused him; and some

time in heaven might he come to know how wholly and completely she had loved him!

She felt a sense of inward calm and strength as she turned from the bed, crossed the room, and entered her own apartment, closing and locking the door behind her.

This peace was on her still as she presently went to bed, and fell almost immediately into a dreamless sleep.

XV.

SONIA was awakened early by sounds in the room next her own, and as she opened her eyes with perfect recollection of all that had passed the night before, she wondered if it could possibly be that Harold had returned. It might be only the maid opening and airing the room; but whatever it was, she could not sleep again, and she began to devise a plan for getting away early, so that she might avoid the possibility of meeting Harold. She got out of bed, parted the curtains, and opened the casement of the low French window. The early sunshine had washed everything with its faint golden glow, and the little new-born leaves that covered the trees in the *place* with a foliage of feathery green, paler than ever in its transparence against the sun, made a delicate filmy screen, through which she looked down on an exquisite moving picture.

The doors of the beautiful, great Madeleine were open wide, and through them was pouring a long white rivulet that seemed to have its source in the little covered doorway in the side of the basement of the great building, and flowed thence in an even stream around the corner, and up the great steps of the building, passing between its central pillars, and so into the interior of the church. This stream was composed of what seemed an unending number of little girls dressed for their first communion. They were all in spotless white, with thin, transparent veils reaching to the hems of their gowns, white wreaths upon their heads, white stockings, shoes, and gloves, and each of them carried a a tall white taper, to be presently lighted in the church. Stationed like sentinels along the line were gray-clad, white-bonneted sisters of charity, who directed the children's movements as they walked with an awed stateliness out of the little door, up to the corner and around it, and then through the gate and up the steps, and were lost to sight beyond the wide church door.

Sonia could see the very expressions of their faces as they would look up for direction to the sisters as they passed, lifting their meek and timid glances with an air of solemnity which in some instances struggled with a sense of pride in their unwonted paraphernalia. Somehow, the sight of so much ignorance, trust, and innocence, and the thought that each one of them possessed a woman's heart, with all its capacity for suffering, for hoping, for loving, for regretting, absolutely overcame her. How ignorant they were of what lay before them! How fearlessly their little feet were entering upon the long journey of life, so blind to the pains and bitterness of its way! It seemed heartrendingly cruel to her, to think how they must suffer from the mere fact that each one of them was a woman-child. O God, that woman had to suffer so — that even love, the one delight, should bring in its wake such pain! She could see none of the joy ahead of these sweet children; she thought only of what her own heart suffered now — the regret, the longing, the unfathomable sadness, the blight, the disappointment, the despair. The passionate pain of her heart broke forth in violent sobbing as she stood between the parted curtains, fascinated by the lovely sight, but scarcely able to see it for her tears.

"O God, have pity on them — have pity on them!" she sobbed aloud; and then, while her whole frame shook with her violent weeping, she suddenly became aware of the stealing on of a new influence. What was it? Nothing so definite as sight or sound, but something subtly powerful in its significance to her. It was the pungent odor of a certain kind of cigar which had once made part of the familiar atmosphere of her life. It dominated her now, as if by a spell. She was instantly calmed, and as if by magic swept back into the thrilling past. Then, suddenly, penetrating this familiar atmosphere, there came a familiar sound — no articulate utterance, but just a sound in the throat, which seemed somehow meant to challenge attention. She would have known that voice in the most distant and unlikely spot of earth; and now it became quite plain to her that Harold had returned, and was watching the scene opposite from his open window, scarcely a yard away.

He must have heard her words and sobs! He must have understood them, he was so well practised in reading her heart. It had been an open book to him once, though now it must be forever locked and sealed.

Her hands had fallen from the curtains, and she had moved backward. There had seemed to come into her strength and support from the mere sound of that voice. There was nothing new in this. Often, often had she felt it before. And once it had been in her power to summon this support at will, in any hour of grief or trial. That power was gone now, never to come again; but for this once this supreme and availing help had been afforded her. She felt within her the power to be strong, to collect herself, and to form and execute plans of getting away from this place of temptation and danger.

She fell on her knees. Her soul uttered a prayer of mingled thanksgiving and entreaty. As she raised her eyes she could see through the slightly parted folds of the curtain the pointed arch that topped the Madeleine. Carved in enduring stone, that generations to come might see and gather comfort from it, was the gracious figure of Jesus, spreading out his arms of welcome to the poor Magdalen, who knelt in supplication at his feet. At his side was a glorious, great angel who, with drawn sword, stood over the woman, and thrust back with his other hand the evil creatures who in vain besieged her. On the right hand of Christ another angel, with wings at rest, held a great horn of triumph, and behind him were women crowned and garlanded, with little children clinging to them. Farther still was a woman on a bed of illness, over whom another angel of mercy had spread its wings as she came to Christ to have her body healed.

The center of it all was the beneficent figure of the human Saviour; and Sonia, looking down from this immutable image carved in stone to the flowing, changing, passing stream of young human creatures beneath, felt calmed and comforted. So they could keep their childish faith, there was a refuge for them, and she saw them now without any prompting to tears.

She got up from her knees, bathed her face, smoothed her hair before the mirror, and then, after darkening the room a little, rang for the maid, and asked for her coffee.

By the time it came she was almost dressed, and she instructed the servant very carefully not to disturb her young mistress, but to call a cab for her at once,—as she found it necessary to go home early,—and to tell Martha, when the latter awoke, that she was very well, but was obliged to be at home at a certain hour.

Her plan worked perfectly, and on her way to the cab she saw no one except the American maid, who went down with her. In passing through the antechamber she noticed a man's covert-coat, stick, and hat, together with some crushed newspapers, thrown on a sofa. But she had not needed this to convince her of the fact that Harold had returned, and had been in his room, watching, as she had watched, the stream of little girls beginning their celebration of the month of Mary by taking their first communion.

The first of May being also what is known as "Labor Day," it was a strange contrast to the unworldliness and other-worldliness of these little *religieuses* to see the alert military forces now beginning to fill the streets, in anticipation of possible insurrection and danger, of which there was strong menace that year.

Gendarmes in groups of six and eight, and sometimes even more, dotted the streets in all directions, and the mounted guard was out in full force. Sonia, looking from her cab window, heard repeated orders given to small groups of citizens to disperse. Even two men were not permitted to stand and talk together, and she was conscious of a certain amusement at seeing two groups of gendarmes combine forces to separate these little knots of two and three. Occasionally there was some resistance, and she saw several arrests made, which frightened her. She felt lonely and unprotected, driving through the streets of Paris with an unknown cabman at that early hour, when there was even a possibility of such a horror as an insurrection of the French lower orders.

It came over her with piercing power how Harold would once have felt about her being in such a position, and how strange, how inexplicable, how unnatural, it was that it could be nothing to him now — that, even if he knew it, he would feel bound to accept it passively; for nothing, she was certain, could induce him to exercise the semblance of a right over her.

She got out of the cab at her own door, safe in body, but more excited and confused in mind than she had ever been in her life—and perhaps, in this moment, more wretched also.

(Conclusion next month.)

Julia Magruder.

HALCYONE.

WHEN sings Halcyone her lovely lays
And piteous, off the charmed Sicilian sea
The winds of winter into hiding flee,
Far from her nest. Along the utmost ways
No sound is heard, nor ever storm-wing strays;
Still both the seaweed and the swinging tree,
Bound in the quiet round Halcyone,
And all the troubled world has happy days.

John Vance Cheney.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE GUARDIAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

BONAPARTE THE HEIR OF THE DIRECTORY — BONAPARTE AS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE REVOLUTION — THE INAUGURATION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM — STATESMANSHIP AND STRATEGY — MARENGO — THE PEACE OF LUNÉVILLE.



DRAWN BY H. A. OGDEN.

UNIFORM OF THE FIRST CONSUL AT MARENGO.

BONAPARTE THE HEIR OF THE DIRECTORY.

WHEN Bonaparte returned to Paris on the evening of the 18th Brumaire he was the arbiter of French destiny; for the great powers of government, both executive and legislative, were in the hands of himself and his creatures. To the multitude it was not, perhaps, much of a feat to disperse by force a legislature which rested on force, and by means of the army to turn the tables on the very Jacobins who had themselves been ever ready to appeal to the army. Moreover, in their minds another constitution more or less was of small importance: the next one would doubtless be only a rearrangement of the old devices. The Revolution was in the hands of its friends, and the world must go its way. Talleyrand and the royalists understood that the day's work had turned the oligarchy of the Directory into a powerful monarchy of some kind: a temporary one, they hoped, which would enable them eventually to bring back the Bourbons.

But Napoleon Bonaparte was, as ever, wise in his generation, and, as he understood himself, knew that though both these notions were illusory, he must proceed cautiously. As a gambler he had staked everything, and had won: he meant to pocket the stakes. But yet how narrowly had he won! The shouts of "traitor" and "outlaw" were still in his ears; no doubt the terrible alternatives to his perilous escape were in his mind. Though determined to go on, he was nevertheless sobered. There was temporary exultation in the army and the people. He knew that among the latter it would soon die out, as it did. Already it was rumored that although Mme. Bonaparte had been in pecuniary straits, her husband had thirty millions on deposit in various banks. It was estimated that the day had cost him one and a half millions of these, for the facts were soon bruited abroad. Every man under his command had received a new uniform, twelve francs in cash, and a drink of spirits. How much more was spent in rewarding his supporters was not even discussed, it was felt to be so enormous. The constitutional and moderate republicans felt that their cause and the fate of the nation were in the balance. The royalists alone would have been glad to see Bonaparte usurp the power at once. Bonaparte understood that a nation still infatuated with the Revolution in theory must be led by a parade of constitutional measures.

That night the mutilated chambers met. Lucien harangued them on the familiar theme of Roman liberties, of the commonwealth in which the consular fasces had been the symbol of freedom. The country would approve and its enemies would be disarmed if these insignia should again be displayed. Boulay de la Meurthe presented the temporary plan: a provisional consulate composed of Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos; the adjournment of the legislature until 1 Ventôse (February 20, 1800); the appointment of two committees of twenty-five, one from each council, to aid the consuls in the proposed renovation; the proscription of fifty-seven delegates who had made themselves obnoxious. To preserve the appearance of legality and historic continuity, the committee from the Five Hundred was to propose, that of the Ancients to adopt; the new constitution must uphold the one and indivisible republic, respect popular sovereignty, and secure representative government with the division of powers, while property, liberty, and equality must be guaranteed beyond a peradventure. After a formal declaration that the Directory had ceased to

exist, each of these measures was duly adopted by both houses in turn, and the consuls were sworn in, promising unswerving fidelity to popular sovereignty, to the French republic (one and indivisible), to liberty and equality, and to representative government. With a resolution that Bonaparte had that day deserved well of his country, the chambers adjourned at an early hour in the morning. When the sun rose over Paris and France, the land had found its despot; to all appearances he was to be a beneficent despot. The First Consul's family was installed that very day in his official residence at the Luxembourg, and the work of reconstruction began.

Sieyès's "perfect" constitution propounded a singularly cumbersome plan of government, but it contained much that was Bonaparte's own and therefore adapted to Bonaparte's purposes. It was accordingly taken as a starting-point. In the end, the document actually adopted and promulgated proved to be outwardly similar but inwardly antipodal to that of Sieyès. While skilfully blinding all classes to its possibilities as an instrument for controlling the nation by a central power, its provisions were singularly adapted to conciliate every faction except that of the Jacobins, who were annihilated. Sixty-two members of the Five Hundred were deposed. The rest, as a reward for their late complacency, were invited in the name of the public welfare to accept office as foreign ministers, or diplomatic agents, and, in some cases, as government representatives in the provinces; their position as delegates was not to be jeopardized by acceptance. The purpose of this was to remove the majority of the old politicians from Paris, under the guise of compensating them for past service. Sieyès's great fundamental notion was to secure the form of popular representation without its substance,—"confidence coming from below," as he expressed it, "power coming from above." In order to secure this he had devised a plan nearly identical with that laid down to Talleyrand by Bonaparte three years before. It was adopted for the new constitution. Every one of the five million citizens of France was to have a vote. From among them one in every ten was to be chosen by universal suffrage to be a candidate for local office; this formed the "communal list." These "notables of the communes" were then to choose one in ten of their number as a "notable of the department," a candidate for department office, thus constituting the "departmental list"; and these, in turn, one in every ten of their number as "notables of France," candidates for the national legislature and the higher offices of state, thus forming the "national list." From among these last the administration and the senate, by the exercise of the appointing power, were to select the great officers of state. This was Bonaparte's popular representation, "without eyes, ears, or power."

The legislative was also to be silent and powerless. It was divided into council, tribunate, legislature, and senate. The first, chosen at will by the executive, had the initiative; in the second three speakers might discuss the measures proposed, but no vote could be taken; in the third there was no discussion, but the members voted; the fourth was also mute, but it had the veto-power. All except the senate were to sit with closed doors, and publicity was to be controlled by the administration. Sieyès had a plan whereby a chief magistrate, to be called the "great elector," should be chosen by the senate, since it also chose the representatives of the people from the elected candidates. This titled personage was to appoint all civil and military functionaries, together with two consuls to overlook the administration. Bonaparte would have no such contemptible and weak executive, who, he said, would be nothing but a "fatted hog." He called on Daunou for suggestions, glad, if possible, to add the luster of that name to his own plan. But that ardent republican desired both a strong executive and a strong direct expression of the popular will. The new autocrat felt that the latter must be avoided at any cost, and, overlooking Daunou's plan entirely, proposed, through one of his creatures, an executive of three consuls, of whom the first should be the head of the state. His should be the right to execute the laws, and his alone the appointing power. Since he was to nominate the members of the council of state, he should also have the power to initiate legislation. In case of need he might act by administrative process; that is, he might legalize any regulation whatsoever as an administrative necessity. This dictatorial centralizing engine of despotism was made complete by a system of prefects modeled on that of the royal intendants of the old régime. This system was to be the copestone of the structure: it was adopted, and still prevails in republican France. In every local administrative division of town or country the councils, under stringent regulations as to the scope of their deliberations and decisions, were intrusted to the charge of a prefect. This petty dictator was the sworn servant of the central power, appointed or removed by it at pleasure. Through these men the hand of the First Consul was on every hamlet, village, town, and city. In fact, even the mayors of the great towns were his appointees.

This monstrous but marvelous charter, though nominally prepared by them, was offered for discussion neither to the two commit-

tees nor to the councils themselves. It was presented on December 15, 1799, six weeks after its completion, directly to the nation at large, under the proposal of a national or popular decree — a plebiscite. Those then living were amazed at the general apathy, only about 3,000,000 votes having been cast. To us it appears as if the whole people were in a plague of Egyptian darkness. As each voter could but adhere or dissent to the proposition for the adoption of the constitution as offered, the result was an overwhelming approval, the negative votes being only 1567 in number.

On December 22, before the result of the plebiscite was known, the new charter had already been put in operation. It is difficult to determine exactly the composition of the assembly which met at the Luxembourg palace to determine who should be the permanent consuls. According to an anecdote of the time, Sieyès opened its proceedings by explaining the dangers of a military despotism should the First Consul be a soldier. Bonaparte impressively whispered to his supporters that they should scatter themselves throughout the room, and that when they saw him take Sieyès's hand they should shout, "Bravo—Bonaparte!" Then, stepping forward at the close of Sieyès's address, he assumed an air of generous friendliness, and said, "Let us have no difference of opinion, my friend; for my part, I vote for the Abbé Sieyès. For whom do you vote?" Taken all aback, Sieyès murmured, "I vote for General Bonaparte." Instantly the latter put out his hand, and the speaker grasped it. "Bravo — Bonaparte!" rang from all sides, and Sieyès's supporters joined in the shout. Thus, apparently by general consent, the shrewd intriguer was acclaimed First Consul. At all events, Bonaparte took the office of First Consul to himself without a question on the part of the public. His two colleagues were to be chosen by the constitutional committee. They named Daunou as one, but Bonaparte would not listen, and threw the ballots into the fire. Sieyès obligingly presented two other names,— "the right men," as he assured the committee,—Cambacérès and Lebrun. The former was an eminent jurist, the latter the ablest financier of his time. Both were appointed, and both rendered excellent service to the consulate. Sieyès had already been made "keeper" of the Directory's secret funds,— 600,000 francs,—which he called "*une poire pour la soif*." Soon afterward he accepted a great estate (Crosne) from the First Consul for his services. He was then relegated to obscurity as chief of the senate. The other great officials were all appointed in much the same way. "The pike is eating the two other fish," said pretty Mme. Permon to the First Consul's mother soon after. Madame Mère professed to be hurt; but the parable was true.

The great safeguard of an apparent popular adhesion having been secured, the next step was to adopt and execute a comprehensive policy of conciliation. The royalist emigrants were made welcome to return, always provided they came to accept the new power and to lend it the grace of their presence and manners. Amnesty was likewise proclaimed for the victims of Fructidor. Gaudin, an experienced financier of the Bourbon régime, was put in charge of the treasury. The moderate and able Cambacérès became minister of justice, and Forfait undertook the navy. Carnot, whose castigation of the Directory in his widely read defense had done so much to undermine their prestige and hasten their fall, was recalled and made minister of war. Talleyrand was forgiven for his base desertion on the eve of the Egyptian expedition. As will be recalled, it had been arranged that as the fleet left Toulon for Alexandria he was to start for Constantinople in order to hoodwink the Sultan and prevent the very resistance which afterward proved so disastrous. But at the last moment he refused. In consequence of his scandalous attempt to extort a bribe from the American envoys he was forced to resign his office soon afterward, and he then sought retirement to await results. There never was greed more dishonest than his, a life more licentious, nor a deceit more subtle: but at the same time he was the most adroit diplomat of an age devoted to diplomacy as a political power, and more familiar with the intrigues of courts and the aspirations of European dynasties than were any of his contemporaries, unless possibly Metternich, who did not become prominent until later. He was therefore indispensable, and was reappointed minister of foreign affairs. Strange companionships are formed in such times. The great Laplace was appointed minister of the interior; but so marked was his unfitness for the post that he soon made way for Lucien Bonaparte.

But all this was nothing compared with the master-stroke which reconciled the Church. Pius VI. had died a prisoner on French soil, and had been buried without honor. Befitting memorial ceremonies were now performed, and the priesthood were released from the ban which the Jacobins had laid upon them. In the rôle of philosopher the First Consul professed to see the necessity of the Church as the main prop of a strong social organism and good government. As a far-seeing schemer he clearly felt that military power was a stanch support, but that in the end a firm moral foundation would likewise be needed in the hearts of hundreds of thousands in Europe, who would

bless the man that should restore to them the institution which was the visible expression on earth of their eternal but invisible home. This desirable affection and approbation Bonaparte meant from the outset to secure. Had the scoffer, the worshiper of science, the would-be Mohammedan prophet, himself experienced a change of heart? Perhaps. Power and responsibility often break down the stoniest indifference.

The upheaval of Brumaire is unique in French history. When consummated, there appeared no remnant among the people of fear or distrust. The radical and political side of the Revolution had ceased to exist. Its ideals of civil liberty were embodied in Bonaparte, the national spirit was invigorated, and hopes ran high. Such was the testimony of all the most disinterested observers. One of them, an able Swede (Brinkmann), wrote on November 18 that no legitimate monarch had ever found on his accession a people more submissive than Bonaparte had found; and it would be strange indeed if so skilful a general should not use this temper to create a better government on a strong basis. "It is literally true," runs the letter, "France will perform the impossible to help him. Excepting the despicable horde of anarchists, the people are so weary, so disgusted with revolutionary horrors and follies, that they are sure any change will be for the better. Every class in society makes fun of the heroism of the demagogues, and from all sides comes a call for their expulsion rather than for the realization of their ideal visions. Even the royalists of every shade are honestly devoted to Bonaparte; for they attribute to him the intention of gradually restoring the old order. The indifferent are attached to him as being the man best fitted to give peace to France; and enlightened republicans, though trembling for their institutions, prefer to see a single man of talent, rather than a club of intriguers, seize and hold the public power."

None of Bonaparte's measures was more masterly than the financial policy whereby he won the devotion of the capitalists. If the country had been exhausted by the old régime, what had the recklessness of the Jacobins done for it? Bankruptcy, disorder, and utter distrust — chaos, in short — held sway in all departments of finance. The new order restored public confidence to such an extent that the revival of credit seemed miraculous. After the events of Brumaire the five per cents, which had fallen to one and a half per cent. of their par value, immediately rose from seven to twelve per cent. of their par value; and on the final and satisfactory fulfilment of its promise they advanced to seventeen. The disgraceful laws for enforcing compulsory loans which had been passed under the Directory disappeared with their companion the "hostage law." Order was at once brought into the system of direct taxation, and regularity into the collection of the taxes. Anti-Jacobin measures were enacted which included in their punishment and menaces even men like Jourdan; they were a notification that the irregularities of all visionaries whatsoever were ended, and that the waste of the past was to be succeeded by wholesome economy. For these measures of temporary relief the new constitution permanently substituted a financial system of thoroughgoing, far-sighted regulations which completely revived the public credit, and thereby restored the producing capacity of the country. The Bank of France, organized in January, 1800, which fixed a norm for the rates of discount and gave a sound currency to the country, was the visible sign of a new era of prosperity.

BONAPARTE AS THE EMBODIMENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

But of course all this was preparation. No one understood better than did the new dictator the connection in a state between external and internal affairs. The second coalition, so far as Russia, Austria, England, and Turkey were concerned, was very loosely cemented indeed. They were united in their determination to subdue France; they had not an interest in common beyond that. With the overthrow of the French republic would go the control of the Mediterranean basin. Whoever should secure that would be for many years to come mistress of Europe, if not of the world. Such was their jealousy as regarded this great prize that a strong government in France might hope to create discord among them. When, therefore, on December 15, 1799, the provisional consulate came to an end, and the new constitution, known in French history as that of 22 Frimaire, year VIII, came into operation by the so-called popular vote, or plebiscite, it entered upon life, as was most essential for French interests, not as an empty scheme, but as a full-fledged organism, with every office filled, the machinery actually in motion, and the administration ready for intercourse with the other governments of Europe. The words of Bonaparte's proclamation were: "Citizens, the Revolution is planted on [*est fixée au*] the principles from which it proceeded. It is ended." As regarded the internal life of France, no truer words could have been written. There had never been true liberty or true brotherhood under its banners; the leveling had been more successful, and equality in the matter of civic rights might be considered as won. What was left of those



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN 1798.
From the drawing by André Dutertre, made on board the *Orient* during the passage to Egypt, 1798.
The original is in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

principles, as the event proved, was embodied for France herself in the First Consul and in his beneficent measures. To Europe at large this embodiment of the Revolution in the new sovereign was soon made equally evident. France had adopted him. Would the surviving dynasties admit him, as the representative of French nationality, to a seat on their Olympus? Nothing but an imperative and passing necessity would compel them to do so, and then only for the moment.

Two courses were therefore open to the new power: first, to extort an acquiescence, however distasteful, by consolidating France as the nation and the homogeneous people which the Revolution had made it, by increasing her prosperity, by fostering her genius, by showing an example to the world of what the people of a peaceful, enlightened, industrious state could be in contrast to the case-hardened, unreceptive, and sullen populations who still remained passive under dynastic rule; or, second, to restore the expansive anti-national character of the Revolution, and, using the magnificent military system created in that epoch as a destroying power, to menace the dynasties in their very existence, and thus make them first respectful neutrals and then subservient tools both in their own reconstruction and in the liberation of their subjects. These were, in this emergency, the two alternatives at the First Consul's command. Choosing one or the other at will, as each rising question made it expedient, the result was an interference which brought first this and then that policy into prominence, made both partly successful, but neither entirely so, and ended in the ruin of the warrior himself.

Taking advantage of the temporary abdication of all power, and of the momentary renunciation of all activities, even of interest, by the people, the unconscious idealist began his work. Never was a man more practical in his own eyes, or, from his own point of view, more concrete and direct in his motives or conduct. Seizing every opportunity as it arose, he was the type of what is to-day called in France an opportunist. But for all that, not the least element of his supernal greatness was an ever-present idealism. In view of his birth and early training, it is easy to see that if, as Mme. de Staël first suggested, nature had brought it

down in his line from some far-off Italian of the early Renascence, it would develop under Rousseau's and Raynal's influence. Whencesoever it came, it is not least among the causes of the later political renascence which saw the creation of a new and modern society, the very end of a process which began with the English revolution. It is this quality alone which makes him an element of the first importance in universal history. Other traits make him so in the epoch now called by his name.

His first thought was for the army. It is probable that Moreau's participation in the latest political stroke — a fact to which, more than to any other single cause, it owed its success — was due to personal ambition; he may have thought that when Bonaparte had once become a civilian, his only military rival would be disposed of. Accordingly, when the plan for the coming campaign was published, it was found that Moreau was to command the great central European force composed of the recruited armies of the Rhine and of Helvetia, to be called by the name of the former. Masséna, who by his brilliant victories in Switzerland had moderated the gloom occasioned by the disasters of the previous year in Italy, was to have supreme command of the forces which were still to be called the Army of Italy — the name made so glorious at Lodi, at Arcole, at Castiglione, and at Rivoli. It seemed, indeed, as if the First Consul had himself renounced all ambition as a soldier in order to become entirely a statesman. The imperious and jealous but prudent Moreau was to have full scope for his powers, the respectable and meritorious Masséna was to wear his old commander's laurels. But there was a third army, not talked of or paraded, because it was a mere reserve. It was quietly, silently, and unostentatiously formed, under Berthier's master hand, from new conscripts skilfully intermingled with selected veterans. The divisions were gathered in different places, apparently with no unity, and thus were drilled, trained, and organized without observation. While most of this reserve was kept within the French borders, ready for instant mobilization, and with headquarters ostensibly at Dijon, a part was sent under the nominal command of the devoted adjutant to Geneva in order to maintain the French honor in Switzerland.

The French people, however, desired not war, but peace. The list of competent and admirable administrators chosen by the government was sufficient proof that public affairs were to be carefully and accurately transacted. The adroit reconstruction of the army gave evidence that peace was to be made with honor. The next step was so to behave that France should think her new chief magistrate eager for a general pacification. Since Bonaparte's return from Egypt there had been a combination of circumstances which pointed to an easy solution of this problem. The Czar of Russia was much exasperated with George III. because the Russian troops that had been included in the capitulation of Alkmaar were coolly received when transported to England, and were virtually imprisoned in the island of Guernsey. When, soon afterward, the English laid siege to Malta, of which he yearned to be grand master, he was ready to accuse Great Britain of treachery. But he was still more incensed with Austria. As has been told, a portion of his army, under Korsakoff, was overwhelmed by Masséna at Zurich on September 25, 1799. Suvaroff, with the other wing, was at the time in full possession of Piedmont; and in accordance with his master's instructions he had invited the fugitive Charles Emmanuel IV. to return from Sardinia and reinstate himself at Turin. The Austrian archduke Charles had withdrawn, after his defeat of Masséna in the first battle of Zurich in June, 1799, to take command in central Germany. Francis, being fully determined to keep all northern Italy for himself, and therefore to prevent the reëstablishment of the house of Savoy on the mainland, speciously ordered Suvaroff to the assistance of his fellow-countrymen beyond the Alps. The Russian general found nothing prepared for his passage of the St. Gotthard; on the contrary, he was so hindered at every turn by the absence of mules for his baggage-train, and so harassed by the attacks of the French, that his expedition was one long disaster. He attributed his misfortunes to Austrian indifference or worse. Driven from valley to valley, over icy peaks and barren passes, his troops perished in very great numbers, and their panic was complete when they heard of Korsakoff's terrible defeat. Before a junction could be effected with the remnants of that army, Masséna turned and attacked Suvaroff himself, compelling him to flee eastward as best he could until he reached the confines of Bavaria. This put a climax to the Czar's fury; he demanded that the Italian princes should be restored to their governments, and that Thugut should be dismissed, as a guarantee of good faith. Finally he heard that when Ancona fell before the combined attacks of Austrians, Russians, and Turks, his own standard had been taken down, and only the Austrian left flying. To a gloomy enthusiast, claiming to be the mirror of chivalry and magnanimity, this was a crowning insult; and he determined, in December, 1799, to withdraw from the coalition. This was Bonaparte's opportunity, and he began at once a series of the most flattering attentions to Paul, which made him for the rest of his short life a passion-



FROM THE PASTEL BY PIERRE PRUDHON, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC DE TRÉVISE.

JOSEPHINE.

ate enthusiast for the schemes and person of the First Consul. England and Austria were thus the only formidable opponents left in the coalition against France.

With ostentatious simplicity Bonaparte wrote to both George III. and to Francis, as man to man, announcing his accession to power, and pleading, in the interest of commerce, of national well-being, and of domestic happiness, for a cessation of hostilities after eight years of warfare. The French people, who looked upon the First Consul as a ruler made by themselves, were delighted with this simple straightforwardness, and gratified by the notion of their representative treating on equal terms with the divine-right monarchs of Europe. Pitt mistakenly thought that Bonaparte still personified Jacobinism, and labored under the delusion that France was completely exhausted. An English army was ready and about to disembark on the west coast of France. Kléber in Egypt, having maintained himself superbly thus far, was about to yield to pitiless fate, and accept humiliating terms for evacuating the country. Could the flames of the civil war which was once more raging in France be further fanned, and the control of the Levant secured in English hands, the great English premier would be able in a few months to make terms far more advantageous than any he could hope for at the moment. Lord Grenville therefore wrote a brusque letter to Talleyrand, refusing negotiation with a government the stability of which was not assured, and suggesting in a weak, impolitic way that while the French had a right to choose their own government, the return of the Bourbons would be the best guarantee of a permanent and settled administration. This clause afforded the opportunity for a smart reply by Bonaparte, denouncing England as the author of the war which had raged through 1799 and was about to be renewed, and reminding the king that he himself ruled by consent of his people.

The debate which ensued in Parliament was most instructive, because the First Consul was entirely right. Great Britain was the mainspring of the coalition. The wits of London said in public that England had contracted half of her national debt to destroy the Bourbons and the other half to restore them to power. This was the key-note of the Liberal opposition. Lord Holland was willing to be sponsor for Bonaparte's sincerity, but the Lords laughed at him. In the House of Commons Whitbread charged the excesses of the French Revolution to the unwarrantable interference of other powers; England owed it to herself to make peace when she could, even with a usurper. Erskine could see in England's course nothing but a blind obstinacy which had overwhelmed the nation with debt and disaster. "What would you say," said Tierney, "if Bonaparte victorious should refuse to treat except with the Stuarts?" But the temper of Parliament and the people was for continuing the war. Grenville, in the House of Lords, declared that Bonaparte was merely a new exponent of the revolutionary wickedness of the Directory. He had made treaties or armistices with Sardinia, Tuscany, Modena, and the minor Italian states, only to violate them; he had scorned the neutrality of Parma; he had dragged Venice into war for her own destruction; he had trampled Genoa underfoot; and he had destroyed the liberty of Switzerland while uttering lying promises of peace and friendship. His hearers sustained him by an overwhelming majority.

In the Commons Canning denounced the First Consul as a usurper who, like a specter, wore on his head something which resembled a crown. Pitt rose to the height of his majestic powers in one of the great orations of his life. Minor political considerations must be waived. Bonaparte was the destroyer of Europe. The sole refuge from the calamities with which he was about to flood the nations was England. He himself had unwillingly consented to the negotiations at Lille; it was Fructidor which had broken them off, and it was Bonaparte who was the author of Fructidor. He might be reproached for desiring the restoration of the ancient monarchy to France, but an exhausted and desperate country could not find the long repose essential for recuperation except under the Bourbons. The success of his plea was even greater than Grenville's. Thus by an appeal to the old detestation of revolutionary excess which was so deep-seated in the English masses, and by an adroit insinuation that it was this for which Bonaparte stood, and that this was conclusively shown by his career, the ministry gained a new lease of life, and men believed that a few months would see France fall in utter exhaustion before the coalition.

Bonaparte's personal letter to Francis was, as the writer doubtless foresaw, equally unsuccessful. Austria, which, thanks to her double dealing with Russia in the last campaign, was now occupying Lombardy, Piedmont, and the Papal States, and meant to keep them, moderately but firmly refused to treat on the basis proposed, which was that of Campo Formio.

Among other pusillanimous surrenders which the French democracy under the Directory had made in the interest of a quiet life was that of liberty for the press. A consular decree of January 17, 1800, further emphasized this democratic measure, and suppressed all but thirteen political journals. This action was



FROM THE PAINTING BY JACQUES-LUC BARBIER-WALBONNE, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

JEAN-VICTOR MOREAU.



ENGRAVED BY ERIL PAPE. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY A. REGONA, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE.

PAUL, BARON KRAY.

nominally a war measure, an edict to be enforced only during the war. For its justification there was the plea of necessity. The serious indiscretions which a free and enterprising press always has committed, and is sure to commit, during hostilities, always call forth the angry denunciations of military writers. The "spurred and booted ruler" of which Napoleon spoke at St. Helena could not well be expected to act otherwise than he did. Unfortunately, the only papers which continued to be published became at once mere administrative organs. When, therefore, with a skilful display of facts the course of negotiations in both England and Austria was laid before the public, the people of Paris and the provinces were easily roused to warlike ardor. The clever and witty pasquinades, the abusive and scathing paragraphs, in which all the papers indulged, from the "Moniteur" downward, continued to increase the excitement. It pleased the French fancy to read a supposed summons to George, inviting him, as a convert to legitimacy, to abdicate in favor of the surviving Stuart heir. Forgetful of the immediate past, the nation was ready to maintain French honor at any cost against its embittered and inveterate foe. The Pactolus streams of English gold could not, the French felt sure, much longer subsidize the Continental powers; for it was Great Britain, and not France, which was really exhausted. Led by a man whose genius had shown itself as fertile in political and administrative expedients as it had ever been in fiscal and military measures, with an admirable machinery of government and a general confidence in their ruler, the French people became ever more certain that they might now and finally conquer in the struggle with England for mastery. This opinion was further strengthened because the inveterate rancor of civil conflict in the west was again temporarily quieted. The devastator of Egypt and Syria held out with one hand the mildest offers of conciliation to the malcontent communities of that district, with the other he displayed his powerful sword, while in his proclamations he threatened measures as severe as those he had practised against the rebellious Bedouin. This course had the desired effect, and brought the French rebels also to terms. The Army of the West could be reduced in numbers; and as at the same time the Batavian Republic was in a fervor of enthusiastic loyalty, so also could the Army of Holland. In this way 30,000 excellent soldiers were freed for use elsewhere.

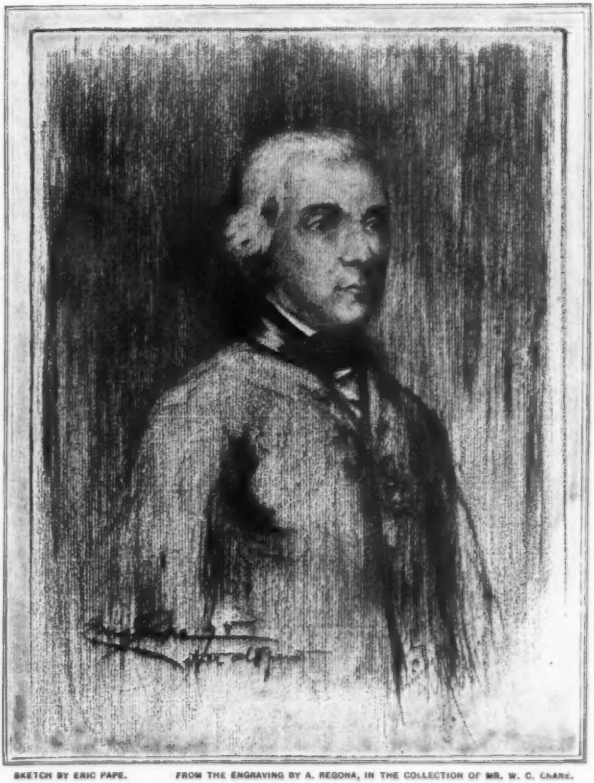
Simultaneously with these events the most careful preparation was made for a step which might redound to Bonaparte's credit if properly taken, but could easily be detrimental to the complete success of his schemes. Under the new constitution every department of government had an assigned dwelling-place. That of the consuls was to be the Tuileries. How could an absolute dictator install his penates in the sometime home of absolute royalty without inspiring general distrust? The first step was to rechristen the pile as "the palace of the government," the next to consecrate it to glory. From

far and near the statues of the great were gathered to adorn its halls. The choice of these displayed in significant confusion the generals and statesmen of all times in all places. Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick; Cato, Cicero, Brutus; Mirabeau, Marceau, and Joubert; and many others of lesser note, were assembled in effigy. But highest of all was set the image of Washington, the news of whose death had just reached Europe. His example was to be held up as the real inspiration of the new ruler. In order both to arouse the imagination of the people and to convince their understanding, the army was put into mourning for the great American, and a festival was instituted in his honor. To honor the typical and ideal republican of the age was a conspicuously effective idea, since it accorded thoroughly with the approved traditions of the Revolution.

The celebration was set for February 9, 1800, and proved a great success. It had already been decided to reawaken public enthusiasm by instituting great military ceremonies to accompany the final deposit of the captured standards from Aboukir in the hospital of the Invalides. These and the Washington festival were interwoven with consummate art, and while the First Consul's victories were recalled in the imposing parade, the simple and impressive words of an able orator, M. de Fontanes, reminded the nation that the immortal Washington had shown as a general more strength than brilliancy, and had awakened little enthusiasm, but great confidence; that he was one of the men inspired to rule who appear from time to time in the world; that he was neither partizan nor demagogue; and that when peace had once been signed he had laid down his arms to become the wisest of constructive legislators. "Yes, Washington; thy counsels shall be heard—thou warrior, legislator, administrator! He who in his youth surpassed thee in battle, like thee shall close with conquering hands the wounds of his country." Minds less quick than those of the Parisians would have discovered the moral of the address even without the peroration. When the official journal next day published the glowing words and described the brilliant ceremony, the coming monarch was already lodged under the roof of the Bourbons. Since at Leoben Bonaparte had made the liberation of Lafayette and his family an indispensable condition of the treaty, it might have been expected that his name, so long used elsewhere in a natural juxtaposition, on such an occasion would be linked with that of Washington; but the honors of that day were to be shared with the dead foreigner, not with the living Frenchman.

THE INAUGURATION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL DESPOTISM.

THE makers of a paper constitution cannot foresee every detail in the working of its provisions; and contrary to the expectation of Sieyès, at least the form which the new government took at the outset was largely personal. The consulate and the ministry were entirely so, their members being chosen with a keen business instinct, like that of a great industrial



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY A. REGONA, IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. C. CRANE.

MICHAEL, BARON VON MELAS.



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

THE CONSULS (BONAPARTE, CAMBACÉRÈS, AND LEBRUN) TAKE POSSESSION OF THE TUILERIES.

or commercial master, for personal character, integrity, capacity, and devotion. "What revolutionary," said Napoleon to his brother Joseph, "would not have confidence in an order of things where Fouché is minister? What gentleman would not expect to find existence possible under the former Bishop of Autun? One keeps my left, the other my right. I open a broad path where all may walk." This was so far true, but such nice discrimination could not be exercised in filling the hundreds of minor offices. No land is second to France in the ambition of its people for office-holding, and among the thousands of greedy claimants it was not easy to choose. There were many mistakes made in the selection, and the disappointed formed a large class of embittered malcontents from the very inauguration of the consular system. There were the senate, the legislature, the council of state, the tribune, the whole judicial administration, all to be filled. It was understood that the official emoluments would not be niggardly. When finally fixed, the salary of a senator was 25,000 francs; that of a tribune, 15,000; that of a legislator, 10,000. As a measure of relative importance it is interesting to note that the First Consul had 500,000 a year, and each of his colleagues 150,000.

The new officials were selected from every walk of life, from every shade of opinion, from every stratum of society. The intention was that they should have no bond but a common interest in the new order. The senate became a high place for the successful among the old, the men whose day was over. Monge, Berthollet, Volney, and the like were found on its benches. The silent legislature was filled with the masses of those whose ardent and uninstructed ambitions were easily muzzled by the tenure of place, and found a sufficient vent in casting a voiceless vote. The tribunes, "legislative eunuchs," as they have been called, were the elect among the able and intelligent men of the day — such men as Daunou, Benjamin Constant, and J. B. Say. Their duty was to debate the nature and utility of all bills with the proposers, the council of state; and it was expected that the fiery logic and merciless criticism which such men were sure to employ would rebound harmlessly from the benches on which their opponents sat. If freedom of debate and liberty of speech became too dangerous even in such remoteness from action, the superfluous institution could be suppressed without a jar in the machinery of state. There was possibly a hint of this in the fact that the tribunes found shelter for their deliberations in the Palais Royal, then the haunt of prostitutes and the shelter of the great gambling-hells which were characteristic of the time. To the end of its days the tribunate was the one asylum of liberty under the constitution of the year VIII. It was supposed, as has just been said, that the impotence of the tribunes would be offset by the independence of the council of state.

In this last body, therefore, were assembled three important classes: sincere Bonapartists like Roederer, Regnaud de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, and Boulay de la Meurthe; clever specialists like Ganteaume, Chaptal, and Fourcroy, who were quite willing to serve the First Consul; and a number of ardent proselytes from among the royalists and other factions. For the most part these were men of great ability, and for a time they found in the First Consul a devotion to France and French interests which made them his devoted servants. The personality of the council was Bonaparte's, and whatever independence it possessed was his. The court of appeals was duly organized by the senate, which had this right as being the guardian of the constitution. The justices and councilors of a supreme court, the copestone of the judiciary, were nominated by the same body. The other courts were also ably manned with officials who, though not servile, were stanch supporters of the consulate.

Before the time when the campaign could open in the spring of 1800 all these parts were intended to be, and actually were, running smoothly; but they were running by the inspiration and activity of a single man. The council of state was his greater self, the senate his instrument of governing; the legislative body was as silent as the tribunate was noisy — neither was a serious check on his plans. Legislation of the greatest importance was under way; it was all devised for purposes of centralization, and was studied in detail by the First Consul. Administration was proceeding with scarcely any friction whatsoever; but this was because Bonaparte kept his eye on each separate office, and carefully superintended its working. By special arrangement foreign relations were considered and settled in secret consultation by the chief of state and Talleyrand; but the latter never pretended that in unraveling the threads of so tangled a web, or in their skilful rearrangement, the initiative was his. Carnot, at his old work, with his old genius unimpaired, needed little encouragement; but even in his department every corps, every battalion, every regiment, every company of all the arms, — cavalry, infantry, or artillery of every class, conscript, soldier, reserve, or home guard, — each and all were known to the First Consul. Incredible and exaggerated as such statements must appear, the testimony to their truth is so abundant and unimpeachable that it seems to the reader as if at this crisis there had appeared in Europe a being neither human, demoniac, nor celestial, but a man with superhuman

powers of endurance, apprehension, and labor, an angel without perfection, a demon without malevolence. For, on the whole, Bonaparte's work, while replete with dangerous expedients, and, as the future conclusively proved, inspired by self-seeking, was beneficent, constructive, and permanent in regard not merely to France, but to Europe and the world.

In the opening months of 1800 the Continental situation was even more peculiar than usual. In 1799 the Directory had, as a financial measure, incorporated Belgium with France, and she, like all other parts of the country, paid heavy taxes. This could not be changed; and in regard to the minor states still nominally independent, but really under French control, the old policy of the Directory could likewise not immediately be dropped. Masséna had just made a forced levy in Switzerland. Genoa was laid under a fresh contribution of two million francs, and menaced with a forced levy. It was arranged that Holland should pay forty million francs for the restitution of Flushing; and Amsterdam was invited to lend ten more, but refused. Hamburg was secretly held out to Prussia as the price of an alliance with France. Publicly the Hohenzollern monarchy was praised for its refusal to surrender some important political refugees to the coalition, and was offered the friendship of France at the price of four to six millions of francs. It was determined that Portugal, which, having been exhausted by her long alliance with England, now earnestly desired peace, should be told informally by Talleyrand that she could purchase it by a contribution of from eight to ten millions for the Army of Italy. Paul I. of Russia, already angry with Austria, had been easily won to friendship for France by a few acts of distinguished courtesy. The Russian prisoners of war were now given new clothes, and sent home; and the First Consul, recognizing the Czar's quixotic interest in the Knights of Malta, sent to him the sword of Valetta, captured on the seizure of the island. A treaty of peace between France and Russia speedily ensued. This of course effectually neutralized Turkey; and not merely that, for competent experts were set by Paul to work out details for a combined Franco-Russian expedition to invade India by land, and to parcel out Asia between the two powers.

The center of gravity on the Continent remained in Prussia. As the land of Frederick, and the rival of Austria, she supposed herself to represent the liberal side of German life. In fact, there was a strong French party at Berlin, which felt that the republic had been fighting Prussia's battle in weakening the house of Austria. But Frederick William III., the young king, was timid, cautious, and full of self-esteem. He was overmastered by the specious idea — also cherished by his prime minister — that a firm neutrality would recuperate the strength of his country and people while internecine warfare was exhausting the rest of Europe. On this ground he had so far stood unshaken; and though the sympathies of his house had always been, in the main, on the side of absolutism, he refused the alliance of the absolutist coalition, and remained obstinate between the two alternatives. Nor did he falter until he destroyed his own prestige. The country itself would have been sacrificed but for the great national uprising which some years later compelled him to take a decided stand. The Directory had longed to secure Prussia as part of the French system in Europe, and finally sent Sieyès to secure her as an ally. But the envoy spent more energy in intriguing against his employers, and in devising schemes for the monarchical system which was to supplant them in France, than in his proper work, and succeeded only in confirming the King of Prussia in his policy. Bonaparte sent two representatives — Duroc and Beurnonville — to renew the negotiation and secure Prussia's active assistance. They were received with much show of kindness, and the hopes of the latter envoy rose high, but only to be shattered.

With Prussia persistently neutral, and all the minor states exasperated not only by the continued billeting of French troops upon them, but by new demands for money, France was virtually left alone against Austria and England in the coming campaign. This situation was perfectly clear to the French people; but in view of all that had happened since the change of government, it appeared to every one not only as if reasonable offers of peace on the part of the First Consul had been refused, but as if French honor were inseparably united with the policy of war forced upon him. Though not proved, it is reiterated that this was what Bonaparte wanted. Subsequent events support the hypothesis; and if it be true, no schemer ever met with such perfect success. The policy of aggressive extension was apparently forced upon him.

Three great revolutionary concepts of foreign policy were therefore represented in Bonaparte: the mastery of the Mediterranean basin and thereby of the Orient; the extension of a revolutionary liberal system in Europe by the conquest and protectorate of the Continent; and the leadership of the world for the French nation, still as ever enthusiastic for lofty ideals and great deeds. Similar notions had not been foreign to the ancient régime, but England had prevented their fulfilment. The republic, hav-

ing vaguely enlarged them, had fought for them as France had never fought before, because these things were not to be achieved for a dynasty, and were now illuminated by visions of human regeneration. Still England stood in the way. Bonaparte had given them new shape and new intensity with new definition; logically his success would stand for that most splendid of ideals which has ever dazzled poets, theologians, and kings — the universality of empire for peace and its arts, and the consequent elevation of all mankind. By the conquests of Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles the Great, animated as was each in turn by ambition and fiery zeal, nations, tribes, and institutions had been melted in one alembic. Each of those heroes had done a wondrous work in the advance of civilization, but their gains had quickly vanished. The experiment was to be tried for a fourth time. Would England again and finally tumble the French Utopia into ruins?

The first four months of the consulate had not left the First Consul without enemies both numerous and bitter; moreover, many narrow minds — men who, like Talleyrand, were ignorant of how impossible the permanent return of the Bourbons had become — considered Bonaparte's tenure of power only as a transition to the old order. But at the critical instant, in April of the last year of the eighteenth century, France as a whole, including even the factions which had hoped to use him as a tool, felt that her doctrines, her aspirations, and her fate were personified in the great Corsican. His own motives may properly be stigmatized as those of personal ambition; but they were much more. Half educated and half barbarous as he was in his disdain of human limitations, there was in his heart a clear conception that good can come only of good, and therefore he had a definite purpose to do the most possible in order to illuminate his own rise by the regeneration of society. Himself a man without a country, — for all his patriotic aspirations perished in Corsica's desperate failure, — he cared little for territorial limits, and utterly failed to comprehend the strength of national ties. Without sincere ecclesiastical feeling or an earnest faith, he partly understood the value of religious sentiment in the individual, but underrated utterly its moral preponderance in the social organism. A consummate actor, he estimated at its full the influence of the dramatic word and situation on the common mind, but was often self-deceived while believing others misled or beguiled by his acting.

It is not at all inconsistent with a possible sincerity in the ostensibly pacific foreign policy he was pursuing that even before the decision to fight had apparently been forced upon him two manifestos rang out to the troops. To the Army of the Rhine he said: "You have conquered Holland, the Rhine, and Italy, and dictated peace under the walls of terrified Vienna. Now it is not a question of defending your borders, but of overpowering hostile states." To the Army of Italy in particular he said, with reference to a too notorious instance in which during the previous year a half-brigade had shown the white feather: "Are they all dead, the brave men of Castiglione, of Rivoli, and of Neumarkt? They would rather have perished than to have been untrue to their colors; and they surely would have dragged their younger comrades on to honor and to duty. Soldiers, you say your rations are not regularly distributed. What would you have done if, like Four and Twenty-two of the light infantry, like Eighteen and Thirty-two of the line, you had found yourselves in the midst of the desert, without bread, without water, with nothing to eat but the flesh of horses and mules? 'Victory will give us bread,' said they; and you — you desert your standards!" Such words, from such a man, could leave no soldier of any nation unmoved. The Frenchmen in the ranks were thrilled by them.

On the eve of active operations in the first months of 1800 the military situation was as follows: The Italian line stretched from Genoa around by Savona to the Col di Tenda. On it were 30,000 men, under Masséna, while 10,000 more guarded the passes of the Alps. Confronting it was an Austrian force of 80,000 men, under Melas, a general of the old, formal school, hampered by tradition and by the machinery of the Aulic Council in Vienna. In Tuscany, in the Papal States, and in Piedmont were 20,000 more French soldiers in garrison. On the Rhine stood Moreau, with 120,000 men, facing a less able antagonist than Melas in the person of Kray, whose army was about equal in number to his own. The Austrian lines stretched from the falls of the Rhine northward by their headquarters at Donaueschingen to Kinzig. The greatest of the Austrian generals, the archduke Charles, was not in the field. A sensitive epileptic, he had been wounded by the incessant and meddling interference of the Vienna bureaucrats, and had temporarily withdrawn from service. The plan of Francis and his ministry was to drive back Masséna's inferior force; then, with the aid of the English fleet (which arrived in March, under Keith), to reduce Genoa, where he was sure to make a stand; then to cross the Var, and increase their numerical superiority still further by a union with the royalists of Provence, who were organizing under Pichegru, just escaped from Guiana; and finally to carry the war into the heart of France, while Kray held Moreau in check.

STATESMANSHIP AND STRATEGY.

By an article of the new French constitution the First Consul might not be also commander-in-chief of the forces; but as he said to Miot de Mélito, nothing forbade him to be present with the army. Nevertheless, his military greatness was now for the first time to display its stupendous proportions. Hitherto, superb as had been his achievements, they had been won as a subordinate carrying out one part of a large plan, and securing prominence for his own ideas only by disregarding those of nominal superiors. Now he had charge of a great war in its entirety. There was but one obstacle — Moreau's ability and jealousy. With the superiority of true greatness, Bonaparte at once took in the whole situation, and, disregarding all the vexing details which would pass for essentials with men of less ability, analyzed it into its large and simple elements. If Kray were beaten, the French army could reach Vienna and dictate peace before Melas could produce an effect in Italy. His plan, therefore, was to unite near Schaffhausen the various portions of the reserve army which he had quietly been organizing, and, covered by the Rhine, to effect a junction with Moreau; then by overwhelming superiority of numbers turn Kray's left flank, cut off his connections, and, taking his army in the rear, either capture or annihilate it. Moreover, a detachment of this victorious force could then cross the easy lower passes of the Alps, and attack the Austrian force in Italy from the rear, even if in the interval that force should have been victorious. In this one great combination lies the proof of its author's genius. Its five great strategic principles are these: one line of operation, with one offensive; the mass of the army as the first aim; the line of operation on the enemy's flank verging toward his rear; the surrounding of that wing which jeopardizes the enemy's connections; and lastly, the defense of one's own connections. Standing in sharpest contrast with those of his great predecessor Frederick, these principles have not yet been overthrown even by modern science, or by the revolutionary change which has taken place in the material of war and in the number of men engaged in modern conflicts.

But the idea was too great for the conditions. Moreau would not serve as second in command, and Bonaparte was perfectly aware that he himself was not yet sufficiently firm in his political seat to alienate a rival so influential. The conception was, therefore, not carried out until several years later. Moreau, conscious of his own powers, would not even accept the First Consul's suggestions for conducting the passage of the river. The Army of the Rhine was therefore left perforce to act independently except for instructions from Paris to take the offensive at once, and to drive the enemy into Bavaria behind the Lech, so as to intercept his direct communication with Milan by way of Lake Constance and the Grisons. Lecourbe, with 20,000 men, was to watch the higher Alpine passes. The dangerous rival was then left entirely to himself, and the destination of the reserve army was changed to Italy. This, of course, was done in order that such success as Moreau would certainly have won with its aid might not endanger the political situation in Paris. He must not be permitted to retrieve a reputation sullied both by his suspected connection with Pichegru's conspiracy, and by his sudden participation, contrary to lifelong professions, in the affair of the 18th Brumaire.

Early in March the existence of the hitherto hidden army was revealed by an order for its advance toward Zurich to prepare for crossing the Alps. Switzerland, having fallen into French hands through Masséna's operations of the previous year, and being therefore no longer neutral, its territory was open for use in offensive operations against the foe. Masséna had received his first instructions a few days earlier. They were to concentrate the Army of Italy for the defense of Genoa and the entrance to France. Melas would surely follow the well-worn Austrian plan of advancing in three columns for a concentric attack. The French general was to avoid two, and meet the third with all his strength. In April, however, he was informed of the new combination, and told to stand on the defensive until the reserve army had crossed the Alps. "The art of war," Bonaparte always said, "is to gain time when your strength is inferior." This Masséna, with brilliant capacity, undertook to do when, on April 6, the brave and veteran Melas attacked him with 60,000 men. But in spite of repeated successes against superior numbers, before the end of the month active resistance became impossible, and the whole French center was compelled to withdraw on April 21 behind the walls of Genoa, the situation of which now became precarious, for it was blockaded by the English fleet, and provisions were growing very scanty, not more than sufficient stores for a month being available. Suchet, with the left of Masséna's army, 10,000 strong, retreated along the coast, pursued by Melas with 28,000, until on May 14 the former crossed the Var. Ott, with 24,000 men, was left to beleaguer Genoa, in which Masséna held out until June 4 — a siege considered one of the most stubborn in history.

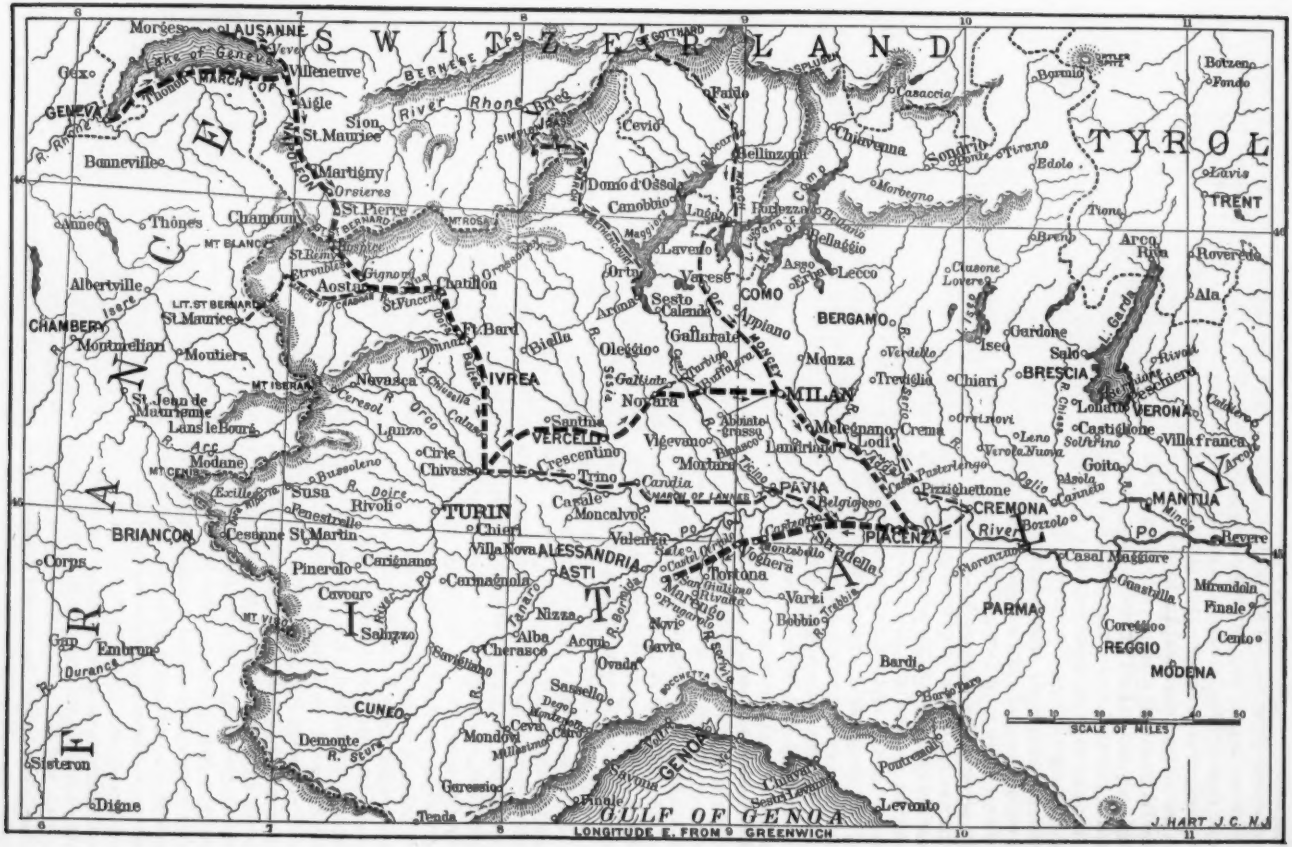
Such had been the wretched management of the previous year in the department of war at Paris that its protracted derelictions could not immediately be made good. Moreau's

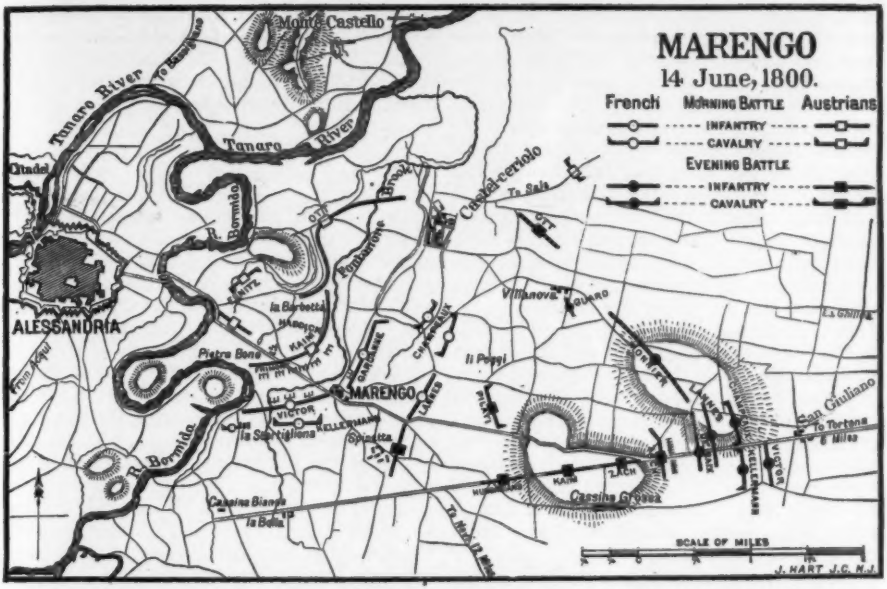
force was not properly supplied in any particular, and he would not move until a month after the time arranged. It was not until April 25, after an urgent request from Bonaparte, that he ventured to disregard the ever insufficient equipment of his force, and proceeded to carry out his own cautious plan for the passage of the Rhine in four divisions instead of in one united body, as the First Consul had suggested. Less was ventured, and probably less was won; but the complicated movement was prosperous. Making a feint as if to occupy the Black Forest, he completely misled Kray as to his real intentions, and induced him to abandon his strong position at Donaueschingen. By a series of clever countermarches, in which the Rhine was crossed and recrossed several times by various French corps, the whole of Moreau's command was finally united east of the Black Forest, having successfully outflanked not only that dangerous mountain-range, but also the enemy, which was still occupied in guarding its eastern gateways, through which it seemed likely that Moreau would advance. The many well-considered moves were like those on a chess-board.

The game was brought to a fortunate conclusion by the French advance, before which the Austrians withdrew to secure a position. In the last days of April Moreau found himself with only 25,000 men facing the mass of the Austrians under Kray at Engen. In the rear, on his right, but beyond reach, was a division of his own army under Saint-Cyr. On May 2, expecting their speedy arrival, he joined battle with his inadequate force. The reinforcements did not arrive; but after a desperate fight, with serious loss, he defeated the enemy. Next day Saint-Cyr came in, and the Austrians, having learned that Stockach with its abundant stores had fallen into the hands of another French division (that under Lecourbe), withdrew northeastward toward the Danube. Moreau's success was unqualified. Kray could no longer retreat toward the Tyrol by Switzerland and the Vorarlberg; he had also lost a large supply of munitions most precious to their captors, besides 5000 prisoners and 3000 killed.

Nevertheless, he was still undismayed, and two days later made a stand at Messkirch. After an embittered and sanguinary conflict on May 5 he was again defeated. The victory would have been overwhelming but for a second inexplicable failure of Saint-Cyr to bring his division into action. Investigation revealed that while that division general had displayed no zeal, and had evinced no good will in the interpretation of orders, he had strictly obeyed their letter. His laxity was therefore overlooked. It was soon found that the Austrians were again gathered to defend their depots at Biberach. This time Saint-Cyr was ardent, and with conspicuous fire led his inferior numbers against the enemy's center, and drove them from their position. Still aglow with victory, he then called in a second division under Richepanse, and, attacking again the main body of the enemy's army, which was drawn up on the slopes of the Mettenberg, dislodged them from that position also. Two days later Lecourbe captured Memmingen with 1800 prisoners, and on the 10th the Austrians withdrew to make a determined stand in a fortified camp at Ulm. It is probable that in two days more Moreau would have driven them from that position if his force had remained intact; but Carnot had come in person to ask for the detachment of Lecourbe's corps to serve in Italy, and could not well be refused.

Bonaparte's earlier plan for using the reserve army in Italy was that with Berthier in nominal command and himself as the real leader, it should take the division of Lecourbe, which had been skirmishing between Switzerland and the line of Moreau's advance, and, thus increased to 75,000 men, cross from Zurich by the easy route of the Splügen into Italy, where, absorbing Masséna's force, the army would number over 100,000, and be sufficiently strong to conquer Melas. But the latter's immense superiority of numbers throughout April had enabled him in the mean while to cut off all communication with Masséna, and the worst was feared. Before the opening of Moreau's campaign, therefore, it was determined, in order to gain time, to cross the Alps much farther to the westward, if possible; and Berthier was ordered to study first the St. Gotthard and the Simplon, then both the Great and Little St. Bernard passes, the former of which was then erroneously held to be Hannibal's route. This easy adaptation to changing conditions was another sign of the First Consul's military greatness. The idea of a march to Milan was likewise quickly abandoned in order to relieve Masséna the sooner by way of Tortona. By May 9 all was in order. By "general's reckoning, not that of the office," as Berthier's words were, there were 42,000 men on or near the Lake of Geneva. When Bonaparte arrived at Lausanne on the 10th, Lannes was in Martigny at the foot of the Great St. Bernard, some miles up the Rhone valley, with 8000 infantry; four other divisions, comprising 25,000 men, stood between Lausanne and Villeneuve at the head of the lake; another, of 5000 men, under Chabran, was in Savoy at the foot of the Little St Bernard. Besides these, Turreau, with 5000 men who had originally formed part of Masséna's left wing, was at the southern end of the Mont Cenis pass; and the 15,000 men detached from Moreau were already marching under


SWITZERLAND
TYROL
FRANCE
ITALY
LAUSANNE
GENEVA
Lake of Geneva
Martigny
St. Pierre
Chamouni
Aosta
Albertville
CHAMBERY
St. Maurice
Montmelian
Moutiers
Lans le Bourg
Modane
Susa
Rivoli
TURIN
BRIANCON
Cesanne
Pinerolo
Carignano
Carmagnola
Cavour
Saluzzo
Embrun
CUNEO
Demonte
Sisteron
Digne
Nice
Tenda
Ivrea
Vercelli
Chivasso
Trino
Casale
Moncalvo
Chiari
Villa Nova
ALESSANDRIA
ASTI
Nizza
Alba
Cherasco
Ovada
Acqui
Gavi
Novara
Vigevano
Mortara
Candia
Valenza
Tortona
Voghera
Varzi
Bobbio
Arona
Sesto Calende
Gallarate
Oleggio
Biella
Varese
Como
Lecco
Bellinzona
Chiavenna
Domo d'Ossola
Cevio
Faido
Casaccio
Sondrio
Tirano
Edolo
Morbegno
Bormio
Botzeno
Fondo
Lavis
TRENT
Trone
Arco
Riva
Roveredo
Ala
L. Garda
Gardone
Salo
Iseo
BRESCIA
Chiari
Treviglio
Verdello
Monza
MILAN
Melegnano
Lodi
Crema
BERGAMO
Lecco
Clusone
Lovere
Desenzano
Peschiera
Castiglione
Villafranca
VERONA
Goito
Sol Ferino
Leno
Verola Nuova
Orzinovi
Pizzighettone
CREMONA
Casal Maggiore
Guastalla
Mirandola
Finale
Cento
PARMA
Correggio
REGGIO
MODENA
Bardi
Borgo Taro
Pontremoli
Levanto
Sestri Levante
Chiavari
Rapallo
GENOA
GULF OF GENOA
PIACENZA
Stradella
Belgiojoso
Pavia
Lodi
Casalpusterlengo
Codogno
Soncino
Pandino
Treviglio
Brembio
Sale
Castel Ceriolo
Marengo
Rivarone
Frugarolo
Novi
Serravalle
Ronco
Gavi
Ovada
Sassello
Mondovi
Ceva
Garessio
Finale
Savona
Albenga
Oneglia
Ventimiglia
Mentone
Nice
Grasse
Cannes
Antibes
Toulon
Marseilles
Aix
Arles
Avignon
Nismes
Montpellier
Narbonne
Perpignan
Barcelona
Tarragona
Valencia
Alicante
Cartagena
Almeria
Malaga
Gibraltar
Algeziras
Tarifa
Cadiz
Seville
Cordova
Granada
Jaen
Madrid
Toledo
Aranjuez
Guadalajara
Alcala
Saragossa
Huesca
Jaca
Pamplona
Tudela
Logrono
Burgos
Miranda
Vitoria
Bilbao
Santander
Oviedo
Gijon
Corunna
Ferrol
Vigo
Oporto
Coimbra
Lisbon
Badajoz
Elvas
Portalegre
Abrantes
Santarem
Thomar
Leiria
Alcobaca
Batalha
Caldas
Aveiro
Viseu
Lamego
Braganza
Miranda
Zamora
Salamanca
Ciudad Rodrigo
Almeida
Guarda
Castello Branco
Evora
Beja
Mertola
Ayamonte
Huelva
Moguer
Palos
Seville
Carmona
Ecija
Cordova
Andujar
Baylen
Jaen
Ubeda
Baeza
Granada
Loja
Alhama
Antequera
Malaga
Ronda
Gibraltar
Algeziras
Tarifa
Cadiz
Xeres
Puerto Santa Maria
Port Royal
Medina Sidonia
Chiclana
Conil
Barbate
Vejer
Tarifa
Algeziras
San Roque
Gibraltar
Estepona
Marbella
Fuengirola
Malaga
Velez Malaga
Motril
Almunecar
Salobrena
Adra
Almeria
Berja
Dalias
Ejido
Roquetas
Tabernas
Gergal
Tabernas
Huercal
Overa
Lorca
Murcia
Cartagena
Mazarron
Aguilas
Vera
Mojacar
Garrucha
Vera
Cuevas
Velez Rubio
Velez Blanco
Huescar
Baza
Guadix
Alcudia
Purchena
Tijola
Albox
Cantoria
Huercal Overa
Lorca
Totana
Alhama
Librilla
Mula
Murcia
Orihuela
Elche
Alicante
Denia
Javea
Calpe
Altea
Benidorm
Villajoyosa
Alicante
Elche
Orihuela
Callosa
Guardamar
Torrevieja
Elche
Crevillente
Novelda
Monovar
Elda
Petrel
Sax
Villena
Almansa
Chinchilla
Albacete
Hellin
Tobarra
Caravaca
Cehegin
Mula
Murcia
Alcantarilla
Molina
Alguazas
Cieza
Calasparra
Moratalla
Caravaca



A distance of about three and a half miles separates the field of the morning battle at Marengo from the field of the evening battle near San Giuliano; after the latter the Austrians retreated across the Bormida to Alessandria, and the French bivouacked near Marengo.

Moncey toward the northern entrance of the St. Gotthard.

The situation of the Austrians and the French in Italy had not materially changed on May 13, and was of course still to the advantage of the former. Masséna was in Genoa with 12,000 available troops and 16,000 sick or wounded. Ott was conducting the siege with 24,000 men. Melas, with his 28,000 men, was still on the Var, firmly convinced that the French reserve army would unite with Suchet's 10,000 in Provence and attack from the front. Five days later he was informed of the truth, and, leaving a corps of 17,000 to guard the Riviera, hurried with the rest back to Turin, which he reached on the 25th. Ten thousand Austrians were watching the St. Gotthard at Bellinzona, 3000 were in the valley of the Dora Baltea to observe the southern exit from the St. Bernard range, and 5000 were on the Dora Riparia and 1000 on the Stura for similar purposes regarding the Mont Cenis. Six thousand were marching from Tuscany to reinforce Melas, and 3000 remained there; while in the Romagna, in Istria, and in various garrisons of upper Italy were 16,000 more.

On May 14 began what has been justly considered one of Bonaparte's most daring and brilliant moves. Even at the present day the road over the Great St. Bernard is for a long stretch only a mule-track, and at that season of the year storms of snow and sleet often rage about the hospice and on the higher reaches of the trail. Moreover, while in times of peace it is both the shortest and easiest road from Italy to the north, it is for various reasons easily defensible. The First Consul had carefully considered the great outlines of his strategy; the detail had wisely been left to able lieutenants. One by one the successive divisions, with that of Lannes at the front, climbed the steeps, crossed the yoke, and passed down on the other side to Aosta. There was, of course, some snow, and there was in any case no track for the gun-carriages; the cannon were therefore dismounted, laid in sledges of hollowed logs, and dragged by sheer human force along the rough highway. Bonaparte remained behind at Lausanne, that the enemy might not be assured through his presence that they had to do with the main army.

The passage into the upper vale of Aosta was commonplace enough, and on the 16th the head of Chabran's column also arrived there safely by way of the Little St. Bernard. But every enterprise has its crisis. Lower down, on an abrupt and perpendicular rock, was Fort Bard, which entirely controlled the valley. It proved to be impregnable. Lannes hesitated for a day. Berthier wrote him that the fate of Italy, perhaps of the republic, hung upon its capture. This proved to be a pardonable exaggeration. The French van took a rude mountain-path which lay to the northward over Monte Albaredo, and, leaving their artillery behind, advanced, or rather climbed, across

toward Ivrea. Bonaparte himself came up two days later, and, hearing that Melas had now left the Var, ordered the path to be improved. Lannes, in the interval, attacked Ivrea, but failed for want of cannon. Marmont, the chief of artillery, could not wait for the engineers to complete the new road, but, wrapping all his wheels in hay, and strewing the streets of the hamlet at the foot of Fort Bard with dung, carried all the guns safely past under cover of night. The Austrians could not fire in a plumb-line downward, and, though aware of the movement, they were helpless. The garrison held out for a time, but surrendered on June 1. Ivrea fell at once; the 3000 Austrians in the valley were scattered; and the Italian plains lay open to the daring adventurers, many of whom, having once outflanked the Alps under the same leader, had now attacked and surmounted them. Their enemy was first incredulous, then surprised and undecided; his forces were so scattered that it seemed as if he could no longer hold Tortona. Should that fortress fall into the hands of the French, they could promptly relieve Genoa.

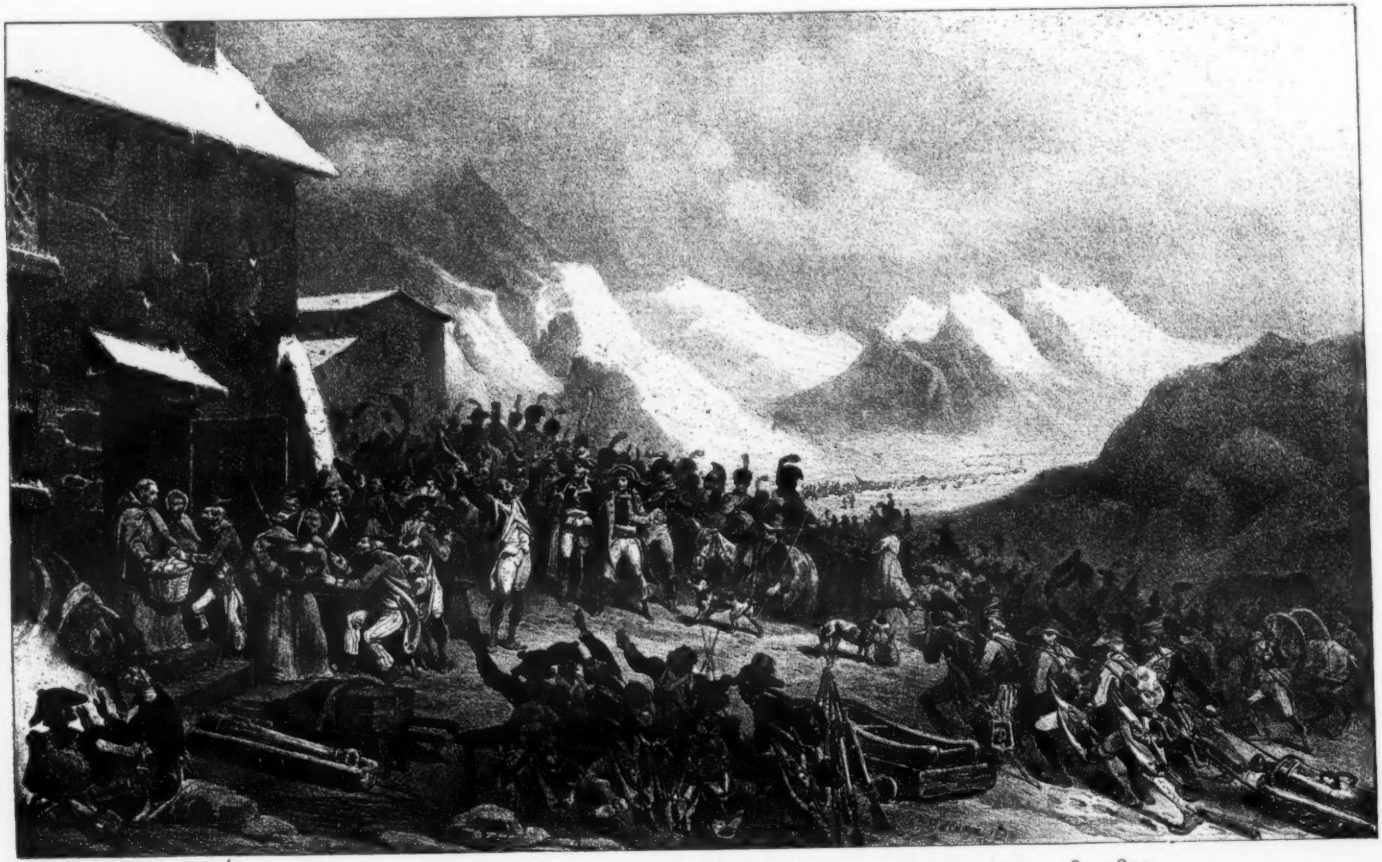
Bonaparte at once became perfectly aware not only of the Austrian position, but also of his own immense advantage. His ideas began at once to expand and change. Why not take advantage of the time which must intervene before the Austrians could concentrate for a decisive action, leave Masséna to hold Genoa a few days longer, himself march to Milan and secure Lombardy, then cross the Po, and, after having cut off all his connections, offer Melas battle? That one battle would decide the fate of Italy was the conception of a strategist. The inverse order of defeating Melas, relieving Genoa, taking Milan, and driving the enemy behind the Adda, would have meant a long campaign. This was the first appearance of this keen conception, which recurs twice more in Napoleon's life — in 1809 and in 1813.

Before the end of the month all was in readiness. Every portion of the army had done its work. Turreau was over Mont Cenis, and had driven in the Austrian guards. Moncey had passed the St. Gotthard in safety, and was ready at Bellinzona. A side column under Bethencourt had crossed the Simplon and was near Domo d'Ossola. On June 2 the entire united French force had crossed the Ticino in safety, and the vanguard entered Milan as the Austrian garrison withdrew first to Lodi and then to Crema. Murat was despatched with his cavalry to drive the retreating columns beyond any possibility of their interference with the next serious operation, the crossing of the Po. Bonaparte celebrated his return not only by the reëstablishment of the Cisalpine Republic and by great civic festivals, but by a religious solemnity at which he declared his respect for the Holy Father and his attachment to the faith. The great cathedral was his special charge. Among the statues of saints which adorn its myriad pinnacles, one of the best is his own portrait.

MARENGO.

THE news of all these movements reached Melas at Turin, where, with the ordinary perspicacity of a good army general, he had expected the battle. With Suchet to the westward on the Var, and Bonaparte in front, his situation was critical. His first intention was to advance by Vercelli, and fall on Bonaparte's rear; but learning of the great force which had crossed the St. Gotthard, he chose as a rallying-point for his army the town of Alessandria, the situation of which amid lowlands and sluggish streams resembles that of Mantua, and made it in those days of short range and weak projectiles a powerful fortress. It was his daring intention to break through the French center. Meantime Masséna, having conducted the defense of Genoa with heroism and persistency until the last, had been forced to open negotiations for surrender. Could he have held out for three days longer, Ott would have been compelled to raise the siege in order to release his own troops for the greater struggle soon to take place. As it was, the terms offered were the best possible, and on June 4 the French marched out under no conditions. On the 6th Ott left with his army for the Austrian rendezvous.

Simultaneously Bonaparte was directing from Milan the slow passage of the great river at three points between Piacenza and Pavia, and bringing in from all around the scattered companies which had been clearing the country in various skirmishes. He left a fortified camp at Stradella and five available bridges over the Po, in case he should be beaten and compelled to retreat. On the 8th one of Melas's couriers to Vienna was captured, and his despatches, which told of the disaster at Genoa, also put the First Consul in full possession of his antagonist's movements and plans. The French and Austrians began their advance about the same time; the former, however, in closer formation and less widely separated from one another. Ott and Lannes met at Casteggio, near Montebello. Bonaparte's orders were to destroy, if possible, the first Austrian column which appeared, "as it must of necessity be weak." In the first struggle the French, who were much inferior in numbers, were worsted; but reinforcements coming up quickly under Victor, their rout was speedily turned into victory, and the enemy was driven back upon the Scrivia, with the loss of 4000 men.



FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY H. BELLANGÉ.

RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY AT THE HOSPICE OF SAINT BERNARD, MAY 18, 1800.

Melas was still west of Alessandria, at a distance of two days' march. Bonaparte remained in the rear, gathering and ordering the advancing army, but giving no sign, by a personal appearance on the front, of where the decision would be taken until all was in readiness. It was a maxim ever on his lips to prepare for a decisive action by bringing in every available man; no one could tell when the result might turn on the presence of a few men more or less. In this one instance alone he was apparently untrue to his own principle; for no less than 23,000 men had been sent so far out of reach — some to cut off all chance of Austrian escape to the north, east, and south, and some for various other purposes—that he now had only 34,000 men available. His over-confidence was in a sense justified by the enemy's mistakes, but it came near to costing dearly. It went so far that Loison, with 6000 soldiers more, was left behind at Piacenza. By the 12th Melas had joined Ott at Alessandria, which, in view of Bonaparte's grand strategy, was inevitable. Desaix, who had long before been summoned by Bonaparte from Egypt, had finally reached the French headquarters at Stradella on the 11th, and was immediately put in command of one of the three corps, his colleagues being Victor and Lannes.

The flat land about Tortona and Alessandria is watered by two small rivers, the Scrivia and the Bormida, which flow parallel to each other northward toward the Po. Irrigating canals and minor tributary streams, all bordered by pollard willows and other low trees, separate the fields, which are themselves planted with orchards, or yield rich crops of cereals. It was customary for Bonaparte to select an open plain for his battles, if possible. He could then, without fear of being hampered, use his favorite arm, the artillery, which he frequently massed with terrible effect on the wings, while his effective cavalry were sent in repeated onsets to break his enemy's center, and deliver the opposing ranks in broken masses to the musket-fire and bayonet charge of his infantry. Such fields were, of course, numerous between Tortona on the Scrivia and Alessandria on the Bormida. The best was near the great highway which, coming from the east, connects these two towns, and goes on, due westward, by Asti to Turin. Two roads of importance lead southerly, one from each town, to Novi, where they unite, and then proceed to Genoa. Within the triangle thus formed, and only three miles southeastward from Alessandria, lies the hamlet of Marengo, where Victor (with Lannes at San Giuliano) was posted on June 13, awaiting the attack of Melas when he should sally from the fortress. Desaix was sent southward toward Novi, lest Melas should swerve in that direction to try a flank movement. Bonaparte, with the consular guard,—the picked corps of 1200 trusted veterans which he had formed for personal protection in his first Italian campaign, and found more necessary now, with his still more exalted station,—stood at Tortona. He could hardly trust himself to believe that the Austrians would be bold enough to make a direct attack, and had therefore disposed his troops in this scattered way.

But Melas, though slow and old-fashioned, was intrepid, and the Austrians were daring fighters. On the morning of the 14th he began to cross the Bormida, and, his van driving that of the French to Marengo, he was able to deploy east of the stream. Victor received orders to hold the village at any cost, in order to gain time for concentrating the scattered French columns to the right and left of his position, which was to be the center. On a level battle-field the solid brick or stone walls of a village, of a churchyard, or of great farm-courts like those of Lombardy, afford the most desirable shelter, and oftentimes, as at Marengo, Aspern, and even Waterloo, the loss or gain of such a position turns the tide of battle; for an army equipped with flint-lock muskets and small unrifled field-pieces, though victorious in the open, dared not leave a considerable portion of their enemy thus ensconced in the rear. Hence, the ever-recurring and enormous importance of farmsteads and hamlets in the Napoleonic battle-fields. Lannes was to deploy on the right, and Murat was sent with his cavalry in part to support the forming line, and in part to prevent a flank movement along the slow, willow-bordered current of the Tanaro, an affluent of the Bormida. If Desaix could come up in time, he would form the left; in the mean time Kellermann the younger was stationed with his dragoons to guard Victor's open flank.

The first attacks of the Austrians were repulsed, but with loss and difficulty, while by ten in the morning Ott had come up, and was attacking Lannes's flank. The fighting grew ever hotter and more desperate, and the news from Desaix was that it would be four in the afternoon before he could arrive. Bonaparte called in his small reserve, under Monnier, to strengthen Lannes; but it was of no avail. By midday the French were driven out of Marengo, their front was broken, and their columns were in full retreat to the eastward toward San Giuliano. The First Consul was in despair, and as a last resource sent in 800 of the consular guard. For the first hour of the afternoon the retreat was stayed. But the French were soon outflanked on their left by the Austrian cavalry, and again began to withdraw. Bonaparte sat by the roadside, and, swishing his riding-whip,



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

ARRANGING FOR MASSÉNA'S CAPITULATION AT CORNIGLIANO, NEAR GENOA.

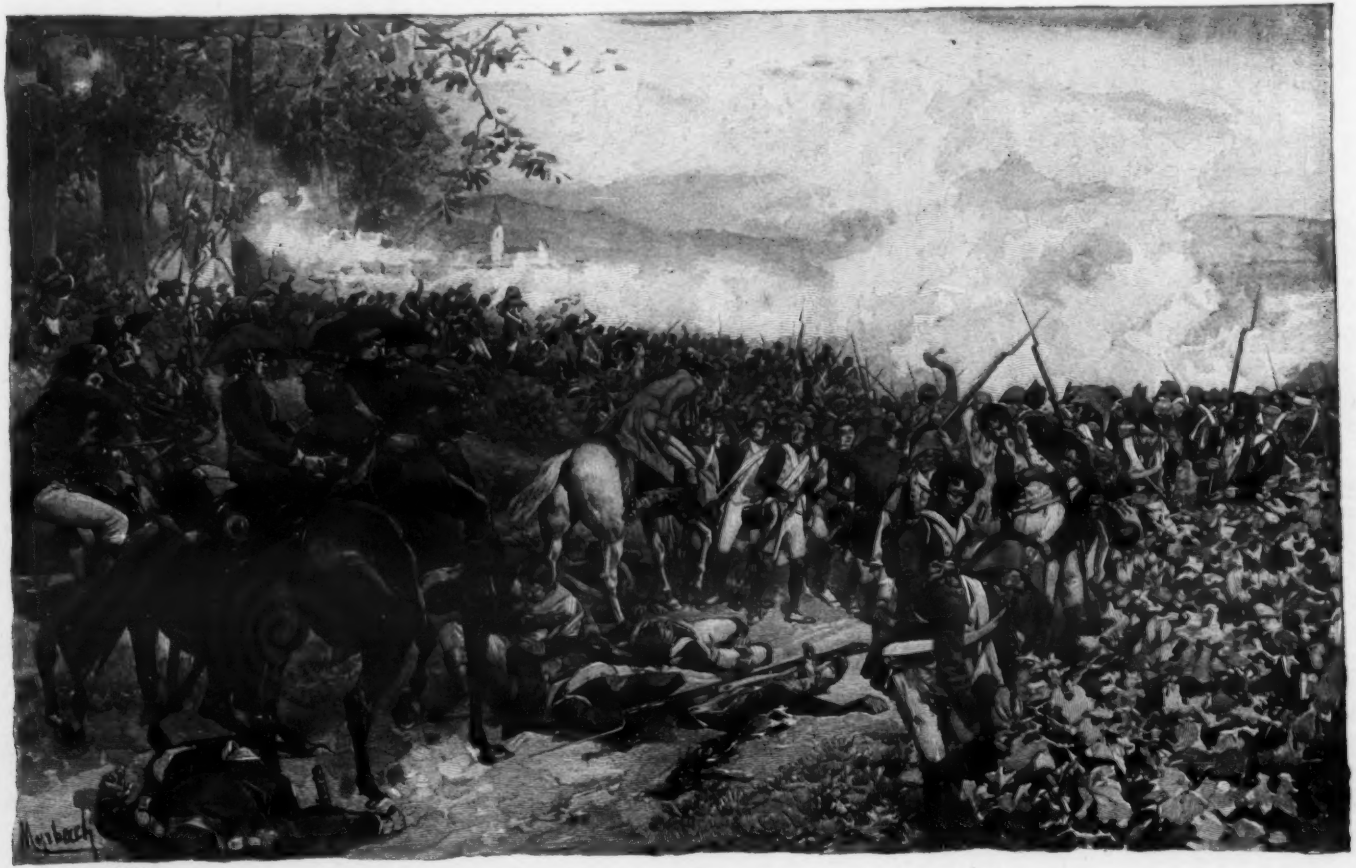
called to the flying men to stand and wait for the reserve, a body of troops which did not exist. Seven thousand soldiers — a fifth of his entire available force — had, it is estimated, already fallen. Desaix was not yet within reach. Melas believed he had won the day. Perhaps if the weight of seventy years, and a slight wound, had left the Austrian commander personally less exhausted, he would, in spite of the long endurance of heat, fatigue, and dust, have carried his victorious columns onward in pursuit, and would utterly have scattered his enemy. As it was, he deputed the pursuit of the disorganized but slowly, stubbornly retreating Frenchmen to Zach, his chief of staff, and hurried back to Alessandria for rest and refreshment. His command, ordered in single main column, followed directly on, while Ott, with a minor one, deviated toward the left to seek a parallel line of pursuit.

At this juncture (about five in the afternoon) Desaix appeared at the head of his hurrying line. In an instant Bonaparte had despatched riders in every direction who were instructed to declare that "The French line is forming again." The discouraged men who were still in the ranks took fresh courage, many stragglers were gathered in, and the line was really formed once more. Marmont even collected a battery of eighteen guns, and Kellermann, with the brigade of dragoons which had so long covered Victor's left flank, suddenly reappeared in good condition on Desaix's right. In a moment all was changed. Desaix and Kellermann threw themselves with fury on the head and left of the main Austrian column. The first half was soon in confusion; six thousand men laid down their arms. The second half was demoralized, and took to flight. Their officers rallied the flying lines with difficulty, but sufficiently to hold a bridge over the Bormida until Ott had joined the retreat and safely passed. Before dark a remnant of Melas's army, about 20,000 of the 30,000 he had collected at Alessandria, were all behind the stream, and the French were again in full possession of Marengo. But the gallant Desaix had perished in the moment of victory.

Next morning, exactly a month after the passage of the St. Bernard had begun, the Austrians opened negotiations, and their general agreed to evacuate all northern Italy, with its strong places, as far as the river Mincio. The only Italian lands to be left in Austrian occupation were Tuscany and Ancona. The strategical lesson which Bonaparte drew from the victory at Marengo is often repeated by writers on military science; namely, that the art of war is the art of combinations. His detractors claim the honors of the day for Desaix and Kellermann. The judgment of posterity must be that of his contemporary critics. To plan is already to manœuver; but in war, as elsewhere, to will is one thing, to do is another. A successful battle disorganizes an opposing army, but successful strategy entirely destroys its power. When will and deed accompany each other the result is conclusive. The victory at Marengo was such a decision. Bonaparte the army commander lost it; Bonaparte the general-in-chief won it, even as it was. But even if Desaix had not appeared, it would have been gained elsewhere. The road to Stradella was open, the French connections were unbroken, and although such later explanations have little value, Napoleon was probably right when he said that he would have crossed the Po on one of his five bridges covered by his batteries, would have combined his first division with those he had left behind, and then would have attacked and destroyed each successive Austrian corps as it crossed the stream in pursuit. Marengo was the pattern of an offensive campaign organized, not to win battles and spare the lives of soldiers, but to destroy an enemy. In a just cause this policy is great and humane; in an unjust cause any warfare is butchery. To assert, as many do, that Marengo was superb, but unpatriotic, is simply to renounce the cause in which it was fought.

Henceforward we have carefully to distinguish two men in the First Consul, as afterward in the Emperor — the statesman and the general. The former is always prominent, always in evidence; the latter often hides himself, and does his great work, in the service of the former. The conflict at Marengo was the first of the statesman's four decisive battles, and he knew it. It gave him the undisputed mastery of France. There never was a fight more carefully explained to a nation, both at the time and subsequently, than this one. There was real danger that the temporary check might obscure in the common mind the true greatness of the main conception and its execution. To prevent such a mishap was essential. In the form of bulletins, of inspired articles in the obsequious press, in conversations, by hints, innuendos, and every other known channel, such reports were put in circulation as insured the full value of a great success to the chief magistrate of France. Combined with the victories of Moreau, it restored the finances of the country; for the latter, who had in the interval occupied Munich, levied forty millions in a lump on south Germany, while Piedmont and the reorganized Ligurian and Cisalpine republics were now each to pay monthly tribute amounting annually to a similar sum.

Leaving Masséna to command the Army of Italy, the First Consul hastened to Milan,



DRAWN BY F. DE MYRBACH.

BONAPARTE CHECKING THE FRENCH RETREAT FROM MARENGO.

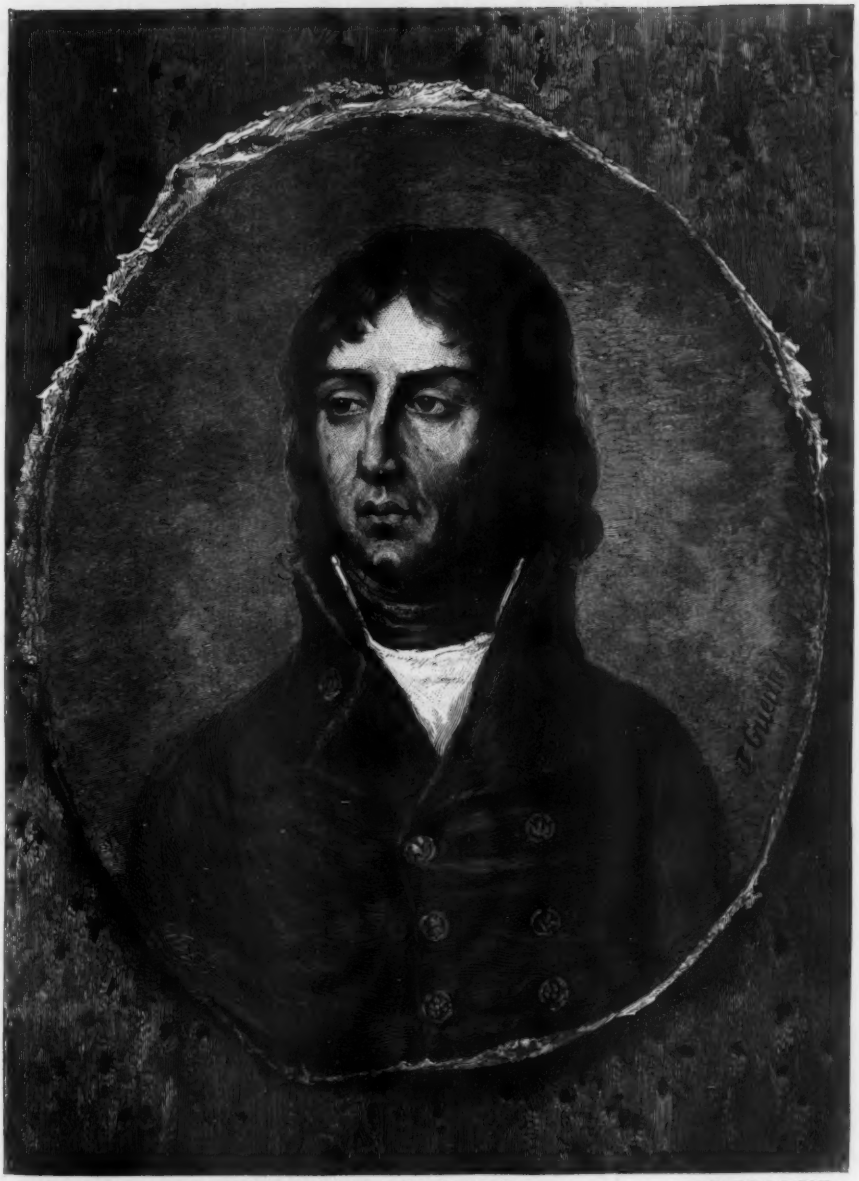
where he tarried only long enough to despatch a peace commissioner to Vienna. He then hurried on to Paris. The public had not at first understood that the chief magistrate would so plumply violate the constitution. When his intention to assume military command became clear, there was no audible discontent; the only effect was to create a coterie about Talleyrand which discussed the consequences if the daring adventurer were to be killed. While deliberating whether Carnot or Lafayette should be the coming man, their sessions were indefinitely adjourned by receipt of the news and by the speedy return of their master. His journey through the provinces was a continuous ovation; every town had its triumphal arch. By his command the reception which Paris would have given the man whom victory was fast making her idol was ostentatiously kept within moderate limits, but on the evening of his return —July 3, 1800 — the entire city burst into one great illumination. Every one was talking of Hannibal and the Alps, of the army climbing like chamois and toiling like oxen, of the hospice of St. Bernard with its devoted brothers and their sagacious dogs, of precipices and avalanches, and of the climax of all these toils in the plains of Italy, not forgetting the touching loss of the gallant and handsome Desaix.

THE PEACE OF LUNÉVILLE.

THE day for display was past, the time for solid achievement had arrived. First, if possible, the peace so ardently desired must be secured. Recognizing this, the victor of Marengo had addressed a letter from Milan to the emperor Francis, explaining why it was Austria's interest to abandon England, and become the friend of France on the old terms of Campo Formio. But it is a long distance from Vienna to Milan. Austria, having just bargained for a new subsidy from the apparently inexhaustible coffers of England, could not consider a separate peace, and the cabinet could go no further than to send an agent with very limited powers to see whether France might not be brought to make some concessions which would be useful toward a general pacification. The personage chosen was one of those who every now and then seem by accident to enter the solemn councils of history in order to enliven their gravity by blunders and mock heroism. The Count of St. Julien, an Austrian diplomatist attached after the fall of Genoa to the army, had been chosen by Bonaparte to carry to Vienna his proposition for a general armistice, couched in the most dramatic terms, and closing with a passionate appeal for peace. The bearer was at once sent back to Milan with the Austrian counter-proposition, which accepted the armistice, but suggested clearer definition in the terms on which peace was to be negotiated than could be found in those of Campo Formio — terms which intervening circumstances and new engagements had rendered impossible of execution.

The luckless diplomat, finding in Milan that Bonaparte was already in Paris, transcended his instructions, and followed. Arrived on the banks of the Seine, he was welcomed with ostentatious heartiness, and intrusted to the wiles of Talleyrand, who intended so to use his victim that the French people would consider peace within easy reach. They were to be deceived into believing that a living plenipotentiary was among them. Accepting the French minister's large interpretation of his powers, the flattered ignoramus made his first misstep, and began negotiations. Within a week he had signed preliminaries the execution of which would have definitely accomplished the First Consul's great purpose, and have forever sundered Austria and England. When St. Julien reached Vienna, in August, Thugut was infuriated, and passed sleepless nights at the mere thought of a formal negotiation having taken place without the knowledge of Great Britain, his master's ally and indispensable support. To preserve some appearance of straightforwardness, an account of the facts was promptly sent to England, and St. Julien himself was disavowed and imprisoned, while Talleyrand's preliminaries were utterly rejected.

The Austrian strength was nearly worn out, but new troops were raised. The archduke John, still a mere boy, but with talents vaunted as superior to those of the archduke Charles, was put in Kray's place. Melas was removed to make way for Bellegarde, a younger but less able man. The former had 80,000 men and a reserve under Klenau; General Iller, with 30,000, was in the Tyrol; and Bellegarde was on the Mincio, with 90,000. The tried and skilful Cobenzl was sent to reopen negotiations. Joseph Bonaparte was appointed French plenipotentiary to meet him. Their conferences were held chiefly at Lunéville, a frontier town southeast of Nancy. The prolongation of the armistice necessary for these arrangements was bought by the cession of three fortresses to Moreau, and was the more easily secured because Bonaparte, though furious at his failure to secure peace in consequence of Marengo, still felt that peace was imperative. Soon afterward court intrigue at Vienna overthrew Thugut, and Cobenzl, clever as he was, betrayed at once the inherent weakness of his position. In order to conceal Austria's exhaustion, he had been instructed to make a bold demand for an English associate, and to plead urgency for a general peace; but he se-



FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-PAULIN GUÉRIN, IN THE COLLECTION OF ULRIC-RICHARD DESAIX. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

LOUIS-CHARLES-ANTOINE DESAIX.

cretly gave Talleyrand to understand that sufficient concession in Italy would secure what the First Consul desired, a separate peace with Austria. Bonaparte had no intention of taking either course, either of suing for peace with England, or of granting more than he had originally offered to Austria. Finally, in November, he determined to renew hostilities, and declared that the state of the nation and Austria's procrastination justified the prosecution of the war. Joseph Bonaparte and the Austrian plenipotentiary continued their parleyings at Lunéville, but the armistice was ended.

Among all the purely French generals of the republic and the Directory, the name of Hoche, so prematurely cut off by death, stands highest. Second only to his is that of Kléber. The latter had finally recognized the desperate situation of the French colony in Egypt, and early in the year 1800 had concluded with Sir Sidney Smith, at El Arish, a treaty for honorable withdrawal. But there had been a hitch as to its acceptance in London, and no preparations to fulfil the terms were made. In the interval Kléber, alarmed by the gathering force of Turkish troops, turned, with the sadly diminished army of 12,000 French, on the Turkish pasha, who now stood at Heliopolis with 70,000 men, and on March 20, 1800, in what was confessedly the most amazing fight ever seen by an Egyptian sun, swept the horde out of existence. It was his admirable administration during the ensuing months which, together with the achievements of its scholars, gave all the luster to the ill-starred expedition which was ever shed upon it. On the very day on which, at Marengo, Desaix received in his heart the fatal ball, Kléber fell a victim to the dagger of a Mohammedan fanatic. The French humiliation in Egypt was concluded a year later by a compulsory evacuation under the leadership of Menou. Moreau was now, therefore, the solitary great survivor of Revolution traditions in warfare.

On the opening of hostilities in Germany, Moreau's line was near Munich, skirting the forests on the little river Isar, while that of his enemy held a position of great strength behind the broad stream of the Inn. To strengthen his force, troops enough were sent to raise his numbers to about 100,000, and 25,000 men were stationed under Augereau on the Main. Masséna, whose ever more pronounced republicanism and independence of speech had not passed unnoticed at Paris, was found guilty of bad administration in Italy, and was replaced by Brune. This eclipse was, as it was intended to be, only temporary. Murat was stationed in central Italy to watch Naples; Macdonald stood in the Grisons with 15,000 men, ready to turn north or south at a moment's notice, as exigency should demand. The time had come for the conclusive blow where alone it could be delivered—in Bavaria.

The defensive position of the young archduke behind the Inn was very strong. Moreau had carefully studied the advantages for battle of the high plain on which he himself stood, and in the raw, damp days of early winter reluctantly began to prepare for an advance. His enemy, with the over-confidence of youth, and burning for the distinction of a second Bonaparte, made ready simultaneously to abandon all the strength of his position, and likewise moved forward. The French could hardly believe their senses when, on December 1, their left was checked in its advance and driven back by what was evidently the great army of their enemy. Without hesitation Moreau made ready to receive the Austrians on familiar ground. The evening of the next day found the French arrayed near Hohenlinden, eighteen miles east of Munich, and all their dispositions complete, so that every avenue of approach by the neighboring forests was in their hands, and no road to Munich open except that on which they stood.

The famous battle, rendered so familiar to all English-speaking peoples by Campbell's stirring lines, began on the morning of December 4. It opened at half-past seven, the main attack being on the center. Moreau, supported by Grenier, Ney, and Grouchy, easily sustained the onset, while right and left the wings began to infold the Austrians, who were now blundering through the unknown woodland paths. When all was ready, Ney and Grouchy were suddenly detached to break through and join their forces to those of Richepanse, which had reached the Austrian rear. The manœuver was successfully accomplished, and by three in the afternoon the day was won for the French at every point, and with a loss that was slight in comparison with that of the Austrians, which was upward of 20,000 killed and wounded, besides much artillery and immense stores. The flight was a rout, and even the archduke narrowly escaped capture. Moreau's pursuit was as sharp as his fighting, and a fortnight later he was within easy reach of Vienna, where confusion and terror would have reigned supreme had not the archduke Charles been persuaded to resume the chief command in the extremity. Fortunately also for Francis, this rapidity had left Augereau's corps in danger from the possible advance of Klenau, and, much as the French commander would have liked to eclipse his rival in Paris, he dared go no further, but was compelled to rest content with having won a victory greater than any Bonaparte had gained. The campaign was of course



PEN-AND-CRAYON SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE. AFTER THE PAINTING BY E. J. DELAHAYE.

CHARGE OF THE TWELFTH HUSSARS AT THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.



DRAWN BY U. CHECA.

THE ATTACK OF RICHEPANSE UPON THE REAR OF THE AUSTRIANS AT HOHENLINDEN.

ended, and to release Augereau from all menace the armistice was signed at Steyer on Christmas day. In Italy Brune had with difficulty advanced to Trent on the Adige. He was there to join Macdonald, whose feat of leading 15,000 men across the Splügen in the heart of winter had scarcely attracted the attention it deserved.

Hohenlinden brought matters to a speedy conclusion at Lunéville, where a separate peace for Austria was signed February 9, 1801. The terms were hard, and virtually shattered the time-honored Hapsburg policy of conquest and territorial expansion. The Austrian line in northern Italy was fixed at the Adige; the Grand Duke of Tuscany lost his land, and, like him of Modena, received no other compensation except a grant from the Breisgau in Germany; the Rhine from source to mouth was to be the French boundary; and the German temporal princes who should thus be stripped of possessions were to be indemnified by the secularization of the spiritual territories on the right bank. Austria was thus not only left insignificant in Italy: she was deprived of her independent station as a great power in Europe; she was even threatened in her Germanic ascendancy, for the spiritual princes of the empire were her main support in the Diet, and the diminution of their numbers and influence meant the supremacy of Prussia in Germany. The treaty was negotiated for France by Joseph Bonaparte; it was signed by Austria, not only for herself, but for the Germanic body, in which, according to its terms, the First Consul might, if necessary, intervene in order to secure the execution of the terms laid down in the document.

Such provisions could only mean for Austria either permanent humiliation or a speedy resumption of hostilities whenever recruited strength would admit. It is doubtful whether she would have accepted them even then had not the First Consul's diplomacy finally succeeded in winning the Czar altogether to his cause. It will be remembered that in the previous year the cession of Malta to Russia had been suggested by the French envoy at St. Petersburg. This was, of course, another step in the process of widening the dissension already created in the coalition. The proposition had been received by the Czar with great delight; and when, on September 5, 1800, the besieging English compelled the French garrison of that island to capitulate, and, careless of the Grand Master's rights, had entered on full possession of the island, the emperor Paul, openly accusing England and Austria of treachery, not only deserted the alliance, but entered an "armed neutrality" with Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia to check English aggression at sea. The real motive of Frederick William III. in joining this movement was to repress Austria's aspirations for the annexation of Bavarian lands. He persisted in his old, stiff neutrality, and would make no alliance with Bonaparte; but he was glad to see his rival weakened. The Czar believed that by diminishing Austria's power in Italy that state would be impotent to restrain Russia's ambition in



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES DURUPT, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANTOINE RICHEPANSE.

the Orient. One authority declares that Paul had been assured by a personal letter from the First Consul that he was about to restore the Bourbons, and would himself be content with an Italian principality; but this is doubtful. So ardent was the Russian autocrat, however, that he urged forward the preparation of plans for the projected Franco-Russian expedition, which was to march by way of Khiva and Herat, and strike at the heart of England's power by the conquest of India.

This was the first of those sportive and ironical games which for years to come Bonaparte was so successfully to play with the old dynasties of Europe and their heads. Its success temporarily secured the peace of the Continent on terms most advantageous to himself.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

A BIT OF ITALIAN MERRYMAKING.

THE LILIES OF NOLA.



HE little city of Nola lies in the heart of fertile Campania, under the sunset shadow of Mount Vesuvius. Its aspect is singularly like that of a Western agricultural town that has ideas of future greatness. The half-finished façade of its great cathedral (which was destroyed by fire a score of years ago, and is now in process of such slow reconstruction as a lawsuit between the city and the architect will allow); the unstuccoed walls of the municipal palace, with its courtyard full of half-chipped lava-blocks; the fringe of ungainly houses that girdle the public square and await demolition in the new plan of city improvement, all call to mind the newness though not the enterprise of the western frontier of the New World, rather than the hoary antiquity of the Old, dating back hundreds and hundreds of years before Christ.

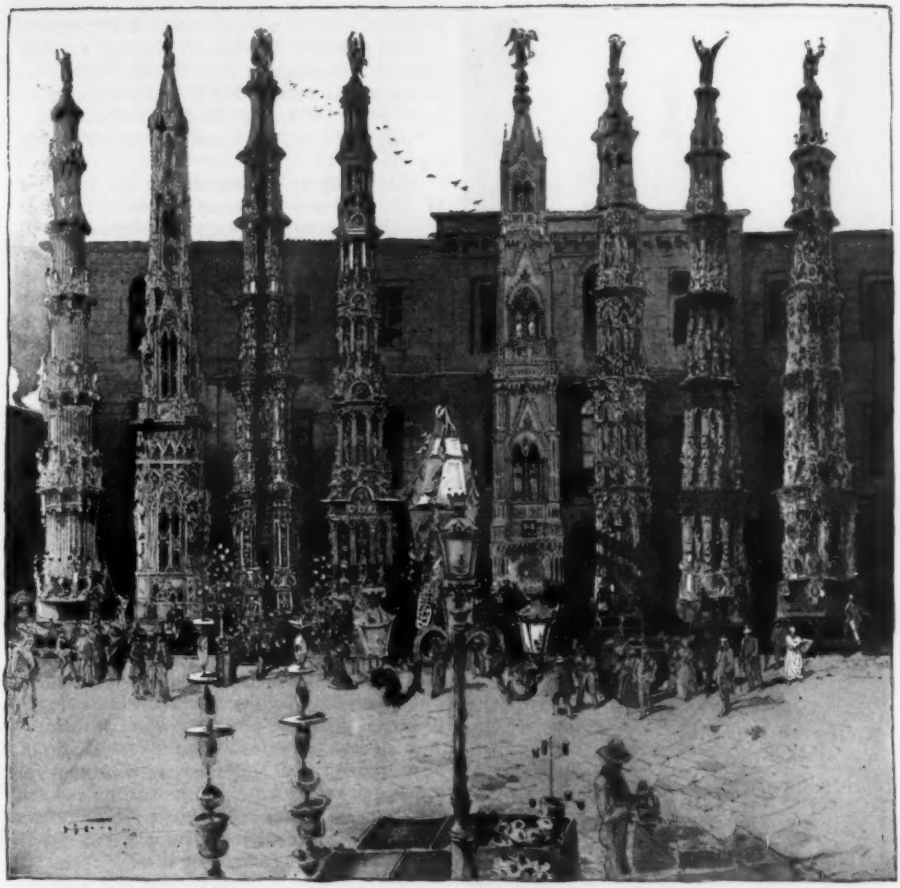
Yet every clod of this Campanian soil is alive with classic and artistic memories. The broken-nosed or wholly headless Roman emperors that guard in mutilated marble dignity the four corners of the public square witnessed in their day the prowess of Marcellus, the "sword of Rome," and exulted over the impregnability of the fortress which broke the prestige of Hannibal.

Here the archæologist collected the graceful array of fictile vases that illustrate one of the noblest periods of Greco-Roman art. Here the numismatist found the precious coins that enrich the world's museums. Here the serene Augustus, the godfather of art and literature, died; and as if to prove the immortality of the germs of individual thought, here lived, centuries after, Thomas Aquinas, the "Angelic Doctor," and wrote in the quiet cloisters of the Dominican monastery the luminous "Philosophic Code" of the middle ages. Here, too, Giordano Bruno was born and, long before Bacon and Descartes, laid the foundations of modern experimental philosophy, and, in wide communion with the divine beauties of nature that encompassed him, conceived the lofty pantheism that was destined, later on, to lead him to the stake. In art, Giovanni da Nola chiseled his name on the imperishable records of the cinque-cento.

But these are all dusty memories. Nola has a living and personal one in the melodious chime of church bells which celebrate in sonorous jargon, the world over, their invention by St. Paulinus, the beloved bishop of Nola. Thus the poetic idea that gave to every church spire a living voice wherewith to call to prayer, outlives the glory of Marcellus and of Augustus, and Nola celebrates her yearly festival in honor of the gentle and beneficent Paulinus.

The fifty trains despatched by the narrow-gage railway on June 24 are insufficient to contain the crowds that flock to Nola to admire the famous *Gigli*, or Lilies, which are its pride. Pure tradition (for I can find no treatise or historical account of the custom) has handed down from father to son the art of making these large structures, which I should be afraid to describe did not photography come to the aid of faith and enable me to lay before the incredulous the proof that reality is sometimes stranger than fiction. The "Lilies" of Nola, which in the beginning were probably pyramids of flowers carried in the procession in honor of St. Paulinus, are to-day towering obelisks or turrets eighty or ninety feet high, artistically constructed in Gothic, Corinthian, and Doric styles, adorned with statues, ornamental friezes, bas-reliefs, and emblems, and built on movable platforms.

A *fanfara*, or band of trumpeters, occupies the first-floor balcony of a Lily, and marks the time for forty stout *facchini*, or porters, who in perfect step, and with corresponding good humor, gaily carry the towers, players and all, on their shoulders through the streets of the town! But this is not all. I shall not soon forget the genuine emotion I experienced when, penetrating on that radiant June morning into the broad piazza where the eight colossal Lilies in all their barbaric gold and pearl reflected and multiplied the dazzling rays of the sun, I heard the music of the approaching procession and saw the fragile turrets dance the tarantella! Back and forth and round about they went in cadenced step, proud to show their perfect equilibrium and to compete for the plaudits of the cheering crowd. An elephant on a tight-rope, leviathan plunging in a pond! And when, as the statue of the saint, borne on the shoulders of acolytes, slowly circled the square in the midst of chanting choirs and clouds of incense, I saw them bend before it at an angle as graceful as it



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE LILIES OF NOLA.

was defiant of the laws of gravity, I was forced to conclude that the days of miracles are not fully over. Faith may yet remove mountains by putting the robust shoulders of the faithful under them!

The eight Lilies of Nola may be seen in the above illustration at the moment when, drawn up in the public square on each side of the quaint bark of St. Paulinus, they await the solemn benediction of the bishop and the not less important award of the city premium. They are built at the expense of the various gilds and crafts of the town—bakers, butchers, tailors, shoemakers, blacksmiths, grocers, carpenters, and husbandmen or market-gardeners. Each one bears above the plinth the ensign or emblem of the gild: a poetic sheaf of wheat for the husbandmen; a man's prosaic waistcoat for the tailors; a flask of wine and a pear-shaped cheese for the grocers; a horned ox's head for the butchers; a last for the shoemakers; a wrought-iron sickle for the smiths.

The average weight of each structure, including the band, the small boys in the rigging, and the triumphant female who sits in state under the central arch, is about six thousand pounds, or three tons. The cost ranges from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars each. Every year two *giglianti*, or lily-men, are chosen by each gild, one to dress and the other to undress the Lily. The first is the master of the feast, and the second, to whom belong the spoils, will be so next year; and almost before the echoes of the festival die away he begins his rounds to seek the offerings of friends and neighbors for the succeeding year.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE LILY OF THE GROCERS' GILD.

The *charpente*, or skeleton, of the structure, which is formed of stout poles lashed firmly together, is preserved from year to year, and materially lessens the expense; the ornamentation, on the other hand, must be entirely new; and it is the aim as well as the pride of the gigliante and his party to make it as magnificent as possible. "What do you do," I asked of one of the giglianti — an honest wine-seller, whose hands were as red as the wine-butts he handled — "when the offerings are scanty?"

"Go into debt," he laconically and promptly replied.

The giving up or lessening of the splendor of the festival is evidently not for a moment thought of. Better mortgage to-morrow's bread or to-morrow's vintage, with the easy faith of the Italian in Micawber's comfortable maxim.

Undoubtedly the handsomest Lily of the year I am describing, for purity of design and elegance of finish, was that built by the Butchers' Gild. It was a turret in pointed Gothic style, inclosed on all four sides, representing in pure white and soft chiaroscuro tints the central minaret, with its delicate and lacelike tracery, of the famous cathedral of Milan. A winged Victory crowned the summit, and beautiful statues filled the ornamental niches; and, vanity of vanities! a life-size portrait of the proud architect decorated the plinth, to the edification of beholders. The Lily of the prodigal wine-merchant I have quoted was in delicious rococo style, a very tangle of brilliant coloring and elaborate detail as fantastic as a vase of *vieux Saxe*. The grocers' Lily was in Gothic and the shoemakers' in baroco style. The Lilies of the smiths and of the tailors rose like colossal towers of glittering majolica, while the bakers' Lily, built in pure Corinthian style, was admirably adorned with reclining angels, trumpet in hand, that recalled the exquisite seraphs of Fra Angelico. Thus the old artistic fire lingers in the veins of an uncultivated people, who rudely but vividly express what they vaguely feel.

The choosing of designs and the work of preparation occupy considerable time; but the erecting, or "dressing," of the Lily, as it is called, is, like the building of Aladdin's palace, done in a single night — a haste rendered necessary by the fact that an accidental shower would speedily melt the gay structure to paste. However, in this brilliant climate, in the month of June, unless Vesuvius has a very threatening cloud-cap on, fair weather may be counted on.

As soon as the Lily is dressed and fully adorned (I counted upon one no fewer than fifty statues of papier-mâché!) it is firmly anchored with ropes to the trees and balconies about the home of the gigliante, which becomes the Mecca of the faithful, until it is called to join the procession at the public square. Then the rigging, which is masked with thick bunches of green box and is gaily decorated with fluttering bannerets, is mounted by daring urchins, who, poised here and there like squirrels fifty feet in air, steady the lofty pinnacle with invisible ropes. The platform is occupied by the band,

without which it would be impossible to keep step, and the underpinning is manned by the robust porters, whose shoulders before the day is over are always bruised and often cut and bleeding. The gigliante, like a band-master, goes ahead and gives the signal of march, crowds of small boys dance and cut fantastic tricks before it, the people applaud to the echo, and the majestic pile moves swiftly and smoothly through the crowd, seeming to be propelled by its own impulse rather than by the will of forty men.

As the Lilies bow before the advancing saint, a scene of wild bombardment takes place. From every story of the structure are violently thrown handfuls of pebbly *confetti*. They rattle like hail against the silver stole and jeweled miter of the saint, while a snow-storm of rose-leaves and flower-petals from the balconies fairly thickens the air. In the center of the square, also upon a movable platform, the famous bark awaits the arrival of St. Paulinus. This is a small sloop firmly wedged into the imaginary waves of a painted ocean, and is supposed to be a facsimile of the one that brought the saint back from captivity in Africa, in the year 400. For, as the story runs, the good and gentle bishop, after having expended all his vast fortune to redeem from slavery the Nolan captives taken in the incursions of the Vandals, had nothing left to give as a ransom for the only son of a poor widow who appealed to him for help — nothing but himself, and himself he gave.

Sacred tradition relates that he labored as a slave in the fields until, having performed — in spite of himself, so to speak — various miracles, he was recognized by the Vandals, released from bondage, and restored to Nola, loaded with rich gifts, and accompanied by all the Nolan captives that had remained slaves. In the bark a turbaned negro in Turkish costume represents the converts he brought back from Africa.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE LILY OF THE TAILORS' GILD.

The band, it is true, wears the uniform of the Italian army, and plays the rattling hymn of the house of Savoy in honor of the saint dead fourteen hundred years ago; but these are trifling anachronisms, which give a certain flavor to the feast, as a dash of salt does to punch. There is so much genuine devotion, so much perfectly naïve heathenism, in the *festa* that one might sooner believe one's self on the shores of the Ganges, with the fateful car of Juggernaut approaching, than in the heart of modern Italy, with Progress looking gravely on, and Anarchy sneering in the background.

Mary Scott-Uda.



ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE, AFTER A RUSSIAN PRINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NOTABLE WOMEN: SONYA KOVALEVSKY.

ONE of the most popular and typical ideas of woman's place in the world in the days of chivalry is that furnished by the old ballads, which represent her as sitting serenely enthroned above the lists where mailed champions fought her battles. Nowadays women do not throw down the glove for devoted knights to rescue. They leap boldly into the lists themselves, and wage gallant battle, in company with the warriors, over many serious things, spiritual as well as material, but over none more hotly than over the question of woman's true sphere, and whether the higher education renders a woman unfeminine and unfits her for that sphere.

It will be interesting to watch the hand-to-hand conflict which is certain to ensue upon a fuller knowledge on the part of the public of the career and private life of Sophia (or Sonya) Kovalevsky, set forth in her "Recollections of Childhood" and the biography by the Duchessa di Cajanello. It may safely be predicted that neither side will conquer, but that each side will always believe that it has demonstrated its doctrines beyond the possibility of doubt.

Only a strong and deeply interesting personality could worthily give rise to such a conflict, and such a personality Sonya Kovalevsky presented. She had no morbid self-consciousness, no precocious sense of her own importance to the universe, present and future, which could inspire her to keep a diary from the age of twelve, such as that of Marie Bashkirtseff, hitherto the best-known of her countrywomen so far as the revelation of inner life is concerned. Sonya Kovalevsky's "Recollections" were not written until she had attained to a position absolutely unique in the history of feminine achievement, and far above that which Marie Bashkirtseff ever dreamed of gaining. She was the professor of mathematics in the University of Stockholm; she had won, in a perfectly fair, sealed competition with the most distinguished men, the greatest mathematical prize in the world — the Bordin prize, which was doubled in amount on her behalf; she had won the hearts of the Swedes, who called her

proudly and affectionately by her pet name — "*our* Professor Sonya." Despite her learning, she carried off more prizes of men's hearts than ambitious Marie Bashkirtseff, with her beauty, taste, aspirations for fashion, society, and a grand match, or, failing that, love.

The comparison of these two Russian women seems only natural, because their likenesses as well as their differences are equally illustrative of particular features in national and individual character, and in the character of all women. In one point they were, in a measure, alike: both Sonya Kovalevsky and Marie Bashkirtseff craved distinction in their work, and yet neither was willing to abdicate the woman's throne in the affections of men. At the bottom of their hearts the women who have won fame, and for any reason, no matter what, have missed the woman's distinctive domestic career, always regret that loss. While many of them might hesitate or refuse, like Sonya Kovalevsky, to renounce a brilliant independent career already assured for the problematic happiness of married life, like her they desire to grasp the one without sacrificing the other. This is likewise true of the married women who are "condemned" to the "obscure" life of domestic happiness.

But there was, nevertheless, an essential difference between Sonya Kovalevsky and Marie Bashkirtseff: "our Professor Sonya" loved her work for itself. The fame which it incidentally brought her never spoiled the sweet and gentle ways which endeared her to all. But who dare say that Marie Bashkirtseff loved her work for anything except the world-wide fame which she fondly hoped that it might bring her, or that she was an unselfish, easy, and pleasant person to live with?

Up to the age of fifteen there would seem to have been very little in Sonya Kovalevsky even to suggest her future distinction. From a very early age she was brought up at Palibino, the estate of her father, General Korvin-Krukovsky. This estate was situated on the border of Poland, in the depths of the country, one hundred miles from the nearest railway-station. Her only companions were a beautiful and talented sister, five years her elder, and a brother, three years her junior. She was relegated almost entirely to the society of her governess, who was now a Frenchwoman, now an Englishwoman, and to that of the Polish tutor who grounded her in arithmetic. There were no young people in the neighborhood, and Sonya longed for a companion of her own age; but when one little friend, Olya, was brought to spend the day with her, she bit Olya's fat little arm until it bled, out of pure jealousy, because Uncle Schubert had taken the newcomer on his lap. After this proof of her early craving for exclusive affection, which she narrates in her "Recollections," she seems to have had no playmates.

The Polish tutor relates of little Sonya that, although she was distinguished by rare understanding and facility for learning, she showed no special talent for mathematics until she reached a certain problem in geometry. She cried over that, like an ordinary child, when he told her that she had reached the proper solution by a circuitous, but original, route.

In some of its features the picture which Sonya gives of life on her father's estate is characteristically national and delightful. In repapering the house, the wall-paper gave out before one of the children's rooms was reached, and Russian indolence thinking it "not worth the while" to send to St. Petersburg for paper for one room, it was papered with the discarded sheets of lithographed lectures on the differential and integral calculus. The formulæ on these eccentric walls fascinated little Sonya into hours of contemplation, and of effort to piece them together in their proper order. When, at the age of fifteen, she took her first lesson, in St. Petersburg, from a celebrated mathematician, all these formulæ came back to her memory, and she seemed, to the professor's amazement, to know all these difficult things already.

While little Sonya was thus laying the foundations of her future fame by industry, her elder sister, Aniuta, was behaving very much as any other girl would have done under the circumstances. Aniuta, who was very beautiful, talented, and gifted with a special charm of manner, had been trained to shine in society. Suddenly, just as the age arrived for her rising as a social star, she was carried off to the dullness of life in distant Palibino. Revolt was useless, as repeated attempts proved. Aniuta kept the household in a turmoil with her frantic projects for killing time. Then she took to novel-reading, plunged into medievalism, clothed herself like the lady of an ancient castle, and surrounded herself with antique furniture to preserve the illusion. When this amusement palled, she had a fit of religious enthusiasm, or rather of mysticism, and wept despairingly because she could not fathom the mysteries of creation and of the future life.

From this she was rescued by the arrival, on his vacation, of the village priest's son. This young man had imbibed "advanced" ideas by contact with the broader life of the capital, and had refused to become a priest and succeed to his father's place, as is customary. A long explanation would not present the relations which exist between the nobility and the priestly class in Russia as clearly as Sonya

Kovalevsky does with a few graphic touches at this point in her narrative. Since extremes proverbially meet, Aniuta Krukovsky was quite ready to receive "advanced" ideas, because she had seen so little of life, and the priest's son, who had seen too much, gladly instructed her until his father's curse, and ejection from the paternal roof, separated him from his pupil. The first fruit of this instruction was that Aniuta subscribed for Russian periodicals, which her father, who took only French and English journals, despised; and thus she became acquainted with modern Russian authors. The next was that she wrote a story, and sent it to the author-editor Dostoevsky. The latter praised it, accepted it, encouraged her to write more, and paid her for this story, and for a second tale, to which one of his own, written much later, bore a very strong resemblance. Up to this point Aniuta, who knew only too well her father's prejudices, had conducted the affair clandestinely. But the letter with the money fell into her father's hands, and the scene which ensued was characteristic of Russian aristocratic ideas and manners. After a while the father relented, and the family began to regard Aniuta as a genius; and when Mme. Krukovsky, with Aniuta and Sonya, went to St. Petersburg in the following winter, Aniuta carried with her the father's permission to make Dostoevsky's personal acquaintance, under the strictest surveillance of her mother. Authors were a strange and dangerous sort of creatures in the eyes of General Krukovsky and, as a rule, of his class.

Sonya, who was her sister's most ardent admirer, confidante, and companion, witnessed all of this interesting friendship, even the concluding chapter. After Dostoevsky had ruined one of Aniuta's chances of making a desirable marriage by his rude attentions, he proposed to Aniuta himself. On the frail foundation of a bit of egregious flattery, he had become the temporary object of Sonya's fervent adoration, and she practised long and diligently on a piece of music which he liked. When poor Sonya seized her opportunity to entrance him with "his piece," he slipped out of the room, taking Aniuta with him, to offer her his heart. Sonya, having never suspected that Dostoevsky was in love with her sister, found them taking base advantage of her, as she regarded it, and fled to her room and went to bed in a fit of raging jealousy.

Soon afterward the Krukovskys returned to Palibino, and six months later Dostoevsky wrote to tell Aniuta that his forever-shattered heart had been accepted by another girl.

When Sonya was eighteen and Aniuta was twenty-three, the first crisis in Sonya's life arrived. They were again in St. Petersburg. All their intimate friends were imbued with the "advanced" ideas, and longed for more knowledge, in order that they might, in some undefined manner, serve their beloved country. But parents in the higher ranks of life would not allow their daughters to go abroad to the foreign universities to study, and the higher courses of instruction for women connected with the universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, were not yet established. In this difficulty the young girls had recourse to the famous "fictitious marriages," which are usually incorrectly represented as having been adopted for the purposes of revolution and anarchy only. An "advanced" young man and girl went through the marriage ceremony; the young husband escorted his bride to the foreign university of her choice, and left her there, or remained to study; but the marriage remained a mere form.

Sonya's sister and that sister's friend resolved to escape from parental "tyranny" by this means. They made their choice of a young professor in the university, whom they knew by reputation only, called on him (in company with the ever-present and admiring Sonya), and proposed that he should marry one of them at pleasure, in order that they might acquire freedom. The girls had made the compact that whichever of them was chosen should take the other abroad for study under the guise of a pleasure-trip, to which the obdurate parents would make no objection. The professor gravely declined, and courteously bowed them out. Sonya met him in society fifteen years later, and they had a hearty laugh over the memory of this extraordinary scene.

The next venture of these undaunted girls was, in a way, more successful, though it also had a surprise in store for them. They proposed to a talented young student of great promise, but the proposal was made in society, with far less solemnity than on the previous occasion. To their satisfaction — and horror — he agreed, with a slight change in the program, which was that he should marry Sonya. As they at once foresaw, General Krukovsky sternly refused to allow his younger daughter to marry while her elder sister was still unmarried.

But Sonya was capable of desperate deeds. One evening, just before the arrival of the guests for a dinner-party, she stole out of the house, aided by Aniuta, and went to the lodgings of Vladimir Kovalevsky, the young student, and there awaited results. General Krukovsky discovered the absence of his daughter just as the company was about to sit down at table, and in answer to his inquiries Aniuta told him that Sonya had gone out alone (an unheard-of thing, especially at that late hour, in that land and class), and had left a note on her dressing-

table. Half an hour later General Krukovsky led his daughter and Vladimir Kovalevsky into the dining-room, and presented them to his guests as betrothed bride and groom.

After the wedding the Kovalevskys lived for a time in St. Petersburg. Then they went abroad, and Sonya began her long course of studies at the German universities. She took with her a talented and ambitious Russian girl who was eager for instruction, to make whose acquaintance she had gone expressly to Moscow. What we know of Sonya's life during the long years of preparation which led to her fame, we know from this friend, who rarely quitted her side. A little later on Aniuta and her friend joined the Kovalevskys. But Aniuta and her friend frowned on the cordial friendship which had sprung up between Kovalevsky and his nominal wife, as a treachery to the cause of learning and of Russia, and they made Kovalevsky so uncomfortable that he fled to another university. Aniuta did not long pursue her studies. She had a peculiar and exciting career in Paris, under the Commune and elsewhere. But Sonya remained faithful and devoted to her, even to the detriment of her own interests, until Aniuta's death.

After winning many degrees and triumphs, Sonya was invited to go to Stockholm as privat-docent. She soon became professor at the university — the first woman admitted to that honor in Europe. The person who brought this about was Professor Mittag-Leffler. Sonya's intimate friend during her residence in Sweden was his sister, Anna Carlotta Leffler (Fru Edgren by her first marriage, the Duchessa di Cajanello by her second marriage to a mathematician of Naples). She collected information from all of Sonya's Russian friends, welded it with Sonya's letters to her brother and herself, and with her own personal recollections, and thus has given us a biography, from the date of the fictitious marriage, which has very nearly the value of an autobiography. The duchess's experience and ability as a novelist have enabled her to explain her famous friend's phases of character in a very enlightening and instructive manner.

The one thing for which Sonya Kovalevsky was conspicuous, in spite of her masculine learning, was her feminine foibles, contradictions, and dependence. She was so essentially and hopelessly feminine that even absorption in the most exact of all sciences failed to destroy the bloom of that old-fashioned, charming ideal, except in the point of carelessness as to her attire. In ordinary life she was as helpless as a child, and to the day of her death she never learned self-reliance. She was unwilling to be wife to Vladimir Kovalevsky in more than name; yet she was equally unwilling to live apart from him, and she made incessant demands on his patience, sympathy, and aid. When their relations were at last readjusted, she was rather happy, for a time, like any commonplace, untalented woman, with him and her little daughter; but her husband never lost his identity in hers to the absolute degree which her intense, absorbing love demanded. This was in keeping with the craving of her childhood for the exclusive love, the utter devotion, of any one whom she liked.

After her husband's untimely death she alternately craved another absorbing affection and cared for nothing but her mathematical studies and the literary work which she executed alone, or in collaboration with the Duchessa di Cajanello. The latter was obliged to renounce this collaboration because she found that, while Sonya excited to vigorous thought all who came in contact with her, she absorbed their personality. Therefore the duchess was forced to leave Sweden in order to recover the right to her own individuality.

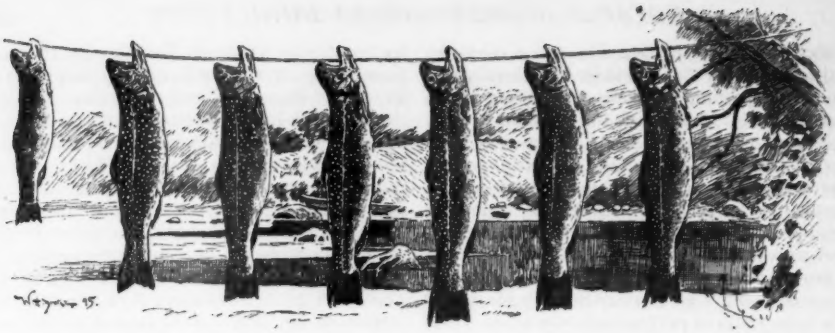
Nevertheless, Sonya's modesty amid her triumphs charmed every one; her delightfully dependent helplessness fascinated every man who came near her; while at times her love for woman's work, like embroidery, and her absolute talent for doing nothing for long intervals, drove Professor Mittag-Leffler to despair.

When, at last, she had found a man who entirely answered her requirements, she was radiantly happy until she discovered that he expected her to renounce her mathematical pursuits, merge her identity in his, and become simply his wife. Then she was in profound despair, though she could not understand his refusal to sink his identity in hers. Over and over again she made up her mind irrevocably, first in one way, then in the other. She had obtained all that the world had to offer — love, distinction, and fame; yet she was not satisfied or happy.

Notwithstanding her genius, Professor Sonya Kovalevsky was always mentally dependent upon a man. We have her written confession that she lectured better when Professor Mittag-Leffler was in the audience. Notwithstanding her solid contributions to applied mathematics, she originated nothing; she merely developed the ideas of her teachers.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Setting aside all partizan questions, it would seem to be this: that a masculine head united to a feminine heart is likely to prove a very unhappy combination for a woman.

Isabel F. Hapgood.



OLD-FASHIONED FISHING.

It puzzles me now, that I remember all these young impressions so, because I took no heed of them at the time whatever; and yet they come upon me bright, when nothing else is evident in the gray fog of experience.—*Lorna Doone.*

OF all the faculties of the human mind, memory is the one that is most easily led by the nose. It is through that humble wicket-gate, the sense of smell, that the most intimate and welcome recollections come to visit us.

If you could paint a picture of memory in the symbolical manner of "Quarles's Emblems," it should represent a man traveling the highway with a dusty pack upon his shoulders, and stooping to smell the small, deep-red, golden-hearted flowers of an old-fashioned rose-tree straggling through the fence of a neglected garden. Or perhaps, for a choice of emblems, you would better take even a more homely and familiar scent: the cool fragrance of lilacs drifting through the June morning from the old bush that stands between the kitchen door and the well; the warm layer of pungent, aromatic air that floats over the tansy-bed in a still July noon; the drowsy dew of odor that falls from the big balm-of-Gilead tree by the roadside as you are driving homeward through the twilight of August; or, best of all, the clean, spicy, unexpected, unmistakable smell of a bed of spearmint—that is the bed whereon memory loves to lie and dream!

Why not choose mint as the symbol of remembrance? It is the true spice-tree of our Northern clime, the myrrh and frankincense of the land of lingering snow. When its incense rises, the shrines of the past are unveiled, and memory begins her familiar rites.

I.

You are fishing down the Swiftwater in the month of May. In a shallow pool which the drought of summer will soon change into dry land you see the pale-green shoots of a little plant thrusting themselves up between the pebbles, and just beginning to overtop the falling water. You pluck a leaf of it as you turn out of the stream to find a comfortable place for lunch, and, rolling it between your fingers to see whether it smells like a good salad for your bread and cheese, you discover suddenly that it is new mint. For the rest of that day you are bewitched; you follow a stream that runs through the country of Auld Lang Syne, and fill your creel with the recollections of a boy and a rod.

And yet, strangely enough, you cannot recall the boy himself at all distinctly. There is only the faintest image of him on the endless roll of films that has been wound through your mental camera; and in the very spots where his small figure should appear it seems as if the pictures were always light-struck. Just a blur, and the dim outline of a new cap, or a well-beloved jacket with extra pockets, or a much-hated pair of copper-toed shoes — that is all you can see.

But the people that the boy saw, the companions who helped or hindered him in his adventures, the sublime and marvelous scenes among the Catskills and the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, in the midst of which he lived and moved and had his summer holidays — all these stand out sharp and clear, as the "Bab Ballads" say,

> Photographically lined
> On the tablets of your mind.

And most vivid do these scenes and people become when the vague and irrecoverable boy who walks among them carries a rod over his shoulder, and you detect the soft bulginess of wet fish about his clothing, and perhaps the tail of a big one emerging from his pocket. Then it seems almost as if these were things that had really happened, and of which you yourself were a great part.

The rod was a reward, yet not exactly of merit. It was an instrument of education in the hand of a father less indiscriminate than Solomon, who chose to interpret the text in a new way, and preferred to educate his child by encouraging him in pursuits which were harmless and wholesome, rather than by chastising him for practices which would likely enough never have been thought of if they had not been forbidden. The boy enjoyed this kind of father at the time, and later he came to understand, with a grateful heart, that there is no richer inheritance in all the treasury of unearned blessings. For, after all, the love, the patience, the kindly wisdom of a grown man who can enter into the perplexities and turbulent impulses of a boy's heart, and give him cheerful companionship, and lead him on by free and joyful ways to know and choose the things that are pure and lovely and of good report, make as fair an image as we can find of that loving, patient wisdom which must be above us all if any good is to come out of our childish race.

Now this was the way in which the boy came into possession of his undreaded rod. He was by nature and heredity one of those predestined anglers whom Izaak Walton tersely describes as "born so." His earliest passion was fishing. His favorite passage in Holy Writ was that place where Simon Peter throws a line into the sea and pulls out a great fish at the first cast. But hitherto his passion had been indulged under difficulties — with improvised apparatus of cut poles, and flabby pieces of string, and bent pins, which always failed to hold the biggest fish; or perhaps with borrowed tackle, dangling a fat worm in vain before the noses of the staring, supercilious sunfish that poised themselves in the clear water around a certain hotel dock at Lake George; or, at best, on picnic parties across the lake, marred by the humiliating presence of nurses, and disturbed by the obstinate refusal of old Horace, the boatman, to believe that the boy could bait his own hook, but sometimes crowned with the delight of bringing home a whole basketful of yellow perch and goggle-eyes. Of nobler sport with game fish, like the vaulting salmon and the merry, pugnacious trout, as yet the boy had only dreamed. But he had heard that there were such fish in the streams that flowed down from the mountains around Lake George, and he was at the happy age when he could believe anything — if it was sufficiently interesting.

There was one brook, and only one, within his knowledge and the reach of his short legs. It was a tiny, lively rivulet that came out of the woods about half a mile away from the hotel, and ran down cater-cornered through a sloping meadow, crossing the road, under a flat bridge of boards, just beyond the root-beer shop at the lower end of the village. It seemed large enough to the boy, and he had long had his eye upon it as a fitting theater for the beginning of a real angler's life. Those rapids, those falls, those deep, whirling pools with beautiful foam on them like soft, white custard, were they not such places as the trout loved to hide in?

You can see the long hotel piazza, with the gossipy groups of wooden chairs standing vacant in the early afternoon; for the grown-up people are dallying with the ultimate nuts and raisins of their midday dinner. A villainous clatter of innumerable little vegetable-dishes comes from the open windows of the pantry as the boy steals past the kitchen end of the house, with Horace's lightest bamboo pole over his shoulder, and a little brother in skirts and short white stockings tagging along behind him.

When they come to the five-rail fence where the brook runs out of the field, the question is, Over or under? The lowlier method seems safer for the little brother, as well as less conspicuous for persons who desire to avoid publicity until their enterprise has achieved success. So they crawl beneath a bend in the lowest rail,— only tearing one tiny three-cornered hole in a jacket, and making some juicy green stains on the white stockings,— and emerge with suppressed excitement in the field of the cloth of buttercups and daisies.

What an afternoon — how endless and yet how swift! What perilous efforts to leap across the foaming stream at its narrowest points; what escapes from quagmires and possible quicksands; what stealthy creeping through the grass to the edge of a likely pool, and cautious dropping of the line into an unseen depth, and patient waiting for a bite, until the restless little brother, prowling about below, discovers that the hook is not in the water at all, but lying on top of a dry stone,— thereby proving that patience is not the only virtue — or, at least, that it does a better business when it has a small vice of impatience in partnership with it!

How tired the adventurers grow as the day wears away; and as yet they have taken nothing! But their strength and courage return as if by magic when there comes a surprising twitch at the line in a shallow, unpromising rapid, and with a jerk of the pole a small, wiggling fish is whirled through the air and landed thirty feet back in the meadow.

"For pity's sake, don't lose him! There he is among the roots of the blue flag."

"How cold he is, how slippery, how pretty! Just like a piece of rainbow!"

"Do you see the red spots? Did you notice how gamy he was, little brother; how he

played? It is a trout, for sure; a real trout, almost as long as your hand."

So the two lads tramp along up the stream, chattering as if there were no rubric of silence in the angler's code. Presently another simple-minded troutling falls a victim to their unpremeditated art; and they begin already, being human, to wish for something larger. In the very last pool that they dare attempt — a dark hole under a steep bank, where the brook issues from the woods — the boy drags out the hoped-for prize, a splendid trout, longer than a new lead-pencil. But he feels sure that there must be another, even larger, in the same place. He swings his line out carefully over the water, and just as he is about to drop it in, little brother, perched on the sloping brink, slips on the smooth pine-needles, and goes sliddering down into the pool, up to his waist. How he weeps with dismay, and how funnily his dress sticks to him as he crawls out! But his grief is soon assuaged by the privilege of carrying the trout strung on an alder twig; and it is a happy, muddy, proud pair of urchins that climb over the fence out of the field of triumph at the close of day.

What does the father say as he meets them in the road? Is he frowning or smiling under that big brown beard? You cannot be quite sure. But one thing is clear: he is as much elated over the capture of the real trout as any one. He is ready to deal mildly with a little irregularity for the sake of encouraging pluck and perseverance. Before the three comrades have reached the hotel the boy has promised faithfully never to take his little brother off again without asking leave; and the father has promised that the boy shall have a real jointed fishing-rod of his own, so that he will not need to borrow old Horace's pole any more.

At breakfast the next morning the family are to have a private dish: not an every-day affair of vulgar, bony fish that nurses can catch, but trout — three of them! But the boy looks up from the table and sees the adored of his soul, Annie V——, sitting at the other end of the room, and faring on the common food of mortals. Shall she eat the ordinary breakfast while he feasts on dainties? Do not other sportsmen send their spoils to the ladies whom they admire? The waiter must bring a hot plate, and take this largest trout to Miss V—— (Miss Annie, not her sister — make no mistake about it).

The face of Augustus is as solemn as an ebony idol while he plays his part of Cupid's messenger. The fair Annie affects surprise; she accepts the offering rather indifferently; her curls drop down over her cheeks to cover some small confusion. But for an instant the corner of her eye catches the boy's sidelong glance, and she nods perceptibly, whereupon his mother very inconsiderately calls attention to the fact that yesterday's escapade has sunburned his face dreadfully.

Beautiful Annie V——, who, among all the unripened nymphs that played at hide-and-seek among the maples on the hotel lawn, or waded with white feet along the yellow beach beyond the point of pines, flying with merry shrieks into the woods when a boat-load of boys appeared suddenly around the corner, or danced the lancers in the big, bare parlors before the grown-up ball began — who in all that joyous, innocent bevy could be compared with you for charm or daring? How your dark eyes sparkled, and how the long brown ringlets tossed around your small head, when you stood up that evening, slim and straight, and taller by half a head than your companions, in the lamp-lit room where the children were playing forfeits, and said, "There is not one boy here that *dares* to kiss *me!*" Then you ran out on the dark porch, where the honeysuckle vines grew up the tall, inane Corinthian pillars.

Do you blame the boy for following? And were you very angry, indeed, about what happened, until you laughed at his cravat, which had slipped around behind his ear? That was the first time he ever noticed how much sweeter the honeysuckle smells at night than in the day. It was his entrance examination in the school of nature — human and otherwise. He felt that there was a whole continent of newly discovered poetry within him, and worshiped his Columbus disguised in curls. Your boy is your true idealist, after all, although (or perhaps because) he is still uncivilized.

II.

THE arrival of the rod, in four joints, with an extra tip, a brass reel, and the other luxuries for which a true angler would willingly exchange the necessaries of life, marked a new epoch in the boy's career. At the uplifting of that wand, as if it had been in the hand of another Moses, the waters of infancy rolled back, and the way was open into the promised land, whither the tyrant nurses, with all their proud array of baby-chariots, could not follow. The way was open, but not by any means dry. One of the first events in the dispensation of the rod was the purchase of a pair of high rubber boots. Inserted in this armor of modern infantry, and transfigured with delight, the boy clumped through all the little rivers within a circuit of ten miles from Caldwell, and began to learn by parental example the yet unmastered art of complete angling.

But because some of the streams were deep and strong, and his legs were short and slen-

der, and his ambition was even taller than his boots, the father would sometimes take him up pick-a-back, and wade along carefully through the perilous places — which are often, in this world, the very places one longs to fish in. So, in your remembrance, you can see the little rubber boots sticking out under the father's arms, and the rod projecting over his head, and the bait dangling down unsteadily into the deep holes, and the delighted boy hooking and playing and basketing his trout high in the air. How many of our best catches in life are made from some one else's shoulders!

From this summer the whole earth became to the boy, as Tennyson describes the lotus country, "a land of streams." In school-days and in town he acknowledged the sway of those mysterious and irresistible forces which produce tops at one season, and marbles at another, and kites at another, and bind all boyish hearts to play mumble-the-peg at the due time more certainly than the stars are bound to their orbits. But when vacation came, with its annual exodus from the city, there was only one sign in the zodiac, and that was Pisces.

No country seemed to him tolerable without trout, and no landscape beautiful unless enlivened by a young river. Among what delectable mountains did those watery guides lead his vagrant steps, and with what curious, mixed, and sometimes profitable company did they bring him acquainted!

There was one exquisite stream among the Alleghanies, called Lycoming Creek, beside which the family spent a summer in a decadent inn kept by a tremulous landlord who was always sitting on the steps of the porch, and whose most memorable remark was that he had "a misery in his stomach." This form of speech amused the boy, but he did not in the least comprehend it. It was the description of an unimaginable experience in a region which was as yet known to him only as the seat of pleasure. He did not understand how any one could be miserable when he could catch trout from his own dooryard.

The big creek, with its sharp turns from side to side of the valley, its hemlock-shaded falls in the gorge, and its long, still reaches in the "sugar-bottom," where the maple-trees grew as if in an orchard, and the superfluity of grasshoppers made the trout fat and dainty, was too wide to fit the boy. But nature keeps all sizes in her stock, and a smaller stream, called Rocky Run, came tumbling down opposite the inn, as if made to order for juvenile use.

How well you can follow it, through the old pasture overgrown with alders, and up past the broken-down mill-dam and the crumbling sluice, into the mountain-cleft from which it leaps laughing! The water, except just after a rain-storm, is as transparent as glass — old-fashioned window-glass, I mean, in small panes, with just a tinge of green in it, like the air in a grove of young birches. Twelve feet down in the narrow chasm below the falls, where the water is full of tiny bubbles, you can see the trout poised, with their heads upstream, motionless, but quivering a little, as if they were strung on wires.

The bed of the stream has been scooped out of the solid rock. Here and there banks of sand have been deposited, and accumulations of loose stone disguise the real nature of the channel. Great boulders have been rolled down the alleyway and left where they chanced to stick; the stream must get around them or under them as best it may. But there are other places where everything has been swept clean; nothing remains but the primitive strata, and the flowing water merrily tickles the bare ribs of mother earth. Whirling stones, in the spring floods, have cut well-holes in the rock, as round and even as if they had been made with a drill, and sometimes you can see the very stone that sunk the well lying at the bottom. There are long, straight, sloping troughs through which the water runs like a mill-race. There are huge basins into which the water rumbles over a ledge, as if some one were pouring it very steadily out of a pitcher, and from which it glides away without a ripple, flowing over a smooth pavement of rock which shelves down from the shallow foot to the deep head of the pool.

The boy wonders how far he dare wade out along that slippery floor. The water is within an inch of his boot-tops now. But the slope seems very even, and just beyond his reach a good fish is rising. Only one step more, and then, like the wicked man in the psalm, his feet begin to slide. Slowly, and standing bolt upright, with the rod held high above his head, as if it must on no account get wet, he glides forward up to his neck in the ice-cold bath, gasping with amazement. There have been other and more serious situations in life into which, unless I am mistaken, you have made an equally unwilling and embarrassed entrance, and in which you have been surprised to find yourself not only up to your neck, but over — and you are a lucky man if you have had the presence of mind to stand still for a moment, before wading out, and make sure at least of the fish that tempted you into your predicament.

But Rocky Run, they say, exists no longer. It has been blasted by miners out of all resemblance to itself, and bewitched into a dingy water-power to turn wheels for the ugly giant Trade. It is only in the valleys of remembrance that its current still flows like liquid air; and

only in that country that you can still see the famous men who came and went along the banks of the Lycoming when the boy was there.

There was Collins, who was a wondrous adept at "daping, dapping, or dibbling" with a grasshopper, and once brought in a string of trout which he laid out head to tail on the grass before the house in a line of beauty forty-seven feet long. A mighty bass voice had this Collins also, and could sing, "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!" "Down in a Coal-mine," and other profound ditties in a way to make all the glasses on the table jingle; but withal, as you now suspect, rather a fishy character, and undeserving of the unqualified respect which the boy had for him. And there was Dr. Romsen, lean, satirical, kindly, a skilful though reluctant physician who regarded it as a personal injury if any one in the party fell sick in — summer-time; and a passionately unsuccessful hunter, who would sit all night in the crotch of a tree beside an alleged deer-lick, and come home perfectly satisfied if he had heard a hedgehog grunt. It was he who called attention to the discrepancy between the boy's appetite and his size by saying loudly at a picnic, "I would n't grudge you what you eat, my boy, if I could only see that it did you any good,"— which remark was not forgiven until the doctor redeemed his reputation by pronouncing a serious medical opinion, before a council of mothers, to the effect that it did not really hurt a boy to get his feet wet. That was worthy of Galen in his most inspired moment. And there were the hearty, genial Paul Merit, whose mere company was an education in good manners, and who could eat eight hard-boiled eggs for supper without ruffling his equanimity; and the tall, grinning major, whom an angry Irishwoman once described as "like a comb, all back and teeth"; and many more comrades of the boy's father, all of whom he admired (and followed when they would let him), but none so much as the father himself, because he was the wisest, kindest, and merriest of all that merry crew, now dispersed to the uttermost parts of the earth and beyond.

Other streams played a part in the education of that happy boy: the Kaaterskill, where there had been nothing but the ghosts of trout for the last thirty years, but where the absence of fish was almost forgotten in the joy of a first introduction to Dickens one very showery day, when dear old Ned Mason built a smoky fire in a cave below Haines's Falls, and, pulling "The Old Curiosity Shop" out of his pocket, read aloud about Little Nell until the tears ran down the cheeks of reader and listener — the smoke was so thick, you know: and the Neversink, which flows through John Burroughs's country, and past one house in particular, perched on a high bluff, where a very dreadful old woman comes out and throws stones at "city fellers fishin' through her land" (as if any one wanted to touch her land! It was the water that ran over it, you see, that carried the fish with it, and they were not hers at all): and the stream at Healing Springs, in the Virginia mountains, where the medicinal waters flow down into a lovely wild brook without injuring the health of the trout in the least, and where the only drawback to the angler's happiness is the abundance of rattlesnakes — but a boy does not mind such things as that; he feels as if he were immortal. Over all these streams memory skips lightly, and strikes a trail through the woods to the Adirondacks, where the boy made his first acquaintance with navigable rivers,— that is to say, rivers which are traversed by canoes and hunting-skiffs, but not yet defiled by steamboats,— and slept, or rather lay awake, for the first time on a bed of balsam-boughs in a tent.

III.

THE promotion from all-day picnics to a two weeks' camping-trip is like going from school to college. By this time a natural process of evolution has raised the first stiff rod to something lighter and more flexible — a fly-rod, so to speak, but not a bigoted one,— just a serviceable, unprejudiced article, not above using any kind of bait that may be necessary to catch the fish. The father has received the new title of "governor," indicating not less, but more authority, and has called in new instructors to carry on the boy's education: real Adirondack guides — old Sam Dunning and one-eyed Enos, the last and laziest of the Saranac Indians. Better men will be discovered for later trips, but none more amusing, and none whose woodcraft seems more wonderful than that of this queerly matched team, as they make the first camp in a pelting rain-storm on the shore of Big Clear Pond. The pitching of the tents is a lesson in architecture, the building of the camp-fire a victory over damp nature, and the supper of potatoes and bacon and fried trout a veritable triumph of culinary art.

The rain patters persistently on the canvas; the front flaps are closed and tied together; the lingering fire shines through them, and sends vague shadows wavering up and down; the governor is rolled up in his gray blankets, sound asleep. It is a very long night for the boy.

What is that rustling noise outside the tent? Probably some small creature, a squirrel or a rabbit. Rabbit stew would be good for breakfast. But it sounds louder now, almost loud enough to be a fox — there are no wolves left in the Adirondacks, or at least only a very few. That is certainly quite a heavy footstep prowling around the provision-box. Could it be a

panther,— they step very softly for their size, —or a bear perhaps? Sam Dunning told about catching one in a trap just below here. (Ah, my boy, you will soon learn that there is no spot in all the forests created by a bountiful Providence so poor as to be without its bear story.) Where was the rifle put? There it is, at the foot of the tent-pole. Wonder if it is loaded.

"*Waugh-ho! Waugh-ho-o-o-o!*"

The boy springs from his blankets like a cat, and peeps out between the tent-flaps. There sits Enos, in the shelter of a leaning tree by the fire, with his head thrown back and a bottle poised at his mouth. His lonely eye is cocked up at a great horned owl on the branch above him. Again the sudden voice breaks out:

"*Whoo! whoo! whoo cooks for you all?*"

Enos puts the bottle down, with a grunt, and creeps off to his tent.

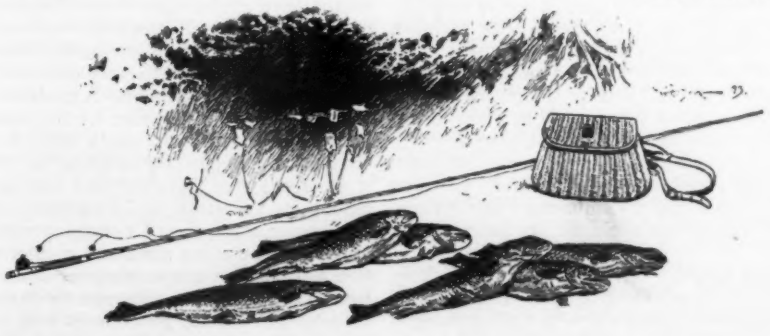
"De debbil in dat owl," he mutters. "How he know I cook for dis camp? How he know 'bout dat bottle? Ugh!"

There are hundreds of pictures that flash into light as the boy goes on his course, year after year, through the woods. There is the luxurious camp on Tupper's Lake, with its log cabins in the spruce-grove, and its regiment of hungry men who ate almost a deer a day; and there is the little bark shelter on the side of Mount Marcy, where the governor and the boy, with baskets full of trout from the Opalescent River, are spending the night, with nothing but a fire to keep them warm. There is the North Bay at Moosehead, with Joe La Croix (one more Frenchman who thinks he looks like Napoleon) posing beside his canoe; and the old sawmill at Bartlett's, with the governor standing for his photograph in a new fishing-suit of brown canvas, singularly disreputable, and therefore his special delight. There is the small spring-hole beside the Saranac River, where Pliny Robbins and the boy caught twenty-three noble trout, weighing from one to three pounds apiece, in the middle of a hot August afternoon, and hid themselves in the bushes whenever they heard a party coming down the river, because they did not care to attract company; and there are the Middle Falls, where the governor stood on a long spruce log, taking two-pound fish with the fly, and stepping out at every cast a little nearer to the end of the log, until it slowly tipped with him, and he settled down into the river.

Among such scenes as these the boy pursued his education, learning many things that are not taught in colleges: learning to take the weather as it comes, wet or dry, and fortune as it falls, good or bad; learning that a meal which is scanty fare for one becomes a banquet for two — provided the other is the right person; learning that there is some skill in everything, even in digging bait, and that what is called luck consists chiefly in having your tackle in good order; learning that a man can be just as happy in a log shanty as in a brownstone mansion, and that the very best pleasures are those that do not leave a bad taste in the mouth. And in all this the governor was his best teacher and his closest comrade.

Dear governor, you have gone out of the wilderness now, and your steps will be no more beside these remembered little rivers — no more, forever and forever. You will not come in sight around any bend of this clear Swiftwater stream where you made your last cast; your cheery voice will never again ring out through the deepening twilight where you are lingering for your disciple to catch up with you; he will never again hear you call: "Hallo, my boy! What luck? Time to go home!" But there is a river in the country where you have gone, is there not? — a river with trees growing all along it — evergreen trees; and somewhere by those shady banks, within sound of clear running waters, I think you will be dreaming and waiting for your boy, if he follows the trail that you have shown him even to the end.

Henry van Dyke.



A REPLY TO MY CRITICS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEGENERATION."

"I HAVE no doubt as to the consequences to myself of the present undertaking. . . . Grievous is the fate of him who ventures to stamp esthetic fashions as forms of mental decay. The graphomaniacs and their critical body-guard dominate nearly the entire press, and possess in the latter an instrument of torture by means of which they can, Indian-fashion, stretch the troublesome marplot upon the rack to the very end of his days."

Thus I wrote in the preface to "Degeneration," before the book had yet made its appearance. Even well-disposed readers found this prophecy to be an exaggeration. My opponents cried jubilantly, "Megalomania — persecution mania!"

The result has shown, however, that my forecast was correct. Since my book left the press it is literally true that not a day has passed without bringing down upon me a shower of printed calumnies. Not content with attacking "Degeneration," my opponents have vented their rage upon all my literary productions. The critics have recurred to my earlier publications, and have defiled them with mud and venom. In August, 1893, and in October, 1894, two of my plays were brought upon the boards at the Lessing Theater in Berlin, and both achieved a decided success with the public. The critics, however, fell foul of them, and in their reports of the plots indulged in misrepresentations. They shamelessly denied their favorable reception, judged them in terms of mockery and contempt, and succeeded not only in keeping the public away from the stalls, but in preventing other theaters from performing pieces which were referred to by the newspapers as unspeakable filth. A well-known Berlin critic is known to have said in the presence of witnesses: "As long as I am alive, everything that Nordau may henceforth publish will be slaughtered or ignored. No mercy for him! If he cares for his peace of mind he had better stop writing."

I am not complaining. What has happened is exactly what I expected. I was fully prepared for it. I only wish to demonstrate that my prophecy was neither a mistake nor an exaggeration.

Truth to tell, I have not been able to keep pace with my critics up to date. I have found among twenty critics one who had anything to teach me (though scarcely anything of importance), while the other nineteen indulged in mere foolish abuse, which could benefit me neither intellectually nor morally, still less enrich my knowledge or increase or even maintain my respect for humanity. For no one can form any conception of the monotony of their hostile animadversions. Malice and fury are indeed exceedingly powerful emotions. I had theoretically anticipated that they were capable of strongly stimulating the intellect, making it inventive, inspiring new similes and unprecedented imprecations. But, strange to say, in the case of my assailants this anticipation has not been verified. They invent nothing. The substance of their brains seems to be lead or clay. Their wrath is impotent to arouse their fancy. They content themselves with gnashing their teeth, rolling their eyes, clenching their fists, and emitting guttural cries. An excited Hottentot would do exactly the same. What can one do with such antagonists? The best thing to do, perhaps, would be to perpetuate their savage attitudes by means of instantaneous photography, and put them all together in an album of grotesque caricatures.

In persons of a low stage of intellectual development the power of repartee, as is well known, is limited to the observation, "You 're another!" That was the happy inspiration which seized all my critical antagonists. With sorrowful solemnity they assured their readers that I was myself a degenerate, a lunatic. Some went even further. They embellished their brilliant discourses with unblushing inventions. They hinted that they might from my family history deduce the proof that I was not only myself a madman, but that I was descended from insane ancestors. I have by no means given up the expectation of reading, one of these days, that I have been confined for so and so many years in a lunatic asylum — nay, that I am perhaps at this very moment an inmate of such an institution. A credulous lady who was actually disturbed by the numerous hints of this kind wrote me a letter in which she anxiously begged me to inform her whether it was really true that there had been lunatics among my ancestors; and she expressed to me her sincere relief when I assured her that the only evidence of an abnormal mental condition which had ever been observed in the members of my family was a strange indifference to money. For several generations both my paternal and my maternal ancestors have accord-

ingly been poor. They did not understand how to make money. They did not concern themselves about it. They preferred to occupy themselves with abstruse scholarship. They were rabbis or officials of Jewish congregations. As their heir I have had frequent occasion to reproach them with their lack of worldly sense; but as an alienist I should hesitate, on account of this defect, to charge them with insanity.

Other critics who, like the above-mentioned amiable wags, were concerned about my person rather than my work, were kind enough not to doubt my sanity; but they asserted that I did not myself believe a single word of what I had written. My book was a bit of humbug, and I was myself the first to laugh at it. I wished to make a sensation; and for that purpose nothing seemed to be cleverer than to declare a multitude of celebrated persons to be lunatics. I am far from resenting the imputations of the poor devils who ascribe to me such motives. Every one is inclined to judge others according to his own standards. I know in Paris a lot of hysterial *cabotins* who, when the excellent sculptor Turcon recently died in an insane asylum, declared among themselves, with a knowing wink, that "he had done it in order to advertise himself."

Very frequently I have found among the insinuations of my critical adversaries the reproach that I possessed no qualifications for writing such a book as "Degeneration." What they mean by this assertion is that I am neither an expert in psychiatry nor the director of an insane asylum. They represent me as a kind of dilettante who has cursorily turned the leaves of some books on psychiatry, and now tries to apply his superficial information. I shall not condescend to enumerate to these people my scientific titles, or to tell them that I was for eight years an attendant of the clinical lectures of Professor Ball, and his companion on his visits to his patients in the St. Anne Asylum. This scornful exclamation, "No qualifications!" I do not hear for the first time. I have heard it often before. I have been quite familiar with it since I published my book "Conventional Lies." I beg to be allowed to repeat what I then replied to this narrow-minded reproach:

> No qualifications! Why this circumlocution? Why not say straight out what you mean? You intend to affirm that I am neither a professor nor a councilor; that I have not the smallest official title, nor the most inferior appointment under the government. What? A free and independent man of letters should venture to occupy himself with these deep scientific questions! . . . That is really not to be endured. If he must "absolutely write, then let him produce lyrical poems. That is the inalienable right of every German. But to delve for the truth! To wish to instruct others! To penetrate into the domain which is reserved for the sages of the learned guild, duly appointed by official decree! Woe to him! Out with the intruder! Set the dogs upon him! He is an outsider!"

These miserable police souls and slaves of rank who deny me the vocation to seek the truth and to utter it, if I fancy I have found it, belong to a well-known species. They have ancestors in legend and history. Their cry is as old as organized authority. Since there has been such a thing as official wisdom, every man who has no place in the official register has been denied the right to a hearing.

Not a few of my adversaries have found refuge in the contemptuous assertion that I showed no comprehension of the men whom I subjected to my analysis. I had no conception of poetry or art. I wonder if these phrases have made any impression upon my readers. I have no need of answering them. I have devoted much space in my book to the pretension of the degenerates that they have a finer intelligence and more delicate perceptions than those who deny the beauty of green-tinged human faces, senselessly raving verses, and idiotic marionette dramas. This pretension is scarcely worth a shoulder shrug. To disprove it would be absurd. The black cannibals from whose feasts Livingstone turned away with horror grinned at him and said: "You have no taste. You do not know what is good." These cannibals were firmly convinced that Livingstone lacked all higher intelligence.

Shrewder than the reviewers who chose my person for their target, and traduced my motives, was another group who pretended to deal only with my works, and cited from them the most flagrant evidences of idiocy. This method of putting into the mouth of an author the most incredible stupidities is very effective, but it is hazardous. He who has only read the reviews, and not the book, may, to be sure, derive the impression that I am a contemptible charlatan. There are, however, people who have read my book and are capable of taking the reviewer to task; and these people, perhaps, will not regard me as an imbecile, but my unscrupulous critics as knaves. That is the danger to which one is exposed if he adopts this convenient method of discrediting an author. Here is one, for instance, who asserts that I dub every person who writes a graphomaniac, and triumphantly asks whether, according to this definition, I am not myself a graphomaniac. The reader of "Degeneration" need not be assured that I give quite a different definition of graphomania. Not every one who writes is on that account a graphomaniac; but only he who writes senseless, inco-

herent stuff which by perpetual repetitions betrays slowness and laboriousness of ideation; by words of violent color and frequent underscorings indicates an extreme emotionality; and by puns reveals an association of ideas determined only by the similarity of sound.

Another critic assures me that I confound degeneration with hysteria, and he is good enough to instruct me that these are two different conditions. Unhappily, I cannot profit by the lesson. I have no use for it. I have myself expressly affirmed that hysteria is an acquired condition of exhaustion of the nervous system, while degeneration is an innate anomaly of development. I have shown that an overstrained and intemperate generation becomes hysterical, and will, in turn, beget a generation of degenerates. The critic who charges me with confounding degeneration and hysteria probably did not know the distinction between the two conditions until he learned it out of my book.

Lesser perfidies I shall only briefly refer to. One reviewer informs his readers that I accord recognition in literature only to the novels of Georges Ohnet, and in music only to the operas of Mascagni. Any one who has hurriedly turned the leaves of my book will remember that I characterize these two worthy men, not as my own favorites, but as the favorites of the multitude which has not yet risen to an appreciation of the subtleties of Mallarmé and Puvis de Chavannes. Another observes in cold blood that I call Dante Gabriel Rossetti a degenerate because he employs refrains in his poems; and he puts me to shame by referring me to the folk ballads, which all have refrains, and yet are surely not the work of degenerates. To this wise Theban I might reply that in my psychological analysis of Rossetti I have dwelt at great length upon the difference between the natural, proper, and poetically effective refrains of healthful poets and the senseless repetitions of Rossetti. But why should I take the trouble to do this? He has read that passage, although he pretends that he knows nothing about it. He would continue to do the same even if I reprinted the passage here.

A rare comic effect has been attained by those of my reviewers who indulge in ejaculatory phrases and interjections, who fling both their arms toward heaven, and call down its wrath upon me. What? Zola a degenerate! Zola, the greatest author of the century! Zola, that radiant genius! Zola, the Shakspere of the novel! What heresy! What blasphemy! But surely the sorrow I have caused these emotional persons, though they have my sympathy, was scarcely to be avoided; and their pitiful cries will scarcely invalidate a single one of my arguments.

The most astounding performance which has come to my notice is that of a Berlin physician who has devoted an entire book to me. In the first half of it he regales me with the whole vocabulary of opprobrious epithets which is to be found in the German language; but in the second half he turns coolly about, and applies my own method to certain authors whom I had purposely ignored because they played an altogether too inferior rôle,— as for instance, poor Strindberg,— and in the end he exclaims, with lyrical pathos: "No; humanity will not perish in madness and deterioration, as Nordau asserts. It will adapt itself to its new conditions; it will make these conditions to serve its own organic power of achievement." When I had read so far, I had to rub my eyes. I fancied I must be suffering from an optical illusion. But no; there it was in black and white. The man had actually written out my own arguments. He had appropriated the conclusion of my chapter entitled, "Prognosis," in order to crush me utterly!

I have now afforded my reader enough specimens of the criticisms of my adversaries, some of whom are incompetent, some dishonest, and some both. He will surely share my opinion that contempt is the only treatment they have deserved. Misrepresentation of a work, and personal vilification and abuse of its author, may of course make an impression upon the public, people may thereby be deterred from reading my book, prejudice may be aroused against me, and reproach may be brought upon my name; but such methods are powerless to invalidate a single one of my arguments; and they are, moreover, discredited in advance by every page of my book, and branded as intentional distortions and base lies.

It is now my purpose to deal with the few objections which have been advanced in good faith by competent judges against the fundamental principles of "Degeneration." These are worthy of being seriously discussed.

It has been said:

You maintain that the present state of civilized humanity is something entirely unprecedented, and that it is the result of the extraordinarily rapid progress during the last sixty years, which has imposed upon the civilized nations a too great burden of work. History, however, teaches us that there have frequently been epochs during which a kind of epidemic insanity takes possession of the human race. These epochs belong, in part, to the very depths of the middle ages — accordingly to a period of stagnation and intellectual lethargy. These spiritual epidemics were therefore surely not the results of new inventions and intellectual over-exertion. But if the present wholesale degeneration and hysteria are neither a new condition nor the consequence

of the too rapid pace of civilization, your whole theory falls to the ground.

This argument, I admit, looks very formidable, but is, perhaps, less so than it appears. To be sure, spiritual epidemics have been known in the past. The Crusades were embarked upon under the stimulus of a religious delirium, even though they were later conducted chiefly by spiritually very sane people, with the perfectly rational purpose of having amusing adventures, escaping prosecution in the courts at home and the duns of creditors, making booty, and conquering lands. The excesses of the Flagellants and the Beguins were spiritual epidemics of the most hideous sort — a mixture of religious insanity, erotomania, sadism [*sic*], and homicidal impulsion. The witch delusion during the period of the Reformation was the same thing. It is also perfectly true that these epidemics were in no wise the results of a headlong pace of progress. But I have never asserted that progress is the only possible cause of a spiritual epidemic. It may, indeed, have a multiplicity of causes. Everything which weakens and shatters the human organism tends to produce hysteria in the first victims and degeneration in their descendants. The great spiritual epidemics of the middle ages were the product of a condition of the most profound insecurity on the part of the great multitude, who might at any moment be robbed, maimed, or cruelly murdered by their barons and princes, and were, moreover, exposed to the perpetual terror of all — the everlasting hell fire. A race of people that were forever trembling before the devil in the hereafter and the armed cutthroats in the present could not help suffering from delirium, the expression of which was the Crusades. As the immediate causes of the excesses of the Flagellants and the Beguins, the St. Vitus dance, etc., we find terrible epidemics, such as the Black Death in the middle of the fourteenth century, or local pestilence or famine. These causes produce effects similar to those of over-exertion. They weaken the body by privations and by violent, depressing, and disorganizing emotions. It is also beyond dispute that over-exertion is not the sole possible cause of hysteria and degeneration; but it is, on the other hand, no less indisputable that over-exertion may be a cause of these conditions, and quite as potent a cause as war, pestilence, and famine, insecurity of life and property, and fear of the devil. I believe that I have by my statistical tables proved that it is the cause of the present universal hysteria and degeneration in no less a degree than the Black Death of 1348 was the cause, in Germany at least, of the madness of the Flagellants.

There is, however, a very distinct difference between the present spiritual epidemic and those of past ages. The epidemics of insanity which history records seized in part only limited circles, or only the lower strata of the population. The church anathematized and the state combated them. The cultivated classes recognized them as maladies. Upon the intellectual life, upon art, they exerted no influence. Other epidemics of this sort, such as the Crusades and the witch delusion of the period of the Reformation, did, to be sure, rage chiefly among the upper classes, and were strengthened by the authority of the Church; and they left some traces in art and literature. But art and literature did not in those days penetrate into wide circles of the populace, and the form which these spiritual epidemics assumed was such that they quickly destroyed those whom they affected. We do not sufficiently consider how tremendously the Crusades and the witch persecutions reduced the number of degenerates and sufferers from hysteria. It may be asserted without exaggeration that all men who between 1095 and, let us say, 1291 A. D. were disposed to religious delirium, and all women who between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries were afflicted with hysteria or any of the different forms of mania, had a hundred chances to one of perishing — the former on the journey to Palestine and in the war against the unbelievers, the latter upon the rack or at the stake.

But the present wide-spread hysteria and degeneration are on the point of dominating our whole art and literature. As at the present time all the world visits art exhibitions and reads, the epidemic has an opportunity of vitiating the whole people from top to bottom. It proceeds from the cultivated classes, and threatens to take possession of the uncultivated. It is therefore far more dangerous than the former mental epidemics which history has recorded. The contemporary mystics, decadents, and esthetes have no taste for being cut to pieces in battles with Saracens. Our Ibsen fanatics and Bayreuth pilgrims are not roasted alive at the stake. (I do not wish it to be understood that I regret this!) The present epidemic has accordingly no chance of being quickly stamped out by natural processes, like the earlier ones, by the destruction of its victims. For these reasons I am of opinion that we are to-day in the midst of an epidemic outbreak of hysteria and degeneration the cause of which is the over-exertion of the last sixty years; furthermore, that it is, to be sure, not the first phenomenon of its kind, but that it is far more dangerous than the previous ones because it has gained a far greater headway. It must be combated by intellectual remedies, because we have no

longer the sword and the stake at our disposal in dealing with it.

The following objection has been made to my method of demonstrating the degeneration of poets, philosophers, and artists from their works:

It is not permissible to identify the artist with his work. The characters of his fictions are not the man himself. What his characters think, say, and do need not at all represent his own opinions and purposes.

Very true, at least as regards the second half of the proposition. The poet is not to be found behind all his characters. But no psychologist will admit that it is illegitimate to draw conclusions from an author's work to the author himself. Every intellectual performance betrays with the greatest distinctness the intellectual peculiarities of its originator — the quality and strength of his emotions, his sympathies and antipathies, his character, his philosophy of life, the manner in which the association of his ideas is developed, his idiosyncrasies, and his intellectual shortcomings. The question then is, Whether one understands how to read and how to interpret what one reads. No sane reader will regard *Iago* or *Shylock* or *Richard III.* as the counterpart of Shakspere, or trace the real sentiments of Goethe in *Mephistopheles*. In the works in which criminal or infernal characters occur, it is emphatically obvious that the poet does not represent them as worthy of commendation; that they are not drawn from his own heart; that he depicts them as anthropological curiosities with the love and exactness of an enthusiastic naturalist, but does not maintain that they are in the right, nor plead their cause. Only a fool would say: "Shakspere was a rogue, for he has created *Iago*. Goethe was a scoundrel, for his *Mephistopheles* plots only seduction and ruin." Quite a different aspect does the case assume when it is not a repellent figure which is depicted, with whom other and sympathetic figures are contrasted; but when either the author speaks in his own name, as, for instance, Nietzsche in his writings, or Wagner in his "The Art of the Future"; or when all the characters of one work, or of all the author's works, are insane or criminal or idiotic, as is frequently the case with Ibsen and Maeterlinck; or when a definite peculiarity predominates in all the productions of an artist, as the love of dirt (*coprololie*) in Zola, and the predilection for death, decay, and vice in Baudelaire,— then the psychologist is justified in saying with the greatest confidence: "Each one of these works reflects with fidelity the spiritual condition of its originator; in each one of them his peculiarities are revealed. He has written thus because he could not write otherwise. His books are confessions; they are objectivations of his mental state; and we are as much warranted in applying them as material for judging of his spiritual quality as we have the right thus to apply his oral utterances, his actions, or any other objective fact from which we are in the habit of drawing conclusions regarding a man's character and mental caliber."

Very important is another objection which demands serious consideration. It is as follows:

By your method it is possible to demonstrate that all men of genius are degenerates. But if all genius is a form of degeneration, then degeneration cannot be a pathological condition, and, accordingly, is not a defect. On the contrary, it becomes a blessing. Then degenerates are enviable creatures, and deserve our respect and veneration, for we are indebted to degenerates for the highest boons of humanity, the noblest possessions of our race, all progress, all the works of which we have reason to be proud.

If this were true, I should have no refuge but to declare: "My book is, from beginning to end, a colossal mistake; and I take back every word I have uttered in it, and offer my apologies." I am, however, very far from believing that it is true. That objection rests upon a confounding of two different things; viz., anomaly and degeneration. Every form of degeneration is an anomaly, but not every form of anomaly is an evidence of degeneration. There are anomalies which are evidences of progress. Every organic innovation which has appeared in the course of evolution had manifestly, at one time or other, to appear for the first time. At its first advent it was an anomaly, a departure from the type of the species; but it was an advantageous departure. It was an evolutionary anomaly, and became subsequently the common property of the species, which was benefited by its possession. Degeneration, on the other hand, is an anomaly which does not appear for the first time, but recurs long after it has ceased to be typical. It is a form of atavism. If it were to become general, it would cause the species to revert to stages of development long since passed. That is a fundamental difference. Healthy genius is, to be sure, also an anomaly. If it were something universal and typical we should not call it genius, and it would in no wise attract our attention. But it is an anomaly inherent in evolution and progress. It means survival and a future. Degenerate pseudo-genius is also an anomaly, but it is a retrogressive, atavistic anomaly. It means destruction and a past.

It is therefore of prime importance to distinguish between healthy and degenerate genius. Facetious critics have exclaimed: "No-

thing can be simpler. To be healthy is to think and feel like Max Nordau. Whoever thinks and feels differently is hysterical or degenerate."

That is a very good joke. I was the first to laugh at it. But it is, after all, a joke; and no one should try to give it the authority of an argument. There is an unerring criterion by which mental health can be distinguished from mental disease. It is the same criterion by which health, generally speaking, is differentiated from disease. What we call disease is a condition in which the organism falls below its full power of performance (*Leistungsfähigkeit*), and is in danger of perishing. Apply this definition to literary and artistic manifestations, and you will without difficulty recognize which are healthy and which pathological. Every work of art proceeds from an emotion, and embodies an ideal, a longing, an idiosyncrasy, of the artist. Is this emotion, this ideal or longing, compatible with the normal functions of the human organism, with the preservation of the life of the individual or the species? If so, it is healthy; if not, it is diseased. A poet who praises vice and violations of nature is unhealthy; for the predilection which he manifests will of necessity lead to the ruin of the individual and of society. All the emotions which are introduced in Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea" are healthy; for if all people were possessed of these emotions they would be happy; they would by means of them discharge all their duties in life, and reach a ripe old age in good health. All the emotions, on the other hand, which Huysmans expresses in "À Rebours" are pathological; for a man who should be possessed of such emotions and desires would inevitably, in a very short time, perish miserably from disease, or be hanged.

It is therefore, according to my opinion, a mistake to assert that all genius is a form of degeneration, and that in every work of art traces of a pathological condition are to be observed. The fact that insanity has been known to attack men of true, evolutionary genius should not lead us astray. It is by no means a rare thing for men of true genius to be exposed to mental maladies. But that is far from proving that true genius is, in its essence, degenerate. It only proves that an evolutionary innovation, an individual acquisition,—a higher differentiation, occurring for the first time,—is more sensitive and less capable of resistance than an organ which, by heredity and long discipline, has been strengthened and made tough and durable. The insanity of men of true genius is a secondary phenomenon of exhaustion, not a primary condition. It is a well-known fact that many athletes suffer from hypertrophy and fatty degeneration of the muscles of the heart. This is the professional disease of the champions of field sports and the acrobats of the circus. But would not everybody laugh in my face if I were to say, "Athletics is a form of heart disease"?

It is necessary to bear these distinctions and criteria in mind in order not to be led astray by sophistries. Genius and degeneration are two different things; for genius is incidental to evolution, while degeneration is retrogressive. If true evolutionary genius, as well as degenerate pseudo-genius, is subject to madness, it is in consequence of its greater sensitiveness, complexity, and fineness; while in the case of pseudo-genius it is an occasion for those manifestations by which notoriety is achieved. If the ideals and emotions embodied in a work of art are compatible with the preservation of the life of the individual and of society, then that work of art is healthful; if they are incompatible, the work of art is pathological and injurious. There are, of course, many grades in this scale of health and disease; but the principle is irrefragable.

Let us take as an instance a degenerate painter who paints all things in dull colors like Puvis de Chavannes, or green like Lucien Monod, Roger, or Latenay. If these painters are honest and sincere, if their pictures are genuine expressions of their sentiments, they prove that they are afflicted with a peculiar form of color-blindness. This color-blindness does not directly imperil their lives. Nor does the prevailing daltonism. But for all that, no one will deny that a person who cannot distinguish the colors of outward objects is organically less completely equipped than one who perceives all things in their true colors, and that in the struggle for existence the former is likely to be vanquished by the latter. We may therefore safely assert that a painter who sees all things green is unhealthy, and that green pictures, with green people, green hair, green faces, are pathological phenomena, and are an indication of the degeneracy of the artist.

I have taken pains to discuss seriously all serious objections to my book on the part of bona-fide critics. My readers will now have to judge whether a single one of my arguments has been invalidated by these objections.

Max Nordau.

REMINISCENCES OF LITERARY BERKSHIRE.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.
JONATHAN EDWARDS'S DESK, STOCKBRIDGE.

OF the prominent figures who, a half-century ago or more, flitted across the patch of Berkshire landscape on which I happen to have been born and bred, the first that I recall is Mr. Van Buren. He drove to Stockbridge one fine day from his farm in Kinderhook, which was called "Lindenwold," and was afterward baptized by the Whigs in the "log-cabin" singing campaign of 1840 — more, perhaps, for the sake of the rhyme than the reason — "the fox's hold." This visit was in 1835, not long before his nomination to the Presidency. Besides his dapper appearance, smug face, black stock, silvery hair, and irreproachable shirt (which looked just as one sees them in his portrait in the governor's room in the New York city hall), all I remember of him is this. Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, eldest son of Judge Theodore Sedgwick, as stout a Democrat as his father was a Federalist, by way of showing that the enthusiasm for the hero of New Orleans had spread to Berkshire, called me to him, remarking that I had just been shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" This was the boyish slogan of the day. "Ah," said Mr. Van Buren, patting my head, "how interesting it is to see the instincts of Democracy spring up at this tender age!" Perhaps if he had known how fond I was of "Jackson balls,"— a popular confection of those days, named after his distinguished chief,— he would have been still more impressed. My only other personal recollection of Mr. Van Buren dates some years later, after his Presidency and before his Free-Soil candidacy. His stories were more entertaining than his state papers, and I was delighted by his account of the description, drawn by a rival candidate for office, of a certain Western judge who swore like "my Uncle Toby," and was famous for what Yankees call "cussedness." The diatribe ended as follows: "He sat before the fire, squirting tobacco-juice a gallon a minute, denouncing everybody except his Creator, and thinking —— hard of him."

His son John—often called "Prince John" from his having once danced with the princess Victoria—also came to Stockbridge about the same time. His rather rollicking bearing was a contrast to his father's staid demeanor that might have puzzled Galton. One drizzling morning when Lieutenant-Governor Bradish, a dignified gentleman of the old school (of whom it was once remarked by a country member of the legislature that he was "aperiently a little pompiose"), was presiding over the Court of Errors at Albany, the prince on entering the court-room nodded familiarly to the lieutenant-governor, with the observation, "A fine morning for young ducks, governor." "Think of it," said Mr. Bradish afterward, describing the occurrence — "think of his speaking of young ducks to me when presiding over the Court of Errors of the great State of New York!" By nature the prince was, I think, brighter than his father, though his indolence and want of persistency, and perhaps of ambition, prevented his ascending to high official position. The audacious humor and satire of his stump speeches have never been outshone in the northern part of the United States. In 1847 Edwin Croswell, editor of the "Albany Argus," then the leading Democratic organ of New York, changed from one wing of the party to the other, and came out with an editorial against Silas Wright's renomination for governor. The electric telegraph, then just invented, had not yet come into practical use, and it happened that the news of Mr. Wright's death, which occurred unexpectedly before the article was written, did not reach Albany till after its publication. John Van Buren, in a speech in the following campaign, referring to this incident, said: "The blow which was aimed at the living man fell upon his new-made grave, and he who had aspired to be an assassin was, by a strange freak of fate, doomed to become a jackal." This masterly invective, as a gentleman said at the time, equals anything in Junius.



ENGRAVED BY A. ANDERSON. FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES INGHAM.

CATHERINE MARIA SEDGWICK.

— Yours truly Cath Sedgwick

It must have been, I think, the year of the elder Van Buren's visit to Stockbridge that Washington Irving, his very antipode (from a literary point of view), was also there. In regard to him personally I recall nothing but the thrill of awful interest with which I saw him seated on a sofa in the parlor talking with Miss Sedgwick, and how I vainly tried, by the boyish tests at my command, to make out what distinguished him from ordinary gentlemen of quiet dress and manners. I was, I think, as disappointed as Partridge was in Garrick's *Hamlet*, when he saw the actor did only just what he should have done himself under the same trying circumstances.

In 1836 Daniel Webster, on his way to Pittsfield, stopped at Stockbridge for a few hours, most of which he spent in his favorite pastime of fishing; but I did not see him at that time. My only recollections of him are speeches and arguments made elsewhere than in Berkshire; and though these recollections would lead me to agree without demur to his title to the epithet "godlike," I can make no original additions to his supernatural record.

Dr. Charles Follen, a far less leonine personage, passed a part of the summers of 1836 and 1837 in Stockbridge. In the latter he preached on Sundays, for about two months, in a parlor of a house in the village. The room in which he held his services communicated with the garden by a glass door which in pleasant weather was left open, and the little Unitarian congregation, consisting of members of a single family living in the town, and their relatives and visitors, clustered outside the door as well as within. The earnestness of the group in those days, when the memory of the orthodox state church was still fresh, and the blue tinge had not faded from the prevalent Calvinism, might almost have suggested a Scotch conventicle in the days when Claverhouse was but just out of the way, or a gathering of the early Christians in Rome when persecution was in the air, though not in practice.

Dr. Follen had a round German face and a monotonous utterance which hardly indicated the resolute energy of his nature, and failed to excite in the young people the rapt attention with which his elder auditors, some of whom were his intimate friends, hung upon his gentle words. His wife, who had been Miss Eliza Lee



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE SEDGWICK HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PRINT. BY PERMISSION OF H. WUNDERLICH & CO.

FANNY KEMBLE, FROM A DRAWING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE.

Cabot, and whose blue eyes seemed absolutely illumined by the pure and eager soul which shone through them, was more interesting to those of my uncritical age. But before the sad tragedy which ended his adventurous and useful life I had learned to appreciate not only the spiritual elevation which was apparent to all who heard him, but the sturdy manliness of character which was concealed by his almost feminine mildness.

It was in the Lenox Congregational Church that Dr. Channing delivered his well-known address on the anniversary of emancipation in the British West Indies. I was present, and, like others older and of more temperate blood, was thrilled as never before by the words of the closing appeal, which still linger in my ears. "Come, Father Almighty, and crown with thine omnipotence the humble strivings of thy children to subvert oppression and wrong, to spread light and freedom, peace and joy, the truth and spirit of thy Son, through the whole earth." As we read the words in cold type they hardly seem seraphic. But the air then was charged with a moral electricity which made a halo round his apostolic head and magnetized his utterance. A gentleman sitting next me, who was not a church-goer or in sympathy with abolitionism, exclaimed *sotto voce*, "This is equal to anything in Milton," and sent off the same day a glowing report of the occasion to the New York "Evening Post."

During that summer Mr. Charles Sedgwick, the local reputation of whose delightful humor equaled that of his sister's stories, after a vain effort to fasten his straps, an indispensable incident to the trousers of that day, said to a very young niece who was standing by, in a tone the apparent seriousness of which she was not old enough to interpret: "I wish you would go round to Dr. Channing and ask him to come and button these straps." Leaving the room unobserved, the little girl trotted to the doctor's quarters at the village inn, and promptly delivered the message. "My dear," said the doctor, gravely, "I do not understand you." Mr. Sedgwick's sweet temper was never nearer curdling than it was on her report of the futility of her embassy. He had been taken *au pied de la lettre* when he had thought only of that of the *pantalon*.

During the summer of 1836 Miss Martineau spent six weeks in Stockbridge. Her recollections of it will be found in her "Society in



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

BIRTHPLACE OF MARK HOPKINS, STOCKBRIDGE.

America," a book which now has the same sort of interest for us Americans — at least us Yankees — that the retrospect of those boyish successes and follies which have shaped and colored his life may have for a middle-aged man. In reading in it her noble sentiments on the spirit of religion, it is sad to be reminded of their contrast with those she held long after.

My boyish recollection of Miss Martineau is very pleasant. She was always amiable. On one occasion, when she sat writing at a table in a parlor, I remember standing with my head just above it, and wondering at the ease and regularity with which she despatched, in her clear, round hand, letter after letter, never pausing for a word or an idea, or to read what she had written. Although there was no room for mystery, I felt something of the fascination which, we are told, riveted the observer who watched the unknown hand at the opposite window filling and throwing off with the tireless uniformity of a machine what proved to be the manuscript pages of "Waverley." As she tossed the last letter on the great pile be-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PRESENT ASPECT OF DR. HOLMES'S RESIDENCE NEAR PITTSFIELD.

fore her, she said, "Now, my boy, is n't that a pretty good morning's work?" and while I hesitated for an answer that should do justice to her and credit to myself, she put on a hair glove of hers which was lying on the table, and gave my cheeks a playful rubbing, the tingle of which I seem to feel yet.

Mrs. Anna Jameson, then about forty-three years old, an intimate friend of Miss Martineau as well as of Mrs. Fanny Kemble, visited Stockbridge for some weeks in the fall of 1837. I well remember her face,—"oh, call it fair, not pale!" —the whiteness of which was set off and intensified by her ruddy curls. It was a sad time for her, as the negotiations for separation from the strange husband she had left in Canada were pending; but though I recollect frequent absorbing talks between her and Miss Sedgwick, in which she looked very downcast, yet in her general conversation she was delightfully animated. Her artistic nature colored what she said as well as what she wrote, and if I had had any proclivity for art, I might have begun an education in it through her instructive talk.

From about this time Mrs. Kemble, for many years when in this country, spent part of her summers in Lenox, occasionally coming to Stockbridge and joining in the excursions to Monument Mountain, Perry's Peak, and elsewhere in the neighborhood, of which there was no end. She often read Shakspere on the piazza or in the parlors of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's house at Lenox for the instruction and pleasure of Mrs. Sedgwick's pupils. Many visitors and villagers, by invitation, gathered round, and were now spell-bound, now electrified, by her wonderful voice, as it ran through the gamut of the great master. If I were to balance the advantages I derived from listening to her readings in those delightful summers, and often again elsewhere, against my regular education in English, I should be as much in doubt to which to give the preference as Charles Fox was in weighing what he had learned from Edmund Burke against his acquisitions of knowledge from all other sources.

One characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Kemble, which, so far as I know, has not got into print, may be mentioned. Two youthful friends of hers having given invitations for a picnic on the border of the Stockbridge Bowl, Mrs. Kemble, with the warm-hearted sympathy she always showed toward young people, associated herself with them in the plan, and made the entertainment much more complete than they had intended. She engaged a band from Albany, had a dancing-platform erected, and numerous boats engaged. Unfortunately, the punch, which had been subtly compounded in New York, had, for the sake of economical transportation, "no allaying Thames." The



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

MARK HOPKINS.



DRAWN BY W. H. FUNK, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

F. A. P. BARNARD.

day was hot; there was a cry for something to drink, and at a fatal moment, when the person who should have superintended the beguiling beverage was engaged in another part of the grounds, it was prematurely poured into the punch-bowl as undiluted as if Friar Tuck had presided. Its cunning smoothness disarmed the suspicion of the wariest of the guests, some of whom were betrayed before the mistake was discovered and corrected. The climax came when, after the lunch, and at a moment when two or three of the more unfortunate gentlemen had gone to a sequestered spot for a restorative swim, Mrs. Kemble ordered the chief boatman to bring to the little dock, prepared for the embarkation of those inclined for a row, the largest of the boats, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. The man hesitated and stammered. "No words!" imperiously commanded Mrs. Kemble, in *Lady Macbeth's* tone. "Bring the boat!" After several vain efforts at remonstrance, he said deprecatingly, "I thought maybe, as one of your gents was in the boat naked and drunk, you would rather not have it brought just yet." Those who have heard Mrs. Kemble read *Falstaff* and *Pistol* can imagine the mixture of amusement and disgust on her face at this rejoinder. I have called this anecdote characteristic, but I need not say it is characteristic of one little side only of her noble being. The impetuous generosity, the glowing sensibility, the unfeigned religiousness of this child of nature, of whom heredity and environment made an actress, can be told only in the story of her life..



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN PITTSFIELD WHERE LONGFELLOW MARRIED HIS FIRST WIFE — THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

It was in 1841, I think, that the Honorable Miss Augusta Murray, one of Queen Victoria's maids of honor, made a short visit to Stockbridge, in regard to which the only thing I remember is her saying that it was the prettiest village she had ever seen. This was, perhaps, a good-natured bit of flattery. The charms of some English hamlets, though they are more compact, and possess more of the *rus in urbe*, yet with the mellow gray of their stones, and their wealth of clambering ivy, are unexcelled. But they differ so widely from the scattered loveliness of our embowered villages that no comparison can be made between them.

The year 1837, a very black one financially for the country, was a bright one for Stockbridge. In that year, bringing letters of introduction to Miss Sedgwick from Sismondi and others, came the Italian exiles Confalonieri, Foresti, Maroncelli, Castillia, Gambardella, Albinola, Tinelli, and Argenti, who, after languishing in Spielberg under sentences which in the case of the four first named had been commutations of death to imprisonment for life, had been released by an amnesty granted to political prisoners on the accession of Ferdinand I. to the throne of Austria in 1835. Some of these gentlemen established themselves

permanently in this country with more or less success, and some returned to share the varying but at length triumphant fortunes of their native land. Very wisely, to learn English in the quickest and most economical way, several of the exiles, immediately on landing, came direct to Stockbridge, and devoted themselves to its acquisition. One evening, soon after their arrival, one of the number, who had not known a word of English when he came, presented himself at the house of a family in the village, where he had before talked only in French and his own tongue. He opened the conversation, with a self-complacent air, by saying with great emphasis and deliberation, "Ze naight ees howsht und selont." After several repetitions of these enigmatical words without conveying a spark of their meaning, he drew triumphantly a small phrase-book from his pocket, and pointed out the sentence, "The night is hushed and silent." I omit further reference to these gentlemen, as not strictly belonging to the literary memories of Berkshire, though the classic cultivation of some of them justifies this mention. It is to be regretted that there is no memoir of Castillia, who remained a year in Stockbridge, and who, after his return to his country after its emancipation, became a *senatore del regno*. A lovelier nature than his was never given to mortal man.

Between 1837 and 1846 N. P. Willis, "so natty and jaunty and gay," occasionally passed a few days in summer with a married sister living in Stockbridge. Another sister, whose literary name was Fanny Fern, and who was afterward Mrs. James Parton, used also to visit Stockbridge in those days. She said of it that its name might be prettier, but *it* could not.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM THE STEEL-ENGRAVING BY J. A. J. WILCOX, AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY BADGER. PAINTED WHILE LONGFELLOW WAS PROFESSOR AT BOWDOIN, AND PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. IN THE RIVERSIDE EDITION OF HIS PROSE WORKS.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE BELONGING TO MRS. H. GARFIELD.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, FORTY YEARS AGO.

Lord Morpeth, of the family of Howard, afterward Earl of Carlisle, was a guest in Stockbridge in 1841. He was thoroughly English-looking, square-built, with plain features, but wearing an agreeable and kindly expression. He wore a scarlet waistcoat of so vivid a hue that some one said it looked as if it were dyed with "all the blood of all the Howards." An incident of his visit was his being taken to tea at the house of a New England farmer, where he had an opportunity to see a dainty specimen of New England housekeeping, and bore with perfect courtesy and gravity being called "Mr. Morpeth" by the farmer and his excellent wife. In the course of talk at the meal, the host, with unintentional ungraciousness, introduced the subject of the Revolution, saying, "Well, we beat you that time," without ruffling the temper or manners of the guest, who even managed to assent with tolerable gravity to the question, "Your boss is a woman, is n't she?" Lord Morpeth was a very candid and kindly observer of our democratic ways, and in those still embryonic days, when we set an undue value on the opinions of our British brethren, some of whom had made us writhe under their literary castigation, this was a quality peculiarly grateful to us thin-skinned Yankees. At a public dinner in New York on his return from his Stockbridge visit, a toast proposed by the late Mr. Theodore Sedgwick



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HAWTHORNE'S BERKSHIRE WRITING-DESK.

in his honor as "a traveler without prejudice, and a statesman without guile," was received with great applause.

In 1844 Macready paid Stockbridge a visit of two or three days. His famous stage stride was relaxed when off the boards, but otherwise his deportment was almost as classically dignified as in the tranquil intervals of his acting on the stage, where I had often watched his lightest movements and gestures with the intense interest inspired by youth and love of the drama. Two things about him specially impressed me. One was his daily appearance in a different-colored dress-coat, black one day, blue another, claret-colored the third, the last two garments being garnished with gold or gilt buttons. This, to a small country boy, quite unused to the sight of any dress-coat, was a very impressive circumstance. The other thing was his saying that the reading of the Church of England service by the village rector of that day was quite faultless. A great compliment we villagers thought it to a New England rector from the leading tragedian of the English stage.

One of the most delightful guests that Berkshire ever had was George William Curtis, who, after the experience of Brook Farm, for many years (until he established his summer home at Ashfield) passed much of his vacation at Lenox. Even the barest detail about one so well known alike for his noble and his charming qualities must be omitted in this rapid sketch. Happily, Mr. Edward Cary's conscientious and delightful life of Mr. Curtis, lately published, obviates the need of any details of his Berkshire visits. Otherwise even these light reminiscences would be sadly incomplete.

It was about 1840, I think, that Mark Hopkins, a native of Stockbridge, and the distinguished president of Williams College, who had begun life as a physician, gave a course of lectures on human anatomy in a building known as "the old academy" in Stockbridge. They were given for the purpose of raising the money necessary to buy for the college the papier-mâché manikin by which they were illustrated. The manikin was very delicately and accurately constructed, and each organ, bone, muscle, and other component part was, as exactly as the science and art of that day could compass, the facsimile of its human counterpart. Among the audience collected to hear the lectures were several young women whom one of the ladies of the village had organized into a class primarily intended to advance their knowledge of English branches less abstruse than anatomy. They were as eager, however, for any instruction that came along as the candidates for Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr would be in the present more advanced stage of feminine evolution. A son of the lady in question had just come from New York, and on reaching his mother's house was informed that she had gone to an entertainment at the old academy. Thither he at once betook himself in search of her, and on his entering the room an enigmatical and unappetizing sausage-like object, which had been passed from one to another in the audience for inspection, was handed to him. "What on earth is that?" he inquired of a guileless maiden



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE AT LENOX. FROM A SKETCH MADE A FEW YEARS AFTER HAWTHORNE LIVED THERE.

on the nearest seat. "Oh, that," she replied, "is the mesenteric canal." The young gentleman beat an instant retreat, perceiving that he had plunged beyond his depth in very unknown waters.

In 1844 was the Berkshire jubilee, when the children of Berkshire, on the invitation of Mr. remonstrate mildly, reminding us that our division, which was the first in the class in point of scholarship, should no less distinguish itself by its good manners. But on his again repeating his telltale misnomer, the mirth of the boys became uncontrollable, and there was a roar of laughter, which all his efforts could not



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

REMAINS OF THE HAWTHORNE HOUSE.

Bryant, Theodore Sedgwick, Judge Betts, Dr. Orville Dewey, David Dudley Field, and others, thronged homeward from all parts of the country to greet each other and gather new strength from the generous touch of their beautiful mother. It was a unique and successful festival, lasting two days.

About 1840 the Miss Appletons, daughters of Mr. Nathan Appleton of Boston, passed the summer at Stockbridge, where their father bought a beautiful building site. Mr. Longfellow, who in 1843 married Miss Fanny Appleton, afterward purposed building a summer residence on it, but the plan was wrecked by his wife's tragic death. He had visited Stockbridge in his courtship. I was then a student at Harvard, and was repeatedly called on by him at recitation as "Stockbridge." When this first occurred, a titter ran through the division; the second time the titter developed into a loud giggle, which led him to control. Suddenly his mistake flashed upon him, and he joined heartily in the laugh, though with a little embarrassment. Many years after, on meeting him at Newport, I introduced myself to him, saying, "Mr. Longfellow, you don't remember me?" "Yes, indeed I do," he said: "To my dying day I shall never forget calling you 'Stockbridge.'"

Miss Fanny Appleton's elder sister, Mary, had shortly before married Mr. Robert Mackintosh, son of the distinguished Sir James. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a ruddy face and corkscrew curls, odd manners, ungainly movements, and a good deal of dry humor. On one occasion, having come from New York by the North River for the sake of the scenery of that delightful route, he drove across to Stockbridge from Hudson, a distance of rather more than thirty miles. About midnight he came to a fork in the road where there was no guide-board, and, espying a soli-

tary farm-house, got out of his wagon, hoping to ascertain the right way by inquiring at the house, the door of which he thumped, at first moderately, then, on getting no answer, with all his might, till the building shook. Nobody was roused but a dog, which rushed at him, barking furiously. The louder he knocked, the fiercer the dog barked, till at last, in desperation, he flung his remaining strength into a volley of knocks, and ran back to his wagon with the dog yelping at his heels. Just as he reached the vehicle, a window was raised, and a sleepy voice asked what he wanted. "Please cut your dog's throat," he replied, and drove off without stopping to find out which was the right road.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ENTRANCE TO THE HOME OF JONATHAN EDWARDS, STOCKBRIDGE.

In August, 1850, four years after going up Monument with Mr. Lowell, I ascended the same mountain with a company of authors—Mr. Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Messrs. Evert A. and George L. Duyckinck, Cornelius Mathews (who wrote under the name of Puffer Hopkins), Herman Melville, James T. Fields, and David Dudley Field, whose novels, however, were in the line of Justinian rather than of Sir Walter Scott. I remember little more of their conversation than that they talked prose apparently as unconsciously as *M. Jourdain* himself, and that I enjoyed the distinction of being the only one of the party who had not written a book.

In the same year G. P. R. James, whose first three initials were interpreted by George William Curtis as "George Prince Regent" (which interpretation was locally adopted), came to Stockbridge, where he lived till the end of 1852. He was a generous and public-spirited townsman, and gave a clock to the tower of the Episcopal Church. The industry for which he was so famous was conspicuous there, and he dictated romances to three or four secretaries simultaneously. Mr. James was a vigorous snuff-taker, and was one of the last in the society of that day to sport the red bandana, which that beguiling habit rendered indispensable. He was very amiable, and I remember but one occasion when he was roused to any display of warmth. At a dinner in Stockbridge, Mr. Daniel B. Stanton, who had been giving recollections of the habits of English society, remarked that it was the general practice in London to hire pyramids of hothouse fruit to be put on the dining-table purely for ornament. The fruit was offered in turn to each guest, but it was perfectly understood that this was a form only, and the invitation was never to be accepted. Before he had become familiar with this usage, however, Mr. Stanton had unwarily broken off a cluster of grapes from a large bunch and irrevocably eaten them. Too late he observed, on turning toward the lady of the house, that she was looking daggers at him, and he was never again invited there. During the telling of this story Mr. James grew redder and redder, and hardly waiting for it to be finished, called out in a cynical tone, "Pray, what sort of society did you keep in London, Mr. Stanton?" Mr. Stanton, in his turn, looked very black, but suddenly his brow cleared, and he cried out in a tone of checkmate: "The very best society *there*, Mr. James," with a prodigious emphasis on the final adverb.

Not his favorite Berkshire only, but America (we might add England), sadly misses today the wit, the poet, the kindly Autocrat who has so lately left us. "If you would be happy in Berkshire," said Dr. Holmes, "you must carry



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM AN OLD PRINT. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PRINT. BY PERMISSION OF ROBERTS BROTHERS.

ORVILLE DEWEY.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE. ENGRAVED BY W. A. HIRSCHMANN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM HIS LAST PORTRAIT, A TINTYPE, TAKEN BY CRITCHERON, OF WORCESTER, MASS., IN 1861. PRESENTED TO JOHN H. TREADWELL BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HENRY D. THOREAU.



BY PERMISSION OF CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

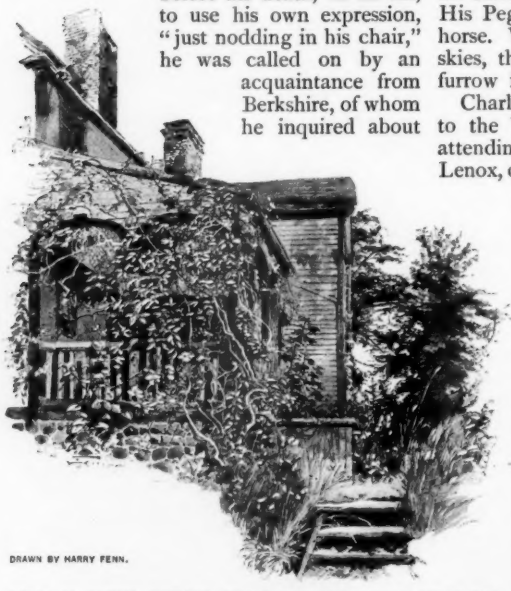
J. G. HOLLAND.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DEWEY, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

HERMAN MELVILLE, IN 1861.

mountains in your brain." This he himself did, not only by his love of the picturesque in nature, but in the sense of a largeness of mind that often made his thoughts seem like the "Jungfrau" and "Funster Aarhorn" holding converse together as in Tourguéneff's noble idyl. The last of the five true New England bards whose glowing love of freedom so lately expanded and exalted their "note of praise," he has left not only the memory of an original humor the like of which must henceforth seem a second-hand imitation, and of a genial wisdom which may still cheer and inspire at least, even if it, too, can be hardly paralleled, but also of a manly purity and vigorous excellence of character which, under Providence, no true lover of moral worth need despair of attaining. For many summers, until quite late in his life, he lived in Pittsfield, on what remained to him of the ancestral acres left to his family by his grandfather Jacob Wendell. It was his preference in his youth to live there always, but the necessity of earning a living took him to Boston. His affection for nature continued fresh and sweet to the last. A few weeks before his death, as he sat, to use his own expression, "just nodding in his chair," he was called on by an acquaintance from Berkshire, of whom he inquired about the trees there, not only generally but individually, as if they were friends in whom his interest had never flagged. He asked particularly after the "Sheffield elm," an old favorite described by the delightful Autocrat more than forty years before.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

PORCH OF LAUREL COTTAGE, WHERE MATTHEW ARNOLD SPENT THE SUMMER OF 1886.

The name of Bryant, identified with "the lovely and the wild mingled in harmony on nature's face" in Berkshire, is her crowning literary glory. Unlike Sir Walter, who so often forgot his own verses, and on one occasion, when "Cleveland's Serenade" was sung by a lady, asked who was the writer, Mr. Bryant remembered everything he ever wrote. One evening comes delightfully to my mind, when, among other games of the intellectual kind, he joined the young people in capping verses. As far as possible his youthful admirers chose his own verses for quotation; and it was pleasant to see the quiet smile with which he acknowledged them. Even lines which from their simplicity might have easily drifted out of his crowded memory were always recalled.

Mr. Bryant illustrated as truly as Burns himself the maxim that the poet is born and not made, yet no votary of the Muses ever reconciled more completely the exalted aspiration and inspiration of the poet with the commonplace desperations of active and useful life. As fond of rural beauty as Theocritus or Catullus, and as fascinated by country life as Horace or Vergil, he yet for half a century attended at his editorial desk with inexorable punctuality. His Pegasus was never chained to his cart-horse. When Pegasus took his flight to the skies, the cart-horse still turned his honest furrow in the ground.

Charles Sumner, for years before his election to the United States Senate in 1851, when attending the Berkshire circuit, then held at Lenox, occasionally drove to Stockbridge. He had a strong admiration of Berkshire, which in one of his letters he mentioned as a region where the mountains were dwarfs, but the people were giants. A giant himself in the great struggle to which he afterward gave his accomplished intellect, his greatness needs no tribute from these ephemeral pages.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who in 1851 and 1852 lived in Stockbridge, on the border of Lenox, is so far the foremost of those who have adventured on the wide waters of American fiction that one, looking over them, brightened as they are by the sails or strewn with the wreckage of countless craft, is reminded of the answers of the lookout man on board the royal yacht at the international yacht race in 1851 to the two inquiries of Prince Albert: "What is first?" "*America*, sir." "What is second?" "Nothing, sir." Hawthorne is first. Is there a second? It is no discredit to the gallant phantom fleet manned by such a variety of genius and culture to hesitate as to the answer.



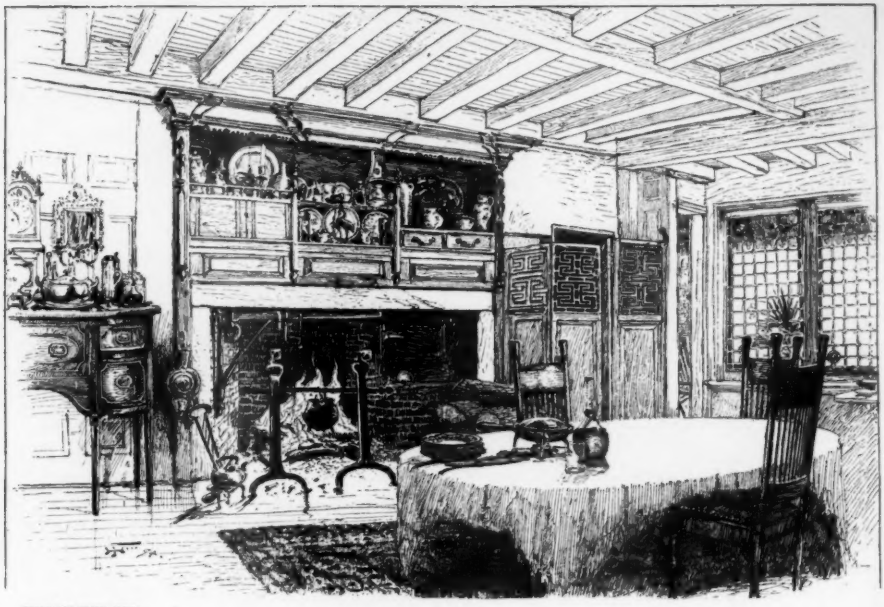
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, STOCKBRIDGE.

Miss Sedgwick, by her birth, life, and writings, is so identified with Stockbridge that even reminiscences so desultory as these ought not to omit a reference to her. She belongs to the past generation, but had she not gone before, perhaps others who are the idols of to-day might not have reached their present stage of literary evolution. Nearly every writer of fiction springs upward or forward from the platform which his predecessors have constructed, if he does not, being an original genius, or considering himself such, deliberately thrust it aside. It would not be fair, therefore, to judge her writings by the present standard. But while taste in fiction so varies from generation to generation that, with such rare exceptions as the magic creations of the Wizard of the North, or a few perfect literary gems like the "Vicar of Wakefield" or the "Scarlet Letter," the children toss aside the books which were the parents' delight, yet the tradition of Miss Sedgwick's exquisite femininenes and of the wide aureole of love in which she lived and moved will perhaps outlast the stories, the scenes of which were in part laid among her beloved Berkshire hills. Her influence in attracting to Lenox the best class of visitors, and in forming there the society which in varying phases has always continued to be distinguished, has been too often referred to in the published writings of Mrs. Kemble and others to need recording here.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was in Stockbridge for some weeks in the summer of, I think, 1856, visiting the family of a married daughter of Mr. Henry Grinnell, who then lived there. He was under the spell of spiritualism, which was cast about him by Miss Margaret Fox (to whom, by her account, he was privately married), and was enthusiastic in "table-tippings" and "planchette" interpretations. At an earlier day I had gone with a company to the Astor House to hear the rappings and see the table-tippings of the Fox sisters. They succeeded in inspiring many besides poor Dr. Kane with a belief in the genuineness of their supernatural intercourse. Within the last few years I heard Miss Fox, *alias* Mrs. Kane, confess on the stage of the Academy of Music in New York, before a large audience, the frauds she had practised, and explain the dexterous way in which she had wriggled her toes and her ankle-joints in playing off her spirits on her devotees.

Isaac Garfield, an ancestor of President Garfield, was in 1739 one of the settlers of Tyringham in Berkshire, and some of his descendants have always lived in a part of the town which, the year after Taylor's capture of Monterey in 1846, was set off and named in honor of that



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A BERKSHIRE INTERIOR.

victory. President Garfield, before going to college at Williamstown, twice made a visit of some weeks to his relation Colonel Daniel Garfield of Monterey. The colonel's daughter, Miss (now Mrs.) Henrietta Garfield, who has become a resident of Tyringham, has an agreeable recollection of her distinguished cousin's good spirits and good humor in those boyish days. The President always looked back with pleasure to his life in Berkshire both before and after going to college. It will be remembered that he was starting to attend a commencement at Williamstown when he was shot, and it was expected that he would visit Monterey, where a lake had been renamed in his honor. His family afterward passed part of a summer in Stockbridge.

It would be easy to enumerate a long catalogue of eminent names of visitors and summer residents of Stockbridge during the last fifty years, continuing a list of perhaps equal length of their predecessors in the preceding half-century. The residents would include the brothers David Dudley and the Rev. Henry M. Field, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Astor Bristed, General S. C. Armstrong (the heroic friend of the black man and the red man), Joseph H. Choate, and Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold had here one of the seizures to which he was subject, and which he then said would some day carry him off—a prediction which was fulfilled within two years. He lived in a cottage rented by his son-in-law, Mr. Whitridge, from Lady Musgrave, the daughter of David Dudley Field, where he was the center of a home life as unstudied as if scholarship had been abolished. What a delight it was to those who chanced to be his neighbors, after looking somewhat apprehensively at the classic poet and relentless critic who had dropped from Oxford into their New England nook, to find instead the tender husband, the fond father, the kind friend, and the appreciative and grateful guest!

The visitors would include Frederika Bremer, Dr. Bellows (whose life, teeming with patriotism and philanthropy, when worthily written will add a rich page to his country's annals), Dr. Orville Dewey (whose residence for many years in the neighboring town of Sheffield made his visits to Stockbridge as easy as they were delightful), William M. Evarts, Sir George Bowen, Henry Ward Beecher (who lived one summer in Lenox), Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, so long president of Columbia College, and his brother Major-General J. G. Barnard (both born in Sheffield, where General Barnard continued to reside in summer till his death), Dr. J. G. Holland (the famous "Timothy Titcomb," and first editor of this magazine, who received his medical education in Pittsfield), Phillips Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Robert C. Winthrop (who has so lately died full of years and honors), Professors Child and Norton of Harvard, Cyrus W. Field and his brother Judge Stephen J. Field, Dr. McCosh, Sir William

Thompson, and Dean Stanley. The last five were guests of the Rev. Dr. Field.

One of the visitors as recently as 1883 was the late Henry W. Shaw, who, like three jurists now on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, had been at school in Stockbridge as a boy. A lady of the village was surprised at receiving a call from a grave and somber gentleman, accompanied by a lady whom he introduced as his wife. The call was under the mistaken impression that the house where it was made was the one where the gentleman had lived in early days. His wife inquired whether her husband was not well known to the hostess, who confessed her ignorance, and expressed her regrets. "Why," said Mrs. Shaw, "he is almost the best-known person in America — as well known as General Grant." Then, after enjoying for a moment the puzzled condition of her hostess's mind, she explained, "My husband writes under the name of Josh Billings." It was Josh Billings himself who had come to revisit the town where he had got his education long before attaining his high rank in that school of American humor which consists chiefly in phonetic spelling with fanciful variations.

Few rural American counties offer the local historian so diversified a field for the portrayal of individual character as Berkshire. The devoted John Sergeant, whose mission to the Mohican Indians was established at Stockbridge in 1735, was succeeded by Jonathan Edwards, who from 1751 to 1758 was pastor of the Congregational Church of the town. Here he wrote his treatises on the "Freedom of the Will" and "Original Sin." What a contrast for the historic artist between the pictures of Edwards's theology and of his humanity! In his quiet study, in the happy valley which seems the ideal abode of love and peace, he grimly exults in the ineffable agonies which the sinner shall suffer in the hands of an angry God. Then before the sinner has been snatched by the undying wrath, he who but now was in theory the inexorable doomster pours over the destined victim a flood of human sympathy and tenderness.

Then followed the Rev. Aaron Burr, a man of Edwards's own pattern, though cast in a somewhat smaller intellectual mold. He preceded Edwards in the presidency of Nassau Hall (afterward Princeton College), won at Stockbridge his lovely wife Esther, who was young enough to be his own daughter, and became the father of that strange compound, the second Aaron Burr. Of one of Esther's sisters, who was something of a shrew, the following story is still told in Stockbridge. When some adventurous suitor of good standing in the church sought her hand, the theologian decisively refused it. Confident in his good position in this world, and the reasonableness of his ulterior expectations, the lover persistently urged his pretensions. Finally, discovering that Mr. Edwards's objections were purely disinterested, and were based, not on his defects, but on the lady's temper, he argued that as she had experienced religion as well as he there was no reason to doubt that they would be happy together. "Ah," replied the divine, "there are some persons with whom the grace of God abides, that you can't."

In 1785 Judge Theodore Sedgwick removed from Sheffield to Stockbridge, where for the rest of his life (which was ended in 1813) his house was a frequent resort of many leading Federalists of the day. From that day to this Berkshire has been thronged in the summer by bearers of distinguished names in law, statesmanship, art, arms, and literature. Among the sojourners in Lenox, for longer or shorter periods, have been Harrison Gray Otis, Silas Wright, Governor Marcy, Millard Fillmore, Chief Justice Shaw, and other eminent Massachusetts judges who adorned the bench before it was transferred to Pittsfield, Louis Kossuth, Cassius M. Clay, Ralph Waldo Emerson (who had a daughter at Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school), Governor Boutwell, Governor Andrew, a group of well-known New York artists from whom it would be invidious to make selections, Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Charlotte Cushman, Anna Cora Mowatt, Epes Sargent, Henry Ward Beecher, General Hitchcock, General McClellan, James Russell Lowell, President Arthur, Sir Edward Thornton, William Crowninshield Endicott, and William C. Whitney.

Any general mention of Berkshire visitors should not omit the name of Henry David Thoreau. In 1846 or 1847 he passed a night in the rude observatory on Greylock, while the mice nibbled his toes and he nibbled the only available literary pabulum, the scraps of country newspapers scattered on the floor. These, which had served to wrap the luncheons of more carnally minded visitors, he read by the flickering firelight, finding the advertisements much better than the editorials, and even, by a process peculiarly his own, extracting some aroma of poetry from the names of the commodities advertised — lumber, cotton, sugar, hides, guano, and logwood.[1]

As has been already tritely suggested, the face of nature in Berkshire is unchanged outside of the towns, and wears its old familiar smile of infinite sweetness. The same beauties of field

[1] An account of this characteristic excursion will be found in Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," Vol. I of the new Riverside edition of his works, pp. 235–248.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HOUSE IN WHICH G. P. R. JAMES LIVED, STOCKBRIDGE.

and fell are laced together by the silver band of the Housatonic, even if the silver be here and there tarnished by the mills. Yet a few sad changes extort a lament from our "Old Mortalities." Our tenure of this lovely river seems to be subject to the mill-owners of the manufacturing towns, who, finding water cheaper than steam, claim and are permitted to exercise the right of shutting it off in order to collect a sufficient supply for their purposes, so that at times and in some places, especially on Sunday, which is allowed as a day of rest to the mills as well as the hands, the bright stream is shrunk within its margin of meadow and willow to a murky rill sliding through its ooze. From our mountain-sides, too, the maples, elms, and other noble forest trees are too often unintelligently stripped without heed to the science of forestry by which in Europe, while a part of the woods is deftly removed for the purposes of fuel and manufacture, almost without being missed, their sylvan beauty and symmetry are preserved. On the other hand, there is in general a greater air of thrift than in our fathers' day, the result chiefly of the village improvement societies; the agriculture and horticulture are better; and there are in our larger villages what ninety-nine out of a hundred would call improvements — shaven lawns, trimmed hedges, costly and complicated houses of varied architecture, and occasionally even pretensions to something like the formal magnificence of a park. Rural life is in a measure exchanging its "unbought grace" for the charms of wealth and elaboration. The world moves. Society in the country, as well as in the town, is evolved into new and glittering forms, and few perhaps will bear with the senile prejudices of those who prefer "to stand on the old paths."

This is not the place to discuss the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the social evolution now going on in the country at large, of which Lenox and Stockbridge are types. Theologically, as we have seen, the advance is real and high. But we may observe that the men and women who used to form the cultivated elements of society were outwardly distinguished from its humbler members only by the quiet and kindly dignity of their deportment, and by their never forgetting that *noblesse oblige*. The liveries, the dress, the drags, the formal receptions, the Anglicanism, all the diversified phases of wealth which have changed the surface of society, have not always stifled the sweetness and virtue of the past, but have often hidden them under a load of formal self-consequence which makes them hard to find; and—

Oh, the difference to me!

Beautiful Berkshire! There are few other lands as fair, none more fitting, even yet, to be the patriot's cradle and the poet's haunt and home.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick.



AMBITION o' WOMEN

THE two islands called Long Codiac and Short Codiac are not far removed from Grand Mahac. Indeed, upon clear days the lighthouse upon the latter island may be plainly seen. But so far as the inhabitants are concerned, they might be as far apart as Charlottetown and St. John.

Long Codiac has the post-office, and Short Codiac has the school-house. So it would seem that honors are about evenly divided between the sister islands; but, alas! this is not so, for the Short Codiacs, by virtue of the educational advantage of possessing the school-house, have had the honor of the plantation elections, and this has engendered the bitterest rivalry between the islands.

To the stranger the rivalry was not apparent. No one would have known that there was aught to disturb the harmony that seemed to exist among the men who were seated in various attitudes in the sand, in the sheltered lee of one of the fish-houses, looking toward the mouth of the natural harbor. It was only after I had lived among them that I became cognizant of the state of affairs. The first trouble that came to my notice was connected with the office of justice of the peace, and the unsuccessful aspirant explained it to me.

"Jestice! Yes, I cal-cu-late!" said he, pointing up the road to where strode along a square figure in a yellow oilskin coat. "That 's him; belongs over on Short Codiac. But haow 'd he git ter be jestice, that 's what I say?" he said, glaring about him; but as there was no one present save him and me, he finally turned to me. "Haow 'd he git to be it, I say?" I mildly shook my head, as much as to say, "How, indeed?" "Well, I 'll tell ye. 'T was hees wooman! Ef 't waan't for hees wooman he 'd never 'a' got it. Yes, sir! Carrie Jane she got it for him. Car' Jane *she 's smaart* [pause], but yit she could n't be nawthin' else, I will say, hevin' sech a mother — Drusill', ye know. Why, when Drusill' was a gell I usety set up to her, and they waan't a smaarter gell between here and Grand Mahac, nor yit there, neither. D' I ever tell you haow she lifted the mor'gage from the Walrod house, hey? Oh, yaas. Well, I did start to tell about the jestice, did n't I. Oh, yaas. Well, Car' Jane she put him up to it. For *land 's* sake, *he* [with scorn] never 'd had the idee o' settin' in sech a position! But Carrie Jane she was allus a-hankerin' after po-litical position for Sam, an' naow she 's got it. Hey? Oh, well, I call it jest the same as a po-litical po-sition — a-settin' on the bench, and a-jedgin' the weaknesses of yer fellow-critters. Hey? Why, she went after it, thet 's haow she got it. Car' Jane she read a piece in the 'Clarion' paper sayin' as haow they was a a jestice office for sale up ter Georgetown. Hey? Oh, yaas, thet is to say, they is certain chaarges thet 's got to be paid to secoor the po-sition; I d' know jest what they be. I see it in the paper the same time; see it jest as soon as the paper was handed out in the post-office. Sam was a-settin' on a cheer in the office, nigh hand, and he opened his paper same time 's I. Course he see the notice, and jest tore off home to Car' Jane, and I cal-cu-late 'tween them they fixed it. I cal-cu-la-ted to go up to Georgetown jest as soon as I hed turned my hake, bein' 's we 'd a hed fawgy weather for a spell; but I 'm blamed if Car' Jane and Sam did n't start aout the next mornin' while I was abaid, and 't was blowin' a breeze from the east'ard, too. My wooman was a-spyin' harborways with the glass, and first thing I knowed she sung aout ter me ter come and see who 't was a-settin' aout in a boat so early. Well, soon as I see the sail of her, I made shore 't was Sam's boat, and with the glass I see in the starn of her, as she rounded the bar'l rock, the yeller cloud that Car' Jane allus wears on her haid when she goes off rusticatin'.

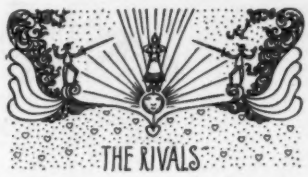
"'Phœbe,' I says to my wife, 'I 'm blamed if Car' Jane and Sam ain't gone over ter George-

town after that there office of jestice. Git me my coat and hat. I 'm a-goin' ter git there first, and git that office, or I 'll bu'st a plank.' Well, sir, Phœbe says to me, says she, ' Isaac James,'—Phœbe allus calls me that a-way when she 's kinder excited up —' Isaac James,' says Phœbe, ' if you let that yeller cloud beat ye over to Georgetown, and git that office of jestice, I 'll git a bill of separation ag'in' ye; and I 'm goin' with ye to see that things is a-goin' proper, too. Down with ye,' says she, ' and git yer boat ready, and I 'll put up a bite of vittles.' Well, sir, Sam and Car' Jane hed about two mile the start of us, but I 'll bate, if we hed started fair, I 'd 'a' be't 'em with my boat! Course, 't ain't no use a-mournin' naow. Hey? Well, yaas; that 's about it. I did n't get there in time, 'cause I stove a plank goin' up to the wharf at Georgetown, and we had to crawl up the rocks and see aour boat swamp, while Sam and Car' Jane ketched the stage and went along up ter the register's office, where they fixed things so Sam was sworn in and got his papers O. K. Cost him nine dawlers, too. Oh, yaas, he got them all O. K., I 'll bate you, when Car' Jane was along. Hey? Oh, yaas. Ye see, Codiac 's a plantation, and the appointin' of the officiers is at the caounty-seat.

" Well, sir, ye ought ter have been there ter see Sam and Car' Jane when they come down ter the landing. Sam he had on a keg hat, all shiny silk, and a red necktie thet Car' Jane hed made him git, and he did n't know whether he was afoot or a-hossback, and Car' Jane she jest es high-steppin' and praoud as a peacock, a-car'in' her haid high and a-callin' Sam '*Mr. Jestice*'; and there was me and my wooman a-standin' there on the landin'-stage, an' aour boat all stove, and we a-soppin' wet, and my wooman with fire in her eye, and me a-thinkin' of what I 'd hev to endoor now forthwith, bein' and because I did n't git there first and waan't no jestice. Oh, yaas; women sets store by sech things.

" Hey? Oh, yaas! Sam 's jestice, and Sam 's postmaster, and Sam 's constable, and Sam 's tax-collector, and Sam 's school commissionary, and thet 's the cause of all my worriment —*ambition o' women!*— 'cause I ain't *nawthin'* or *nobody* on this round footstool of the earth's surface."

A woman's head darkened the fish-house window as he was speaking, and when he had finished an astonishingly deep voice called out, "Isaac James!" "Hey? Yaas, yaas; *cert'inly*, Phœbe, I 'm a-comin'," said he, hurriedly jumping to his feet, and then I saw them going along up the rough little road, the man walking ahead, and finally the two willows at the turn hid them from my view — Isaac James and his disappointed Phœbe.



THERE was no moon upon the autumn night when the fate of Cass Brace was decided for good and all, so far as Sue Pelew was concerned. I sat on the door-stone of the old square house overlooking the harbor and the small strip of beach, listening to the mellow sound of the water washing and gurgling among the rocks, and drifting the dories to and fro at their moorings.

There had been a " sing " at the house of Deacon Pelew, who possessed the only melodeon upon Long Codiac, to which those who were for the time being upon good terms with one another and with the family of the deacon came by some sort of understanding. As the sole stranger, or " rusticator," I was invited by Miss Sue Pelew, who, with a certain diffidence characteristic of the Codiac women when dealing with mankind, sent one of the boys with a verbal message to the effect that " she did not care if I came up to the house that night." Knowing something of manners on Long Codiac, I was able to construe this as a very cordial invitation. Therefore, after supper I joined a number of young fishermen in the deacon's little parlor. The women sat together in one end of the room, near the melodeon, while the men, resisting coyly the invitation of the deacon to enter and be seated, lounged in the open doorway and at the windows, where they indulged in uncouth pleasantries, with an eye to impressing the damsels, who, upon their part, whispered and fondled each other, and giggled, in a manner that must have been exceedingly seductive to their admirers.

I had long known of the bitter rivalry between " Cass " and " Fon " — otherwise Cassius of Long Codiac and Alfonso of Short Codiac — for the hand of the fair Sue Pelew. And now, as I saw them each occupying a window of the house, and surrounded by their respective sympathizers, I anticipated something in the nature of entertainment. But beyond certain loud boasts as to their own respective attainments, directed at the ears of the fair Sue between the pious hymns with which the entertainment was enlivened, there was nothing to disturb the harmony which seemed to exist.

Finally, after all the hymns had been sung, and lemonade and crullers had been passed around, we bade good night to the deacon, and in the dim starlight wandered down the strag-

gling road, where the men separated, betaking themselves, as I thought, to their respective homes. But there seemed to be something in the air that bespoke trouble, and after I had reached the old house I sat for a while on the door-step. After a half-hour had elapsed I heard footsteps on the beach among the boats, and the sound of whispering, but I could see nothing for the darkness. All about seemed to be moving figures, especially in the deep velvety shadows of the old houses that lined the beach. I heard a low whistle, and, after an interval, an answer from the road behind. I was about to go down on the beach and see what was going on when two figures dimly appeared approaching each other against the sky-line visible between the houses, and not a dozen feet away. I heard a low voice call out, "Pollack!" and an answering "Ay, ay!" spoken softly; and I know not what impulse forced me to crouch against the stone step in the weeds that grew high there.

"'Ye want to give 'em fair play,' I says," said the first speaker, as they seated themselves on a bare stone. "Th' ain't no use in interferin', as I can see, 'twixt two fellows that is as sot as they be. If Cass kin do him, Sue is willing ter have *him;* and if Fon comes out on top, why thet 's all is to it; she 'll have Fon. 'Pears like she can't tell which one she likes the best."

"Wull, yaas," said the other voice; "but I hain't goin' to hev no blood about it, 'thout it 's from regular an' peculiar handy pugialistics, and them 's all regular — but hol' on; there they be!"

"Where?" said the other. "I don't see nawthin'." There was a scuffing of many feet on the beach below, and the two men vanished in the gloom. I edged my way along the house to the side nearest the beach, from which point I could dimly see the boats drawn up on the shore, and occasionally the dark, moving figure of a man. From the harbor mouth came now and then the plaintive moan of the whistling-buoy. The wind was rising somewhat, and the noise of the waves upon the rocks was increasing. At regular intervals the revolving lantern upon the summit of the rock above sent a long mellow bar of light over the collection of houses on the level strip of land beneath, where in the deep shadow I half reclined, at times holding my breath. The bar of light reached across the little harbor, and touched here and there a jutting point of rock or a house gable on Short Codiac, flashed for an instant a ghostly gleam in some darkened window, and then traveled on into the immensity of the open space at the harbor mouth, where it lost itself, until it came back once more upon its ceaseless round.

There was evidently to be a fight between Cass and Fon for the hand of the fair Sue, and I was to see it. At regular intervals the beam swept over the little strip of beach below me save where the shadow intervened; and all at once two figures were seen struggling for a brief space, then all was blackness again. But from where I crouched I could hear the chafing of their bodies together, and their heavy breathing. When the beam swept the spot again, they were farther toward the water, still locked in each other's arms, and swaying this way and that. Then I heard the splashing of water and a strange gurgling noise, a piercing cry that cut the silence, and then in the momentary glare I saw the beach filled with running men, and one figure standing upright alone in the water, which reached to his arm-pits. Now from the houses all about gleamed lights in doorways. I heard women's voices. As if by magic the beach was deserted, and doors were slammed. I heard the grating of a boat on the pebbles of the beach, then the noise of oars on the thole-pins, then silence, save for the gurgle of the waters. How long it continued I do not know, but at last I fancied I detected an unusual movement in the water among the rocks just below where I crouched. I carefully edged my way to the spot, where I made out some sort of object like an animal crawling up on a flat-topped rock. It was panting for breath and occasionally making a sob-like sound. I slid down to it, and saw that it was a man lying sprawled out. I grasped him by the arm, and with this help he drew himself up where the rock was dry, and lay in the rank half-dried grass that grew there. The noise of oars sounded near at hand, and we both lay quiet. Then the boat grated softly on the pebbles of the beach, and I heard the crunching of feet on the small stones. When the light beam came around once more, I saw many men on the beach, and heard whispers and excited ejaculations. There was the noise of many feet on the sand and pebbles, gradually growing fainter, and finally silence once more.

After waiting an interval, I bent down close to the man's ear, and said, "Cass, is it you?" He did not answer. "Are you hurt?" I inquired.

"Not much, I cal'late," he whispered.

"Come with me," I said. "I 'll care for you."

"Is it you, sir?" he answered. "Then ye better let me lie here. I 'll git along all right. Ye better make yerself sca'ce; fer if they ketch ye mixin' yerself up in this, much as they think of ye, ye 'll suffer. Don't ye pay no attention to what ye see or hear on here, I advise ye."

"But I cannot leave you like this, my man," I said.

"Look ye," he replied with suppressed fury,

"go yer way, I tell ye, or ye 'll git hurt! There they come now! Make yerself sca'ce." And he rolled away from me into the darkness.

Again I heard the noise of footsteps on the beach, and saw the gleam of a lantern in a dory which put off into the harbor. I boldly stood up, and walked in the direction of the light and down to the beach. The beam from the lantern in the lighthouse shone full upon me. At the same instant I felt my arm grasped, and a voice whispered in my ear: "Come along, sir; come along. Ye 'll ketch cold if ye stay out here in the night air." It was Rufus Pingree, and in spite of myself he escorted me up to the old house, opened the door without another word, and gently pushed me in, closing it upon me. I thought best not to open it again.

The next morning, as usual, the men were gathered upon the beach. It seemed as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary. The price of mackerel was being discussed vociferously, and the fact that the cost of salt had risen twenty-five cents a barrel.

Rufus avoided me. In vain I listened for some allusion to the event of the previous night. Finally I broached the subject to the justice, who was seated upon his accustomed cask. He was evasive. "What say, sir? Oh, Cass? Oh, I cal'late he 's to hum. Hurt? No-o; I don't expect he is. Say, have ye got that there skatch finished? What say? Oh, no-o-o; they ain't no trouble as I knows on."

"Now look here," I said; "I helped Cass up the rocks last night, and he was bleeding badly, but he would n't let me aid him. He went off alone somewhere. I think he ought to be seen to."

"Sho!" said the justice, looking at me with half-closed eyes. "Sho! Well, well! Ye don't say! Well, well, well! He is, eh? Naow, see here; they ain't no use in going out trawlin' in fawgy weather, is there? Ye don't know where ye be, do ye? Don't know what kind o' bottom ye 're on, do ye? Can't git yer bearin's, kin ye? Might pile yerself up, might n't ye? And git all stove and lose yer gear, hey? Might git afoul of some one else's trawls, hey? And git into trouble, hey? Well, naow, I cal'late thet 's precisely the case right here; and supposin' we jest pull up and sail for hum, you and me, for the fawg 's a-gittin' thicker — reg'lar thick dungeon fawg."

And that was all I could get out of the justice. I took his advice. It was not Cass, after all, that I helped up the rocks. It was Fon, and he was badly hurt.

To the amazement of both islands, the fair Sue transferred her affections entirely to the unlucky Fon — or, if you like, to the lucky Fon. When he was able to get out of doors, they ran away one windy day, in a borrowed boat, and were married in Georgetown. Now they are living on Long Codiac, and the peace of the islands is by no means yet assured.



HANSE'S KEG HAT

"THAT," said the justice, unbending under the influence of a Havana, and apropos of nothing, "reminds me of the time Hanse see Sol piled up on the Pope's Nose."

Now, any one who knows the Codiacs knows that the Pope's Nose is at the extreme eastern point of the island, out of sight of any of the houses. It is a most dangerous rock, being almost submerged and, in a storm, invisible. The water thereabouts is an even fifteen fathoms deep. Coming from Georgetown, with the triangle on Old Man ledge bearing sou'west, one must look sharp for it.

"Yaas, sir," said the justice, crossing and uncrossing his booted legs; "Sol hated Hanse the wuss way, an' Hanse *he* hated an' despised Sol a leetle wusser, if pawsible. What say? Oh, 't were some trouble 'tween the women folks, I cal'late, an' it were aggeryvated by a matter of Hanse a-gittin' ahead of Sol in that matter of the wrackage from the three-master that went ashore on the ledge two year back — Hanse a-takin' the wind aouten Sol's sail an' a-pickin' up the pianny. Hey? Wull, yaas; *I* calls it a pianny, though 't is played with a handle." He referred to a wheezy hand-organ which was the pride of Hanse, and occupied a conspicuous place in his little parlor, but so rusted with sea-water that only the most mournful and disconnected notes issued at the turn of the handle.

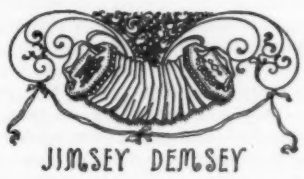
"An' *naow*, wull, they ain't no men on the coast what has more affection for each other than them two, Sol and Hanse; an' that there keg hat o' Hanse's is the bindin' spell, presented by Sol *to* Hanse as an evidence of esteem," said the justice, with a wave of his hand.

"It were the howlin'est easterly I ever *did* see, that mornin'. I lost sixty new lawbstertraps, an' a thousan' foot of trawl. All the men of both islands were gethered in the fish-houses, 'ceptin' Hanse an' Sol, which hed set aout airly to 'tend to their traps. They waan't no one else dast go but them two, an' neither one on 'em knowed thet t' other hed set aout. The wind come on a hurricane blow by six o'clock, an' the harbor was all white water, the boats a-draggin' moorin's, and the spume a-travelin' up to the light like a fawg, so thet

ye could n't see the lantern. Bumby we see a black rag a-hangin' aout the lighthouse window, an' we all knowed sum'n' were up, seaways. I sent one of the boys up to the light to spy out what were up, an' he come back immejut, an' 'lows that they was a boat bottom up on the Pope's Nose, and that Hanse's boat were a-standin' by. 'T waan't pawsible for no one on neither island to go to 'em; for, as I say, the harbor was all white water, and nawthin' but punts on the shore, and much as your life was wuth to go out in the harbor in one of them punts sech weather. So we all jest run up on Bald Head Hill with glasses; an', sure 'nough, there, off 'n the eastern end, no'th of the Pope's Nose, we see Hanse's boat layin' by; but they waan't nawthin' of the other boat, which hed stove up. Then we see Hanse h'ist his jib and claw off the ledge. For twenty minutes it seemed as if he was goin' to pile up hisself, but he did n't, and it were a mawsterly way in which he fetched off, I tell ye. Well, sir, when he did fetch off, he jest come harborways like a streak, and I never see no sech handlin' of a boat as Hanse put on. Short Codiac folks was all up on Burnt Head in a mass, a-watchin'; and I heerd a cheer go up from them as Hanse passed by — an' they never hed no love for Hanse, neither. When I heerd that there cheer from 'em, I tell ye, sir, I jest b'iled over; and aour folks jest followed with a yell that ye might 'a' heard over to Georgetown, only the wind were t' other way.

"Finially, Hanse come into the harbor, and ketched his moorin', and in ten minutes they waan't a man or boy but shoved off his punt into the harbor at the resk of hees life, I'll bate ye, to go to 'em. When we got to Hanse we jest stood up an' give him a cheer an' another. Hey? Why, 'cause he hed hees *bitter enemy* in hees boat — *Sol* — a-layin' in the bottom of her, that 's why. Hanse he said when he got thawed aout — 'cause it were in the month of January — he said that as he were a-underrunnin' his gear he see a boat pile up on the Pope's Nose. He could n't tell whose boat it were, but he let his trawl go free, and, pullin' in hees sheet, he gits raound, and after a spell he fetches up nigh the Pope's Nose, where the boat is a-poundin' bottom up an' a man a-hangin' on to the keel of her. I cal'late it were two to one thet he 'd pile up *hisself*, but Hanse he never thinked of that, but jest sailed her right up clus ter the rawk, and in thet minute the man faced raound, and there Hanse see 't was Sol — the man he hated like a pizen-bush! Sol he held up hees haid an' looked Hanse in the eye, an' Hanse he looked Sol in the eye. What they both thinked I cal'late won't never be told, but Hanse he reached over and hauled Sol alongside as his boat come raound, and in a jiffy hed him into the boat, and there they was.

"Well, sir, we brung 'em ashore, and the women coddled 'em both, and gin 'em ginger-tea an' crullers; an' they shook hands, and Sol's wooman an' Hanse's wooman they jest hugged and mauled each other, and cried like women dooes on sech occasions — an', by John Horner! I don't blame 'em. And naow — why, sir, naow they ain't no two men on this here troubled earth as is more lovin'. They is the lovin'est, fondlin'est cüsses I ever see. Ye see 'em on Sunday to meetin', did n't ye — Sol and Hanse? Hanse with that shiny keg hat on hees haid? Well, thet there keg hat is Sol's present to hees friend and preserver. Cost seven dawlers in St. John. Hey? What say? I don't know nawthin' 'bout no Damion, nor yet no Pythi's, but I 'll bate, I gorry, they ain't a marker to Sol an' Hanse."



JIMSEY plays a star part on Long Codiac. His personality may be written down as unique, which term needs a picture to qualify it. The picture will show Jimsey as a furiously bearded figure, four feet six or seven inches in height, of squatty build, in ample over-knee boots of rusty, salt-water-soaked red leather, and yellow tarpaulin hat, size six, which is somewhat too large for him. It should also show certain cabalistic signs, in India ink and vermilion, tattooed upon the backs of his hands; but in the summer these decorations are somewhat obscure because of sunburn. If Jimsey is in good humor, — as he generally is, be it said, — then he will roll up his sleeves and exhibit other wonderful and archaic pictures upon his muscular forearms, which he will explain with all the unction of a showman, giving exhaustive descriptions of the places and dates where and when these works of art were achieved. It is the delight of the Codiacs to stimulate Jimsey to the relation of certain of his achievements, one side exciting him by artful disbelief in his powers, while the other loudly voices its belief and admiration, the latter act being described in the vernacular as "bragging on him up." Jimsey is gifted oratorically, and his tongue is smoothly capable in his own behalf. Jimsey's nose is fleshy, and his eyes protrude, and he generally has a comfortable quid of "mariners' delight" stowed in his cheek.

Jimsey always depreciated life upon Long Codiac, alleging that Bar Harbor was the proper dwelling-place for such as he, considering the acquirements with which Providence had endowed him. Jimsey always professed contempt for schooner sailors, as he called them, having shipped before the mast when ten years of age, upon a Blackballer, upon which he was firmly persuaded he had experienced many wonderful adventures.

Among his other accomplishments Jimsey was a performer upon the concertina, with which he led the singing in the meeting-house. It was a machine heavily ornamented and inlaid with mother of pearl, by his own hands, during spare moments upon certain of his famous voyages. It was a treat to hear him at meeting, from his accustomed seat, just below the deacon's desk. The deacon would give out the words of the hymn, and Jimsey, at the final syllable, would draw a long chord upon his instrument, and with closed eyes and stamping foot unctuously deliver the full air for the verse, at the close of which the congregation was expected to begin.

It so happened that some of the younger members of the congregation, of progressive tendencies, had been over to Georgetown, and at a camp-meeting revival had received certain new ideas as to the manner in which service should be conducted; notably, that it was proper to have a melodeon in the meeting-house, and a new book of sacred song. These matters had been brought before the deacons, who heard them with some misgivings. The question was brought to a vote, and carried over the heads of the more conservative ones by the enthusiastic progressives. And it was thereupon resolved to purchase a melodeon on the instalment plan, which was to be delivered upon the first payment.

Of course Jimsey must have heard something of this business,—indeed, I believe he was present when the matter was decided,—but it evidently made no impression upon his mind. He could not believe it possible for a moment, even if he admitted the thought, that the movement could interfere with his leadership. And, indeed, he never was aware of the frowning looks cast upon him by the young women of the flock when he insistently played his overtures and prolonged interludes to the good old tunes, such as "When First I Lifted up Mine Eyes" and "Sinners, Wake!" These same young women of late had begun the following verse before he had quite finished his final trills and quavers. Although he opened his eyes upon them in surprise, he played right along, and they were forced to suit the tune to his caprice.

It was a treat to see Jimsey on Sunday morning, arrayed in a heavy, wadded mother-of-pearl-buttoned pea-coat, heavy white canvas trousers, with carpet slippers of brilliant hue upon his feet, and his hair and beard sleek with oil. He never appeared without his hat, save in meeting, when a shining white bald patch appeared, startlingly at variance with his complexion.

It was only when the congregation was seated and the deacon was at the reading-desk that Jimsey appeared at the meeting-house, and walked, with his beloved concertina in its canvas cover under his arm, to his accustomed seat before the desk, facing the people.

One day Jimsey was out on his favorite fishing-ground, and not far from shore, when the weekly mail-packet from Georgetown came up on his weather bow. Jimsey was underrunning his trawl, which had been attacked by the dog-fish and stripped of its hooks, bait, and whatever fish had come to it. Jimsey gave the packet a casual glance, in which his practised eye saw that the jib was improperly bent, and that the hawsepipe-plate needed repairing. He also saw a large, new wooden box on the deck. Captain Ben, who was at the wheel, shouted out some words and pointed to it as the packet sped past him. Jimsey waved his hand in reply, and the box made no impression upon his mind.

When he came ashore, the men, it seemed to Jimsey, were in a peculiar mood. They made certain references to his concertina, and asked him if he was going to play on Sunday. Jimsey took the question in good part, and replied that as long as his "pegs" held out he 'd "keep the wind a-whistlin' in praise of the Lord," and glanced in some surprise from one to another of the fishermen. Hen'y Ball, the ex-roadmaster, leered, and with a jerk of his neck said, "I cal'late, Jimsey, ye 'll hev to take a reef in that ar naow," at which there was a loud guffaw and various gibes, all of which were incomprehensible to Jimsey. Finally Sam Salter got up from the trawl-tub where he had been sitting, and, hopping over to where Jimsey was standing gazing from one to another of the men, burst out: "Now look here, neighbors; why n't ye let Jimsey alone? Don't ye see he carn't make nawthin' of yer gibin'? It 's a consarned shame, an' I ain't goin' to be no passel to it. Let the old man alone!"

At this the ex-roadmaster, the constable, and the ex-school commissioner all angrily began to rail at Sam, and, foreseeing trouble, Jimsey picked up his tangled trawl, and departed. The matter quickly passed from his recollection, and as the men did not again refer to his concertina, Jimsey's mind, which was active only upon matters connected with stuns'il-yards, main-royals, and abstruse problems connected with

the art of getting a square-rigged ship out of certain situations,— matters which he was never too tired to elucidate to the affected interest of the youthful Codiacs,— Jimsey's mind, I say, became once more serene.

Again Sunday came round, and from my window I saw the deacon open the meeting-house door, and the men and their wives and children begin to come up the crooked road by the clump of willows, past the try-house, over the bridge crossing the meadow, and finally arrive at the squatty gray building, with its staring curtainless windows, and its bell hanging in the huge framework of ship's timbers at the gable. As usual, Jimsey was the last to arrive, all stiffly and properly garbed, as was his wont, with his concertina in its respectable bag under his arm. As I reached the door Jimsey had already entered. There was considerable whispering among the young men and women, and from my seat near the door I saw that Jimsey was in his accustomed place on the bench under the deacon's desk; but beside Jimsey was a new, brilliantly varnished red-flannel-trimmed melodeon, at which was seated the fair Sue, whose acquaintance we have already made during the little difficulty between Cass and Fon.

As the deacon cleared his throat, Jimsey carefully removed the canvas cover from his beloved concertina. He glanced casually at the melodeon and at the ribbon ornamenting Sue's back hair, but evidently it had not yet dawned upon him that he was superseded by this new machine. The deacon arose and gave out the opening lines of a hymn. The words fell strangely on Jimsey's ear. He looked up in surprise at the deacon, in whose hands he saw a bright, new yellow-covered book, and before he quite understood, Sue had pulled out the stops, and the strong notes of the melodeon were singing through the meeting-house, out through the open door, and over the water to the signal-house where Sam stood in the doorway on watch.

Jimsey hurriedly fixed his hands in the straps of his concertina, and attempted to join in, all the time looking blankly from one to another of the congregation, some of whom grinned at him, while others evaded his eye. The result of Jimsey's attempt was discord, and Sue turned angrily to the deacon, who in an embarrassed way laid his hand on Jimsey's shoulder and whispered something.

We all saw Jimsey turn an ashen gray under his tan, and then, as he wildly looked from one to another, become a dark purple. His concertina fell to the floor with a crash, and some of the mother-of-pearl ornaments came out and rolled this way and that under the benches. Then Jimsey stood up and attempted to speak; his hands worked convulsively, and he dropped stiffly upon the bench beside the melodeon.

Sue got up, and, with a disdainful glance at the hapless figure of Jimsey, swept down the aisle, her starched calico dress rattling against the benches as she went. Then some one picked up Jimsey's concertina, and some one else gave him water to drink, and then, amid the excitement, the deacon gave out the words of a familiar hymn, in which many joined. At the second verse Jimsey, who had recovered himself somewhat, and had his concertina once more upon his knee, said something to the deacon, who nodded his head, whereupon he drew out the bellows of his concertina to its full length, and with the familiar stamp of his foot, but somewhat feebly, and with many flourishes, played the air to the end, at which he continued the tune, with his accustomed floriations. Jimsey had won the day.

The next morning came the news that Jimsey was seriously ill. Rodney and Allbaw sailed over to Georgetown after a doctor. They had to beat back with little wind, and it was Tuesday noon before we made out their boat off the ledge. The doctor, whom I met on the beach after his visit to Jimsey, said that the old man was paralyzed from the waist down, and asked if he had undergone any sort of unusual excitement. "Then," said the doctor, after he had heard a brief explanation, "you had better tell them to let him play his concertina. Another such shock will probably be the end of him."

So this is why the new melodeon is not opened now in the meeting-house on Long Codiac, and also why Jimsey still plays unctuously the old familiar hymn-tunes, from his bench just beneath the deacon's desk, on Sunday mornings. It also explains why Keys Jonas, the ship-carpenter, built that stout wagon in which Jimsey is wheeled to meeting regularly, rain or shine.

George Wharton Edwards.

THE CAT AND THE CHERUB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN IN THE BARREL."

FIVE were the years of the Infant Hoo Chee, and five were the inches of his cue. Then he had an adventure.

Every one in San Francisco who loves to look at a beautiful girl remembers Bayley Arenam. Once you mention her among the Hundreds straightway springs some novel anecdote of a cleverness of hers. She was a Californian, blessed with a glitter of talents and with a person to vex the gods. And she was the one.

Hoo King was the Infant's father — the ginseng merchant; and Hoo Bee, of the lily feet, was his mother. She who tended him was Hwah Kwee, the amah, a woman of flat feet and considerable kindness. They dwelt in Chinatown and prospered there; for Hoo King had interests, and was one of the secret Ho Wang Company, and was greeted with smirks at the Hong-Kong-American bank.

The Infant's world was three wide rooms on a topmost floor,—commodious, truly,—and a flower-pot balcony leaning over the main thoroughfare, whence one could drop beans on passers-by, and run away in an ecstasy of fear. Only at intervals did he see the streets; and then he was wedged between the amah and his father, both inwardly alert. For the fifth of Hoo Chee's years was a troublous time and made history in the quarter; and one who would strike most bitterly at Hoo King, the suspected traitor to the Chee Kung Tong, would take, not the old man's life, but his son. The parents treasured their offspring because his existence insured the rightful worship at the graves they expected to fill; and so they made a baby of the boy, though he was of the age when some sons put on cue-strings and a man's estate; and they tried to discourage fascinations beyond the threshold. But every day the Infant saw the forbidden streets with deeper longings.

His only human friend was Yeo Tsing, the Presbyterian evangelist. Yeo had a pious, folded look, as of a holy volume; but he had a genial eye for a child. He taught the Infant many mission songs, which Hoo Chee caught from the convert's lips and held tenaciously, especially the air of that hymn which inquires pertinently of all little Chinese proselytes, first in a high and skeptical tenor,

Are you washed — are you washed?

and then in a bass and warning tone,

Are you washed — are you washed?

and so forth. This the Infant was fond of singing to himself, though there is doubt whether he could have expounded it theologically.

But best of all, Yeo served to tide over some of the child's depression with telling him stories —stories of small people who did great things. The one that appealed to the Infant most was that of a little boy who set out from home all alone, and after many, many weary miles, and countless trials in which he showed exceeding fortitude and virtue, arrived at a glorious place called the House of Glittering Things, where he lived happily ever afterward. It was not very clear why the little boy had left home. Yeo could never be quite satisfactory on that point, because he had forgotten about it, and was too honest to invent. But what conditions would lead a little child to go forth from the roof of his birth and return no more, the Infant knew well in his heart, and kept there. He had learned from these stories much to whet his cravings for the world outside. It seemed that there were regions where, as far as you could see, all the land was like one great back yard, except that instead of musty boards and grim, gray rubbish there were acres and acres of waving green things, and millions of beautiful flowers that you might pluck without a whipping — flowers as handsome as those on the balcony, and free for all! And there were places where a hundred roof-spouts could not make so big a puddle as was spread as clear as crystal earrings in a circle of these posies, where humorous little things with legs were waiting to jump head first into the water just as you almost touched them, and then to laugh at you from the opposite bank; and where little fishes from behind a rock peeped up at you out of the corners of their eyes.

When the Infant was by himself he would describe all these things to little One-Two, his beloved cat and confidant, the only creature with whom he divided his sorrows. One-Two was barely out of kittenhood, yet had a vague, inviting melancholy in his look. Most of his body was covered with long white hairs that spoke of Angora; but his tail was slim and bluish-gray, and altogether Maltese; and when one remembers how he appeared suddenly from

nowhere, and came mewing, cold and lean and hungry, into the joyous arms of the Infant, it is not hard to imagine One-Two as the projection in time of an international romance. The Infant coddled the waif and stole food for it, and named it One-Two because it had one tail immediately prominent as an error in its composition, and two eyes of imperial yellow. These were its salvation, for Hoo King had at first superstitiously commanded that the strange cat be dismissed; but Hoo Chee had resisted even to struggles and tears, which tenacity delighted his father, who at once asked a fortune-teller for a translation of the omen. If the cat's eyes were blue, came the dictum, then boil its body in oil, for the augury was bad; but if they were the color of the viceregal jacket, then it was a cat of fortune better than good. So One-Two survived, and slept curled in the Infant's arms, and perpetually followed him about in the daytime, and waxed in size until he was heavy to carry. Once from his balcony Hoo Chee saw a little American girl — one of delicacy rare in his quarter — going along the street bearing a cat. It was not so pretty as One-Two, thought the Infant; but it had a red ribbon around its neck that gave it too much honor. He searched his world for something like the red ribbon; but there was nothing. At last he abstracted from his mother's possessions some bright-green silken cords that looked like cue-strings, and he made a little cue of the long hairs of the cat's neck, and braided in the silk as an extension of it. One-Two, whose mischosen tail was already a source of questioning self-contemplation, spent a bad half-day in a corner, foreboding over this fresh phenomenon. To Hoo Chee the effect of the trailing green was rhapsodical, and the event of happy hours.

But ever his confinement from the glowing world told on the Infant's years. The shouts of thousands of Freedom's Aryan children penetrated to his small body and infused in it some of the New World essence. Now came the season of the Chinese New Year, and he remained stalled with three impassive spirits, while the air about was joyous with music and laughter and song. He could not play by day when from his rear window he caught a bare glimpse of the Taoist priests, led by a string of pompous boys,—some of them seemingly smaller than he,—all making way to the joss-house, bearing gifts to the gods, and making the quarter resound with squealing pipes and clanging gongs. He could not sleep by night when everywhere he heard invisible fire-crackers rattling as if the gods had come down. While the amah snored by his side he lay awake and thought of the story of little Quong Sam and the House of Glittering Things, and the lovely lady that made him tea and gave him cakes whenever he asked. He longed to go abroad and meet with like adventures.

The sixth day of the holiday week had been set for what happened but once a year. It was a trip away from the quarter,—first to the cemetery, and then to the ocean beach,—to which the women looked forward with highest delight. Hoo Chee had learned some time before that they were to take him along, and this had sent him singing and dancing the rest of the day. But it seemed that the time would never come. When Hoo King came in one morning and found the women bedecked in their best, he suddenly changed his mind, and said that the child should remain at home, and that the amah must stay to take care of him. For a father with a single offspring it was too extravagant a risk to take a small child on a railroad train among the foreign devils, whose curiosity and impertinence at the sight of the women were themselves enough to bear. They had dressed the Infant handsomely; he was sure that this was the momentous day, and his blood ran gaily at the prospect; but again they told him the time had not yet come, and the father went off with Hoo Bee, leaving the amah weeping behind. It was the custom of the amah to weep, and the child felt sure they would have taken her if this was the wonderful event. He went to his favorite place on the balcony, only somewhat hushed and downcast.

He was thinking, though he did not know it. Why did they always keep him in, instead of letting him loose, as he saw the happy little urchins in the street? Could he not go about boldly enough, and preserve himself as well from harm as they? When would they braid silk strings in his curtailed pigtail, and put his head in a cap with a red button, and his legs in splendid sky-blue trousers wrapped at the bottoms? Certainly he was already as strong as any man. He could kick off all the bed-clothes, and get spanked for it by the amah. He could hang by his ankles to the edge of the sink, and appear to be standing on his head. The amah would not dare such a feat. And during all this festal period they had taken him out only once — then briefly to the joss-house, before the hairy wooden gentlemen who sat receiving offerings of fruits and sweets enough to make a covetous infidel of any mortal. He was charged to repeat certain words that he could not understand to the wooden gentlemen, which he did with an accuracy flattering to his father. But then they dragged him unwilling home through the decorated streets, with the thrauneen of a rice-cake as his part of the rejoicings.

One-Two had cautiously picked his way over the iron bars to a seat on a flower-pot, whence he licked the hand of his small patron. But now the Infant was staring down across the street like a statuette. He had seen Miss Arenam. This was the third time he had feasted his big brown eyes on her. Occasionally, after an absorbing morning with the clay, she left the lunch-room at the art school, and strolled through as much of Chinatown as included the principal windows, where new things are sometimes found in porcelain and bronzes. He had noticed her first when she paused one day in curiosity at the balconies on his side of the street. He had stared in fascination, with his chin on the rail; and then from as far as he could strain outward without falling he had watched her moving away. Two months later she appeared again. She did not look up this time, and after a minute the Infant shouted, "Ha-o!" But his small voice was inadequate, and she departed without noticing. Now the lovely dark-haired lady had shown herself once more. The Infant was absorbed in thought, and his eyes were fixed constantly on the door of the china-shop whence she would soon emerge.

After a while he could see her skirts moving about in the store, and then — there she was!

"Ha-o!" cried the Infant, swinging his arms up and down.

Then he stood mute and discontented, for she had not looked up, but had walked away quite unaware of him.

Was he always to stay thus pent? If he were free, how quickly he would run and get her to smile! The amah had left the room. He could hear her down-stairs, communing in bitter tones with the neighbor Ching Lo. From the threshold of the forbidden hall he heard no noises — every one who could go out was on the streets. On such a day as this, perhaps, the brave little Quong Sam of old had ventured forth to find the House of Glittering Things. The Infant grasped the baluster with every sense alert, and took one step down. No angry lightning came to strike him. Then he took another step, and paused to listen if there were bad devils coming to seize a naughty boy. But the house was still, and he went on, planting two feet safely on each step until he reached the landing. Ching Lo's door was ajar, but not so that they could see him; and his soft shoes carried him noiselessly past. There, down another flight, was the street — and then he could run and catch the lovely lady! He made the descent to the front door with greater confidence and equal circumspection. How delightful the free air! Now he would hurry and ask her the way to the House of Glittering Things, for she must know, if, indeed — why had he not thought before? — she were not herself the Lady of Cakes and Tea! Oh, joy! Then he heard a familiar voice that stopped him. It was One-Two, who had followed him, and now stood questioning at the head of the flight. He had almost forgotten One-Two; but could he leave the faithful partner of his woes behind? The Infant stood in serious quandary. That his father would be interested in his son's disappearance did not occur to the child. No such idea had been instilled in him. But indeed the loss of One-Two, the mascot, would not be undergone without long search and deep displeasure. You could buy little boys at a joss-house, but mascots came only unexpectedly in through the window. Yet should One-Two stay on and fall again to the bad grace from which he had so recently emerged, the Infant shuddered for what might happen. For the cat would be thrown from a window into the soiled back street. But still, with such a burden, how weary would the many miles be on the way to the House of Glittering Things! And he remembered how little Quong Sam had not only cast away his shoes, but had even shaved off his eyebrows to make himself lighter for his feet to carry. Now came another complication — he must ascend the stairs to get One-Two, who refused to come down, as though mistrusting the adventure — One-Two, who had been upon the world and knew it; and if the amah heard but one suspicious sound, she would rush out and end his prospects for days and days, and the lovely lady would be lost to him. But One-Two put his fore feet down one step, and stood with his hind quarters elevated and his tail waving, loyal to indissoluble ties, and Hoo Chee saw it even while he pondered the problem. And now, when the cat opened wide his mouth, and without a noise plainly showed the first anxiety about the plighted faith, it was too much: he loved One-Two!

The Infant crawled stealthily on hands and chubby knees up the stairs. One-Two advanced carefully to meet him, and was taken into the arms of the child, who silently, in his clumsy baby fashion, made way with his burden back to the door, and out to the street.

Miss Arenam was standing at the summit of the hill, looking over the dingy housetops down to the bay, which shone in the sun like a strange enamel set in mountains. He recognized her figure and the color of her dress. He would hurry up the steep incline and go with her. He would find little Quong Sam, and play with him in the Glittering House; for, though it was a thousand years since Quong had started forth, who that had come to the presence of the

Lady of Cakes and Tea would ever care to leave it?

He passed other children playing about uncared for. They were dressed in common garb, but he was in his best. He wore little shoes with white felt soles, and uppers embroidered in gold, to which came long, loose, drab-colored trousers. A skull-cap worked in spangles and prodigal hues came down to his ears, and through a neat hole in its crown projected his cuelet, curling away like coal-black smoke from a wigwam. His bulky tunic, which reached to his knees, was covered with a gingham bib tightly tied with tapes at the hips, so that he swelled out hugely above and below the waist. When he walked his arms seemed lost in his clothes, and his knees bobbed strangely up and down.

Ah, but the hill was steep! Now he understood how the youthful Quong had toiled and toiled and been discouraged; but Hoo Chee should not quail, though heavy One-Two must be changed so frequently from arm to arm. He came to a crossing where a traction cable rattled terrifically; and he ran as fast as his legs would go to escape the car that was coming three blocks away. They had said he did not know!

But the lovely lady had slowly walked away, and was lost immediately behind the brow of the hill. Was he going to miss her? No! He tried to run up the incline, and his little heart beat faster and faster. At last he reached the top, and saw the hem of her blue skirt swish around a corner. Now it was level going. He caught his breath, and trotted as fast as he could, unaware of the people who turned and smiled.

When Miss Arenam had gone a few steps down the other side of the hill, on the sharp descent from the nabob castles, and had started up the flights of stones that led to her father's house, she caught first sight of the Infant. He had paused, and now gazed at her in a mixture of doubt and bashfulness. His tiny figure, silhouetted against the sky at the line of the hill-top, was the most entrancing thing her eyes had met that day. She smiled across the little distance, and the Infant smiled in response. When she looked again, from farther up, Hoo Chee was hurrying after her; and in a moment he could stare mutely up at her with his hand on the open gate.

"Hello, little gentleman!" said Miss Arenam. "Won't you come in — and bring your friend?"

The Infant could not speak her tongue, but her smile was better than words. He tucked One-Two under his arm, and labored solemnly up the steps with hand and feet, until he halted to gaze in rapture at her from nearer than he ever had dreamed. Miss Arenam, shining down upon him, threw open the door; and the two went in together, the silent Infant staring at her in such intense admiration that she blushed.

By this time the pallid Hwah Kwee was rushing about in breathless search of her lost charge. There was no sight of him. She dared not say she had lost him; for if no one knew he might wander safely back, but if it were noised abroad some one would snatch him up.

"What shall I do?" wailed the amah to Ching Lo. "He has strayed into the vast maze of the city. Hoo King will kill me!"

"Say that he was stolen — that they knocked you senseless."

"But he will see no mark from the blow," said the amah.

"Make one! It is better than a thousand from the old dragon."

Hwah snatched a broken dish, and struck its jagged edge against her forehead.

"Leave the wound alone!" cried Ching Lo. "Go and lie in a heap near your door, and think what you will tell the master. I will say I heard terrible sounds, and thought he was beating you."

"If I can only keep him long enough to get his darling little noddle, I shall be celebrated," said Miss Arenam, working rapidly over a moist clay ball. The Infant sat on a stool at her feet, holding a fold of her skirt, and eying her intently. One-Two was lapping a dish of cream, and meditating on the exceeding wisdom of this small boy. Frequently Hoo Chee and the girl exchanged smiles.

"But, Bayley," said her mother, "we must find whose child he is. Think of the mother who is weeping for him!"

"I 've sent for Gee, mama," said the daughter. The clay was taking something the shape of the little noddle in question. Gee, summoned from the kitchen, threw up his hands.

"Whey you catch that baby? Who b'long, Miss Bayley? Oh, no! I doan' like go Chinatown say I know whey that baby was. People say I stolee that baby — make baily, baily bad for me. Whose boy are you?" asked Gee, in Chinese.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Hoo Chee, throwing back his small head, and pulling at the lady's skirt. It was not plain what amused him.

"Now, Gee," said Miss Arenam, "I wish to ask him some questions."

The servant translated, "What is your name, small sir?" The Infant thought the query originated with Gee.

"Flower-pot," replied the Infant, with a giggle.

"And what is your father's name?"

"Water-pot," said Chee, with another giggle.

"And your mother's?"

"Rice-bowl!" shouted the Infant. Then he laughed loud and long, while his fat little body shook. Only the Chinaman preserved gravity.

"That baby baily small baby, but great much tell lies — allee samee 'Melican boy."

"I will send a note to the police station," said Mrs. Arenam, "and ask them to inquire in Chinatown."

"I hope they won't find out anything until I have finished this — as long as he is happy here. I don't think his parents will worry over him. What an *objet d'art* he will be for the people this evening!"

"Bayley, your heart is turning to clay with all this mud-work. Suppose you had a little son, and he should stray away! I dare say it will be some time before his father thinks of asking the police. Those Chinese are so stupid about some things. If that child is to stay here this evening he must be scrubbed. Gee, I want you to give this boy — if it is a boy — a bath."

"Oh, no! I no likee. S'pose he die? That baby not old enough to wassee."

"Send for Mrs. Brady, mama," said Bayley.

Miss Arenam went on with the modeling. The Infant was still for several moments, while the young woman frowned, and stood off from the clay, and measured his nose with her little stick, which operation he considered most delightful. It was plain that he was involved in a mental process. At length he lisped doubtfully:

"Pay-lee?"

"Yes, dear," said Bayley; "that is my name."

"Pay-lee," said the Infant, confidently. He began to move about the room, so that she had difficulty in working from him.

"Come here, little man," she said; "I 'll teach you some English. Say this: 'Infinitesimal James'— say it: '*Infinitesimal James!*'"

"'If-itty-teshi-mow Jays,'" repeated the Infant. The two smiled ecstatically at each other.

"Now say: '*Had nine unpronounceable names.*'"

"'Haddee ny up-plo-now-shi-buh nays'— ha! ha!" laughed Hoo Chee. It was a rhyme — like those he had heard his father say to Yeo Tsing.

"Now: '*He wrote them all down,—*'"

"'He lote im aw dow','" repeated the Infant. One-Two looked on from near by. Hoo Chee stood with his hands on Miss Arenam's knee, staring straight into her eyes.

"'*With a mortified frown,—*'"

"'Witty motti-fy flow,—'"

"'*And threw the whole lot in the flames!*'"

"'A-flew-ty ho-lot-itty flays!' Hee!"

Very soon he could repeat the lines without prompting; and meanwhile Bayley was deftly shaping in the soft ball two almond eyes, and a little flat nose, and a mouth that opened in a smile, and was to show teeth as big as grains of rice. The Infant was enchanted by the rhyme, and kept on repeating: "If-itty-teshi-mow Jays" with happy countenance. Then Bayley taught him another verse:

There was a little boy, and he was n't very bright, and
He could n't tell his left from his right hand;
So he chawed his dexter paw till the skin was red and raw,
To remember that the right was the bite hand.

Then a stout, clear-skinned woman came to the door, and held a brief conversation with Miss Arenam, who suggested that Hoo Chee go along with the nice lady and enjoy a bath. Mrs. Brady held out her big hand to him. But the Infant grappled with all his might to Miss Arenam's skirt, and exclaimed his objections in a volume of Chinese baby-talk. He and One-Two willingly followed Miss Arenam into the tank-room, however, and she left him there with Mrs. Brady, closing the door rather quickly. There was a sound of running water, and Hoo Chee, between the blue mermaids on the tiles, and curiosity at what was to happen in this big, warm room with nothing in it but a square porcelain pond, seemed to have forgotten his anxiety, especially when the pond began to fill with water, and he searched it earnestly for little fishes that looked up from the corners of their eyes.

Miss Arenam stood in her apron, and hummed to herself, while she gave the roughly outlined bust little dabs with her forefinger. Suddenly there came a frantic shriek from the tank-room, and, hurrying in that direction, she heard a small voice shrilling in the direst fear:

"Pay-lee! Pay-ay-ay-lee!"

"What is the matter?" she asked, knocking at the door. "Have you scalded that child, Mrs. Brady?"

"Scalded um!" said Mrs. Brady, from the other side. "I 've just hoisted um into the water, an' he won't let go me neck. *Take yer han's from me hair, ye little imp! Did ye never see water?*"

"Pay-lee!" shouted the Infant, who apparently held the situation under control. The top of the tank was on a level with the floor, and Mrs. Brady had to kneel to it. But then

a splash was heard, and the anxious Bayley, at the door-knob, was frightened by another mighty screech.

"Mrs. Brady," protested the girl, tapping the panel, "I am sure that water is too hot; perhaps he is not used to hot water."

"Or cold, either," puffed Mrs. Brady, turning the faucet. "*Put yer foot down!* (Maybe if ye stay there an' talk he 'll be peaceful.) Take it out of yer mouth — it ain't sody-water! Oh, I wish I was yer mother — no, I don't! Now, here comes the shower!"

Bayley heard the pattering of many drops, and through them, as from a lamb in a rain, many sounds in Cantonese, with the wail of "Pay-ay-ay-ay-lee!"

"There, Mrs. Brady! You must have let that water run too long; perhaps he 's chilled."

"Hot it is," came the answer; "an' the responsibility be with you. *Now!* Maybe if you 'd go away he 'd be quiet."

There came a mixture of scrubbing and yells that increased as Hoo Chee found that he was not hurt, and began to express his anger. He seemed in the tortures of purgatory.

"What in the world *are* you doing to that child to make him cry so?" said Bayley.

The bath-brush came with a thump to the floor, and there was an instant of silence.

"Did n't ye tell me to wash um?" said Mrs. Brady, as if the whole matter might have been a mistake.

"Of course I did!" said the girl, with much warmth.

"Well, I 'm *washin'* um!" said Mrs. Brady, with equal emphasis; and the scrubbing continued. "D' ye think I 'm tattooin' um? Now he 's done it! He 's put a fistful of soap in his eye! *Down ye go!*"

There was a yell, quickly curtailed, a splash, and then a long silence.

"Mrs. Brady, you are surely not holding that child under water all this time?"

But Mrs. Brady was already triumphantly applying the finishing touches.

"Now, there! Ye ain't hurt, are ye? Ain't ye nice an' warm? When ye go home, tell yer mother ye was swallowed by a whale. What! Ye *bad* little boy!"

The Infant had taken One-Two by the scruff of the neck, and had doused the unsuspecting cat in the water. One-Two came up sneezing and yowling in utter dismay. Hoo Chee leaned over and endeavored to scrub the cat as Mrs. Brady would have done.

A few minutes later there was a loud cry of joy. One-Two scampered at full speed along the hall, and hid far under a lounge. Hoo Chee burst into the room where Bayley was still fashioning the model. The Infant glowed under a fresh and delightful sensation. He felt like dancing and singing, and presently he broke forth:

"Ah you wass — ah you wass?
Ah you wass — ah you wass?"

And Miss Arenam laughed, because she thought the child had learned from the streets a popular ditty that asked:

How you was — how you was?

The Infant laughed too, and coquetted with the lady, and would not let her touch him, but sought to be pursued in fun. They chased each other about in great glee, equally amused by the sport. At last Bayley caught him up, and kissed him soundly, and said:

"You darling child — I love you!"

And finally Mrs. Arenam found her daughter in the arm-chair, with Hoo Chee fast asleep in her lap, while One-Two dried himself in the sun, and tried to recall just what had taken place in the tank-room.

THE amah had been revived, and had told her story about the three men who tore the child from her arms. Half an hour after Hoo King had returned with the mother, he locked the women in the rooms, and descended the stairs with the same expression on his face that he had worn all day. He asked other tenants if they had seen the cat One-Two. The cat had strayed away, said the father, and little Hoo Chee was up-stairs weeping about it. Hoo King would give five dollars for its return. He considered that any one who knew about the cat would know about the boy; for the two had been stolen together, said Kwee. They had discovered that One-Two was a lucky animal, and they would keep him alive and well. In time some one would see the cat, even if the boy had been concealed or murdered. The father went to the various haunts of his friends, and repeated his inquiry in a careless manner. He went, also, to places where there were enemies, and where he kept himself ready to be attacked bodily, such were the relations of the Tongs at that period in Chinatown. When he spoke, he scrutinized his hearers to see if they smiled wisely, or otherwise betrayed knowledge of his greater loss. But no one seemed even interested. There was nothing but to wait until the captors approached him for a ransom. If he noised the truth, then perhaps the hostile Tongs would find the child first and switch him away. Nothing would please them better. They could take Hoo Chee to Oregon, and keep him until he had forgotten his parentage and had been developed into a hater of his father's Tong. If the father told the police, the newspapers would have it next

morning. Besides, Hwah Kwee could give no clue to the men; they had been too quick. He came home early, in an evil mood. Hoo Bee had taken her lily feet to bed, and was sound asleep.

It was the evening of the month when Miss Arenam entertained her little coterie of souls artistic. While above the Infant had slumbered, the hours had passed until the music-room was full of people, and they had hushed to hear Miss Joliet sing while Dr. Rimpo played an obbligato on the flute. In the middle of the song there came from aloft an inquiring shriek of, "Pay-ay-lee!" followed by the hurried padding of small, uncertain feet upon the stairs. Miss Arenam blushed, and grasped the arm of her chair. Hoo Chee, with One-Two tightly clasped under his arm, dashed, shouting, into the room, then paused, dazzled by the lights and the number of strange faces. But Bayley, in her white dress, shone out from all the rest like the main star of a coronet; and the Infant, running joyously up, dropped on his knees before her and touched his forehead several times to the floor. The music stopped: Dr. Rimpo had laughed absurdly through his flute, and all the others joined; for the soap of the bath had dried in Hoo Chee's cue, which stood up as straight as the stem of a gourd.

All the ladies exclaimed:

"Where *did* you get that beautiful child?"

Miss Arenam told the story of the afternoon, while the Infant examined all the people, and determined that she was the loveliest.

"Now say the little piece," said Bayley.

"E-litty peesh?" repeated the Infant.

"About the little boy who was n't very bright."

Hoo Chee deposited One-Two carefully on the floor, and, placing his hands on the lady's knee, looked straight into her eyes and began:

"Washee litty poy — washee baily plight-an
Coutty tellee left flommy light-an;
So-ey *shawdy*-dexy paw —"

Here he stopped for breath —

"— tilly *tinny* leddy law,
To lemmemy latty lightee washee bite-an!"

Here the company broke into great applause, in which the Infant joined.

"'If-itty-teshi-mow Jays,'" began the young person as soon as he could be heard; and he finished the lines without a break. There was more applause and laughter, and the ladies thronged to kiss the boy, while Bayley strove in vain to overcome the stiffness of his cue.

The song with the obbligato was begun afresh, and the evening went on with music. When Miss Arenam sang a Spanish ballad the Infant insisted on standing at her side, with One-Two under his arm, and staring up at her with open mouth, while his ears drank in her lovely voice. Next she sang the "Angel's Serenade," accompanied by the flute and violin. A strange sight then was the face of Hoo Chee. Never in his life had he heard anything like this. Perhaps he feared that Miss Arenam was only a dream and might vanish from him, leaving him to wake at the summons of the amah; for he clutched the lovely lady's dress, as if to stay her from moving, and then slowly the corners of his mouth drew down, and one, two, three came the tears in his upturned eyes, until they swam his sight away, and he stuck his little, hard pigtail into a fold of the angel's gown, and sobbed.

Thus again was the music interrupted.

"You darling child! What is the matter?" cried Bayley, taking him maternally in her arms.

"Bayley," said her mother, suddenly, "that child has not eaten a mouthful since he came to this house!"

"Oh, mama!" cried the girl, rushing off with him to the dining-room.

"How strange," said the mother, "that his parents have not inquired of the police, and been sent here!"

The Infant was left with Gee, who brought him a bowl of rice and some dainties prescribed by the lovely lady. Gee did not regard him with favor; for in their colloquy the boy had given him a "bad face" before the ladies of the house. Now, while Hoo Chee sat in a high chair at the vast table, much engrossed with filling a want which his previous excitement had made him ignore, Gee tried again to find out who he was. But the Infant had a very clearly defined purpose to conceal that much, and he answered most of the queries with the forgetfulness of a great capitalist on the witness-stand. At length the servant said in disgust:

"If you don't tell me your name I 'll whip you!"

"If you do, I 'll call her," said Hoo Chee, with a small frown; "and she 'll cut your head off!"

Gee made no attempt to carry out his threat, but, instead, went, and whistled down to the basement. There was a galloping of claws and a sudden cocking of One-Two's ears. In a moment the cat's back arched into the most astonishing shape Hoo Chee had ever seen it take, and One-Two stood in a corner confronted by the small dog of the household. Prrout shared in the general surprise, and was half inclined to treat One-Two as an occurrence too interesting for malice. But Gee urged him on, and

plainly indicated that the cat was an enemy to be destroyed. The Chinaman foresaw that the results might be disastrous to himself should the facts reach Miss Bayley; so he went discreetly below-stairs, where he found awaiting him his friend Lee Sing.

To resist showing Lee what sport was about to happen was too much for Gee's mood, and, grinning, he conducted his friend to where they could look through, and get a glimpse of the corner of the dining-room. One-Two, with bristling hair, was hunched in battle array, his eyes glaring into those of the enemy, who moved cautiously from side to side, wagging his tail in anxious respect for the cat's sharp claws. The Infant, whom the Chinamen could not see, had dropped his bowl, and stared upon the scene in the greatest wonder. In a moment he decided that his dear One-Two was in peril, and he immediately struggled down from the high chair to go to the rescue. Gee, hearing the noise, closed the door. He did not wish any Chinaman to know about the child; for if it was the son of a person hostile to Gee's Tong, then, no matter what happened, Gee would become the object of violence as the one responsible for an injury either effected or attempted. Only a Chinaman in Chinatown can understand.

"That cat is like one our Hoo King lost today," said Lee. "He offers five dollars for its return. It belongs to his little boy, Hoo Chee. Strange that a man should offer so much for a cat; but Hoo King makes money."

Gee received this information with a quickened mind. He was a member of Hoo King's Tong. He said nothing, but presently excused himself, and sent Lee Sing on his way. Gee came half-way up the stairs and called:

"Hoo Chee!"

"What?" said the Infant, guilelessly.

The Chinaman laughed softly and retired. Then he slipped out, and ran over to the police station. There they telephoned to the Chinatown squad.

The Infant made straight for the dog.

"Go away, bad devil dog!" he said in Chinese, raising his small fists threateningly. Before Prrout had recovered from the novelty of this little figure Hoo Chee had snatched One-Two in his arms, and with difficulty had boosted him up to the high table. Then the Infant climbed back to his chair, where he leisurely finished his rice, stopping after each mouthful to let One-Two take his share from the bowl. Prrout after a while gave up his watch on them, and ran to find his mistress, who promptly sent him back to the basement.

Miss Arenam's evenings were always delightful. She was like California, thrilling and inspiring the charming people of many climes, and her guests invariably found the midnight come too soon. Now Mr. Paxton uncovered his new etching, and the talk having turned to art, Miss Arenam was persuaded to exhibit the unfinished bust of the Infant. It was placed in the front drawing-room, on a pedestal borrowed from one of the marbles, and the people thronged to admire it.

In the dining-room the small model, having eaten until One-Two refused to accept any more, and until he himself was compelled to desist with sighs, stuffed much of what remained into the broad pocket that ran across the breast of his bib. Then he got down once more, and proceeded with lordly content to inspect this part of the premises. What a funny place that was behind the screen—a long, low opening in the wall, with iron things, tipped, he thought, with golden knobs, resting at its bottom on a level with the floor, and, at the back, a wall of bricks built up like stairs. Some day he could easily crawl in there and climb up and see where it led to. How bright and cheerful compared to the gloomy chambers on Dupont street! And what a wilderness of curious things! Those lights, fifty times as brilliant as the peanut oil-wicks of home, how they dazzled one! They—why, why—*this* was the House of Glittering Things! And she—was the Lady of Cakes and Tea! Why had he not thought? Oh, joy! This was the goal for which he had set out—and oh, how many, many weary miles he had walked! But he had found it. He would stay here forever, and the Lady would give him cakes and tea, and he would play and play—where was little Quong Sam? Did Quong have a One-Two? He would ask Gee. No; he would run and find Pay-lee—she would be truthful.

A bell had rung, and Gee had gone through to the front door. The Infant paused. In a moment he heard a voice which sent a chill through his body. It said in Chinese:

"Is a little boy—Hoo Chee—here?"

"Yes," said Gee. "If you will give me the reward I will give you the cat, too."

Hoo Chee, standing behind the door with One-Two in his arms, knew the voice as well as he knew the color of his bib. Bayley came into the hall; he heard her say things in English. He could not understand them; but something in the tones made his heart sink. Was he to be taken away from her—back to the damp and darksome prison of three rooms? Never!

"There is a little lost Chinese boy here," said Bayley; "but how shall I be sure he belongs to you?"

Through Gee, Hoo King described his offspring.

"Yeh," said King, in answer to Mr. Are-

nam; "him gottee one litty mole und' him chin, an' one litty mole und' him ear."

"Let us examine the child," said Mr. Arenam.

Bayley went into the dining-room. Only the small dog greeted her. Gee had left the door open. The child was not to be found. They called his name, but there was no reply. She sent Gee down to the servants' quarters, and went herself up-stairs, while the guests peered under the furniture.

Hoo King grew uneasy. Perhaps this was a ruse to gain time. He stepped in from the hall. Before him on the pedestal was the cold head of his son — of the color of clay. They had slain his only child! There were no eyes; they had ground them up to make photographs!

"What for! what for!" cried the wretched father, laying his trembling hands on the pedestal, while his knees nearly sank under him. He moaned many words in Chinese. The searchers collected, thinking the child had been found. Gee explained the cause of the old man's grief, and tried to calm his fears. The dog barked, and ran toward the dining-room, stopping every moment and wagging his tail. Bayley hurried distractedly for another look at the spot where she had left the Infant. The dog danced about the fireplace, barking up the chimney in extravagant excitement. Miss Arenam heard the mewing of a cat.

"He cannot have climbed up there. Gee! Come here!"

Gee inserted his head in the chimney space, and received a kick in the nose from a small felt sole. Then he drew forth a little shoe.

"Pay-lee!" implored the Infant from the dark cavern.

Then One-Two and the defeated child were pulled from the chimney, covered from head to foot with soot. The Infant was weeping bitterly. The father hurriedly grasped the cat.

"Ah!" he cried joyously. "It is one good-luck cat!"

"Pay-*lee!*" beseeched the blackened child. He ran to her, with grimy outstretched hands, his eyes quite blind with tears.

"Your dress, my dear!" warned her mother.

But Bayley thought only of her unhappy little guest. She quickly took him in her arms, and kissed his quivering mouth again and again. The contact soiled the silk gown beyond repair.

The father rudely snatched his son away, and made for the door.

"Pay-*lee!*" implored Hoo Chee, reaching out his hands in vain. "Pay-ay-lee!" Then he wept afresh, as if his heart would break; and the street door closed upon him.

"What a dreadful—dreadful shame!" said Miss Arenam, her eyes filling. "I—I don't think they treat him well at home. I—"

Then she went away to where they could not see her.

THE amah was asleep. Hoo King deposited the child on the mattress at her side. For most of the way Hoo Chee had hung listless in his arms.

"Go to sleep with your little cat," said the father, somewhat tenderly. "It is a good little cat, is it not?"

"Yes," sniffed Hoo Chee, slowly; "but—I wish—"

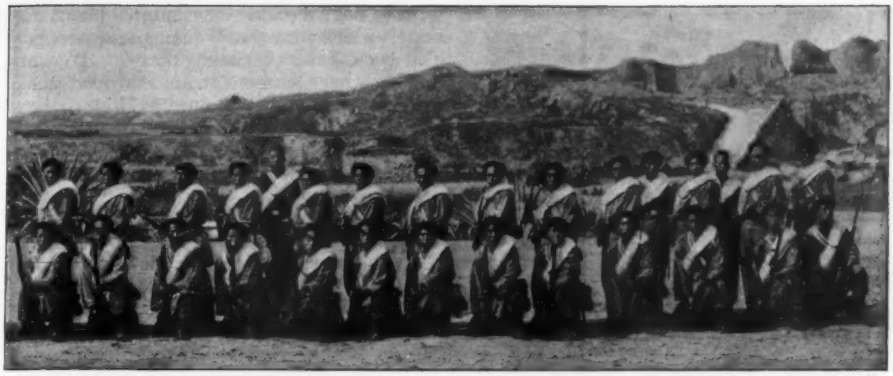
Then he was silent. The father retired to his room.

The child lay for a while staring up into the grim darkness, and heard the familiar spip-spop of the faucet in the sink. Then his mouth began to twitch, and he thought of the Lady of Cakes and Tea and the glorious House of Glittering Things. For a long time he cried softly to himself, while One-Two sat wondering.

Finally, the Infant's eyelids grew heavier and heavier, and his breathing less interrupted by sighs. At last sweet weariness came down and gently closed the big, brown eyes; and he forgot his troubles, and floated away, dreaming that he was a little fish in a pond with white porcelain banks, and was behind a stone, looking up out of the corners of his eyes at a tiny boy who held a cat.

Chester Bailey Fernald.





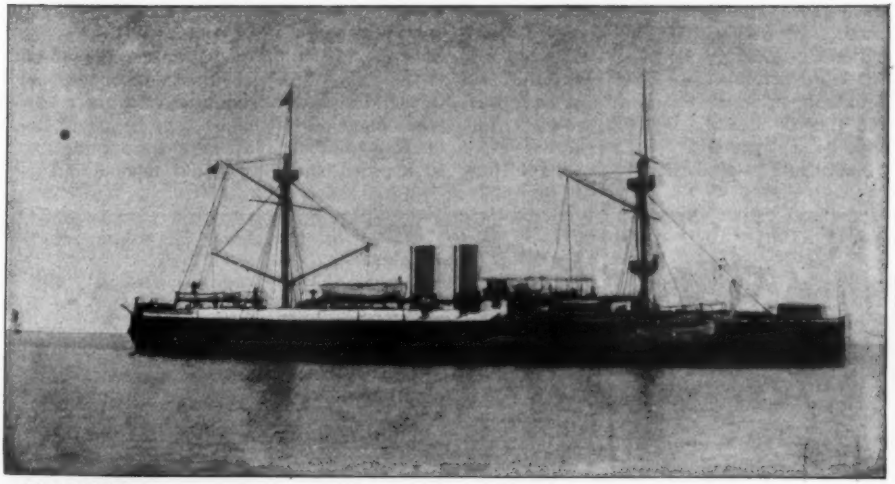
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHINESE SAILORS FROM THE PEI YANG SQUADRON, EQUIPPED AS INFANTRY.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY THE COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE IRONCLAD "CHEN YUEN."

IN attempting an untechnical description of the battle between the Japanese and Chinese fleets which took place September 17, 1894, off the Yalu River, I wish to disclaim for the narrative any pretension to a professional report. Not only would technical language probably be unintelligible to lay readers unacquainted with naval science, but I frankly confess my inability to make such a report with entire accuracy. In a battle which lasted five hours, every moment of which was full of interesting incident, and in which single-ship combats were frequent, no officer could spare time from his duties to note all that was going on. Moreover, during the latter part of the engagement I was suffering from wounds, one of which almost blinded me. Although I remained on deck, I could see only dimly, with interruptions. During this period the *Chen Yuen* was conned by my colleague, Yang Yung Ling, a gallant and spirited officer who, to his country's loss, ended his life with a pistol-ball at Wei-Hai-Wei just as the Japanese came alongside to take the ship after the surrender. I shall there-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CHINESE IRONCLAD "CHEN YUEN"—SISTER SHIP TO THE FLAG-SHIP "TING YUEN."



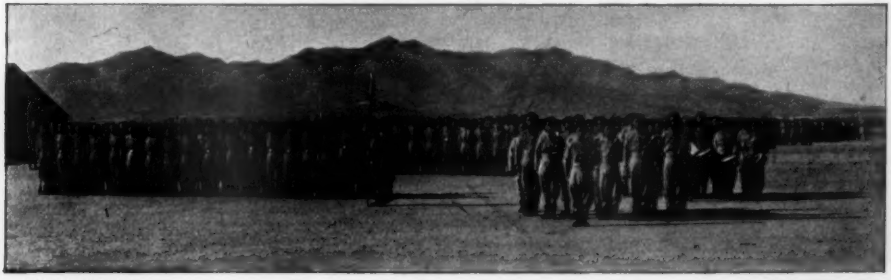
FROM A PRINT.

ADMIRAL TING JU CHANG, COMMANDER OF THE CHINESE PEI YANG SQUADRON IN THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

fore at times be obliged to employ hearsay evidence; but in so doing I have taken care to use only that which I feel to be reliable.

About ten o'clock on the morning of September 15, 1894, the Pei Yang squadron, commanded by Admiral Ting Ju Chang, consisting of the two ironclads *Ting Yuen* (flag-ship) and *Chen Yuen*, the two armored cruisers *King Yuen* and *Lai Yuen*, the two protected cruisers *Chih Yuen* and *Ching Yuen*, the two torpedo cruisers *Tsi Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, the coast-defense ship *Ping Yuen*, the two Armstrong cruisers *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*, and the corvette *Kwan Chia*, with two torpedo-boats, arrived at Ta-Lien-Wan. Here we found four "alphabetical" gunboats and four torpedo-boats, besides five chartered merchant vessels which were busily embarking troops. The day was spent in coaling the fleet. Toward dark another chartered steamer arrived from Port Arthur with 80 Krupp field-guns, 400 ponies, and 500 artillerymen. About midnight the embarkation was completed, and shortly before 1 A. M. (Sunday, the 16th), the fleet, consisting of eleven war-ships, four gunboats, and six torpedo-boats, weighed anchor, and proceeded to convoy the transports to the Yalu, arriving off the mouth of that river, without incident, in the afternoon. The convoy, escorted by the four gunboats and four smallest torpedo-boats, with the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, crossed the bar, and went up the river some fifteen miles, where the disembarkation was begun and carried on all night.

The next morning, Monday, the memorable 17th of September, was a beautiful day, a light breeze gently ruffling the surface of the water. The forenoon was passed as usual. At 9:15 each ship went to general quarters, cleared for action, and for an hour exercised the crew at the guns, no one dreaming that the results of our training were so soon to be tested. As usual, the crews were full of spirit, and eager to avenge, in a fleet engagement, the loss of the *Kwang Yih* and *Kow Shing*. The jeers which the "soldiers" at Wei-Hai-Wei and Port Arthur were wont to fling at us for not destroying the enemy's fleet had not ceased to rankle. As certain newspapers did not at that time hesitate to accuse Admiral Ting of cowardice in failing to bring on an engagement by searching out the enemy, let me state that, after the so-called "bombardment" of Wei-Hai-Wei, a most positive order came from the Tsung Li Yamen (Office of Foreign Affairs) that he was on no account to cruise eastward of a line drawn from Shantung lighthouse to the mouth of the Yalu. The gallant old sailor resented this, and also disaffections existing in a certain clique of his officers, yet he could not disobey. But the Japanese were under no such order, and they could have found us



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NAVAL BATTALION FROM THE PEI YANG SQUADRON, DRILLING ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

when they pleased, as we cruised freely to the westward of the line mentioned. At that time it would seem that the enemy hesitated to attack. Our ships were well armed and protected, and our gunners made excellent practice, as had been seen during the summer evolutions. This does not imply any personal reflection upon the Japanese, who are as gallant a race of men as exists. Perhaps they had too much at stake. The destruction of the Japanese fleet would have given the Chinese command of the sea. The small Japanese army in Korea, thus cut off from reinforcements and supplies, would in that event have been overwhelmed by mere force of numbers. Before the battles at the Yalu and Ping Yang the Chinese equaled the Japanese in their eagerness to fight; but as the result of these battles gave increased courage to the one, in like measure it disheartened the other.

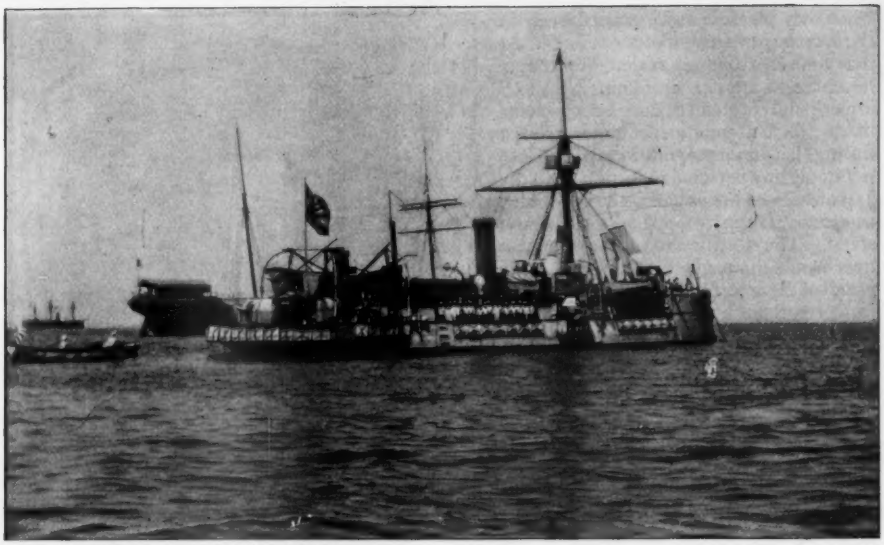


DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE, AFTER A JAPANESE PRINT.

VICE-ADMIRAL ITO, COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE FLEET IN THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

From the outbreak of hostilities, officers and men had worked incessantly to put our ships into as efficient fighting trim as possible. Profiting by the lessons taught in the *Tsi Yuen* and *Kwang Yih's* hapless encounter with the enemy off Baker Island, Korea, on July 25, all boats were left behind, save one six-oared gig for each vessel. In case of disaster, quarter was not expected, nor was surrender contemplated. The fate of the ship was to be the fate of the crew. The *Tsi Yuen's* boats had been shattered and set on fire almost immediately, and had been extinguished only after much trouble, and after they had been rendered totally unserviceable. The heavy steel gun-shields, one inch thick and over thirty feet in diameter, which covered the two pairs of 30.5-centimeter (12.2-inch) Krupps on the ironclads, were also removed. As they revolved with the guns a shot might easily jam them, and, being too thin to keep out any but light machine-gun missiles, they would have served only as man-traps, since shells which might pass directly over the barbette and on when meeting no resistance, if intercepted by these shields would have penetrated and, bursting, have filled the entire closed space with flame and fragments.[1] Subsequent experience proved the wisdom of this removal, for many a shell passed close over the heads of the gunners. All unnecessary woodwork, rigging, etc., were taken away, the side wings of the bridge cut off, all hand-rails and ladders removed, and rope or wire life-lines and "Jacob's ladders" substituted when possible. The shields on the 6-inch guns, bow and stern, were kept on to protect the gun-crews from the blast of the heavy guns where firing ahead or astern. The ships had been painted an "invisible gray." Hammocks were placed as a small protection to the men at the quick-firing guns, and within the superstructure sand-bags were piled along the sides about three feet deep and four feet high. Lying inside of these on deck were kept some dozens of 100-pound shot and shell for the 6-inch guns, to promote quick service. Much of the glass was unshipped; the rest the Japanese unshipped for us in time. Coal in bags was also utilized for protection where possible. This protection by coal- and sand-bags served admirably, a number of projectiles and fragments having been found in them after the battle. When the bugles sounded "action" but little remained to be done save to lower to the deck the ventilators, or wind sails (which obstructed the fire of the guns), to close scuttles, water-tight doors, etc., and go to stations.

[1] In the engagement of July 25, a Japanese shell with base fuse, fired at long range, had plumped down on top of a similar shield of the *Tsi Yuen* (covering the two heavy bow guns), near the rear part of it, and had burst, the point going out through the side of the shield, while the remainder of the shell, in fragments, had hurtled about inside, killing seven, including the gunnery lieutenant, and wounding fourteen, thus disabling every one of the crew inside at the time. Had the shield been removed, this shell would have gone clear.



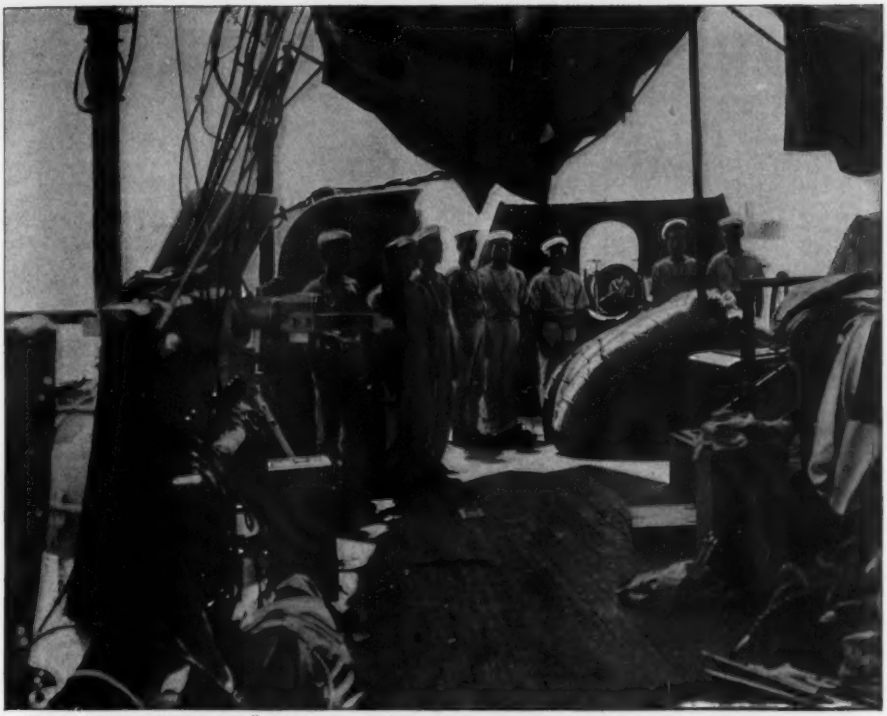
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

THE "AKAGI."

The accompanying tables show the comparative strength of the two fleets. It will be seen what an overwhelming superiority in quick-firing guns the Japanese had, while our seeming strength in heavy guns was more apparent than real in action, where ranges are uncertain. To explain this, let me digress a moment. It is well known that a projectile

THE JAPANESE FLEET.

Ships' Names.	Displacement.	Armor (in inches).		GUNS.	Torpedo discharges.	Speed, knots.
		On belt.	On turret, barbette, or battery.			
	Tons.					
Matsushima	4,277	0	12	One 13-in., eleven 5-in., five 6-pounder quick-firing, eleven 3-pounder quick-firing, six machine-guns.	4	17.5
Itsukushima	4,277	0	12	One 13-in., eleven 5-in., five 6-pounder quick-firing, 11-pounder quick-firing, six machine-guns.	4	17.5
Hasidate	4,277	0	12	One 13-in., eleven 5-in. quick-firing, six 3-pounder quick-firing, fifteen machine-guns.	4	17.5
Chiyoda	2,450	4½	0	Ten 5-in. quick-firing, fourteen 4.7-in. quick-firing, thirteen machine-guns.	3	19.0
Fuso	3,718	7	9	Four 9½-in., two 7-in., eight machine-guns.	0	13.2
Hiyei	2,200	4½	Hull composite.	Three 7-in., six 6-in. guns.	0	13.0
Takachiho	3,650	0	0	Two 10-in., six 6-in., twelve machine-guns.	4	18.7
Yoshino	4,150	0	0	Four 6-in. quick-firing, eighteen 4.7-in. quick-firing, twenty-two 6- and 3-pounder quick-firing.	5	23.0
Naniwa	3,650	0	0	Two 10-in., six 6-in., twelve machine-guns.	4	18.7
Akitsushima	3,150	0	0	One 13-in., twelve 5-in. quick-firing, ten machine-guns.	4	19.0
Akagi	615	0	0	One 9½-in., four 5-in. quick-firing, six machine-guns.	0	12.0
Saikio Maru	.....	0	0	"Fitted with quick-firing guns as a cruiser."	0	about 16½



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

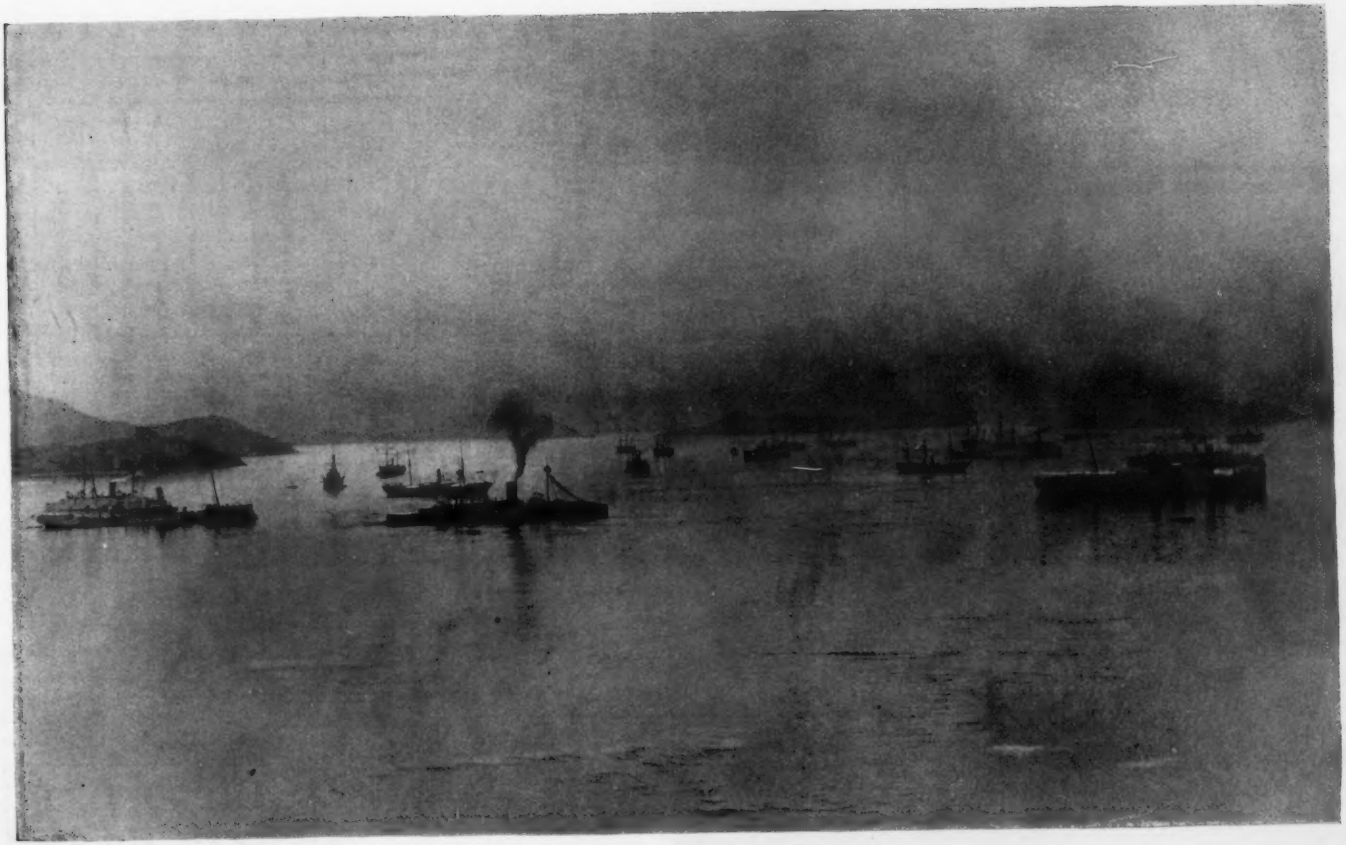
THE AFTER PART OF THE UPPER DECK OF THE "AKAGI."

from a gun does not travel in a straight line, but, under the influences of gravity and the powder impulse, describes a curve. The greater the impulse, the flatter or straighter this curve,

THE CHINESE FLEET.

Ships' Names.	Displacement.	Armor (in inches).		GUNS.	Torpedo discharges.	Speed, knots.
		On belt.	On turret, barbette, or battery.			
	Tons.					
Ting Yuen, Chen Yuen	7,430	14	12	Four 12.2-in., two 6-in., twelve machine-guns.	3	14.5
Lai Yuen, King Yuen	2,850	9½	8	Two 8¼-in., two 6-in., eight machine-guns.	4	15.0
Ping Yuen	2,850	8	5	One 12.2-in. Krupp, two 6-in., eight machine-guns.	4	12.0
Chih Yuen, Ching Yuen	2,300	0	0	Three 8.4-in., two 6-in., sixteen machine-guns.	4	18.0
Tsi Yuen	2,355	0	6	Two 8.4-in., one 6-in., ten machine-guns.	4	15.0
Chao Yung, Yang Wei	1,350	0	0	Two 10-in., four 40-pounders, seven machine-guns.	0	16.0
Kwang Ping	1,030	0	Hull partly of wood.	Three 4.7-in. quick-firing, eight machine-guns.	4	16.5
Kwan Chia	1,300	0	0	Three 6-in., four 5-in., eight machine-guns.	0	15.0

NOTE.—Upon the outbreak of hostilities both nations strengthened their ships' armament. I have given the armament of both Japanese and Chinese ships as they were on September 17, 1894, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, but complete accuracy is not claimed. P. N. McG.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

THE JAPANESE FLEET IN CHOCHOKURO, ON THE SOUTH COAST OF KOREA, SEPTEMBER 9, 1894, EIGHT DAYS BEFORE THE BATTLE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG.

or "trajectory," will be. To hit an object at a certain range, therefore, a gun giving a shot a lower velocity than another will have to be pointed so as to make a greater angle upward with a line drawn from gun to target than will the one of higher velocity. In the diagram, let C represent one of the Chinese 12.2-inch Krupp guns of 25 calibers' length of bore (25 × 12.2-in.), and J represent a Japanese 13-inch Canet gun of 40 calibers, the latter being of much higher power. A gunner at C, assuming J to be at J, fires, and the shot traces the curve C J. Now if J, assumed at J, happens instead to be actually at J′ or J″, C's shot will still strike the ship represented as carrying the gun J either at the upper deck or at the water-line. J, likewise, assuming C to be at C, fires, and his shot traces the curve J C. But if C is really at C′ or C″, instead of at C, J's shot will, as in C's case, either hit on the upper deck or at the water-line. It is evident that the space C′ C″ is greater than J′ J″, on ac-

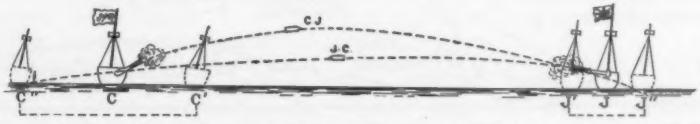
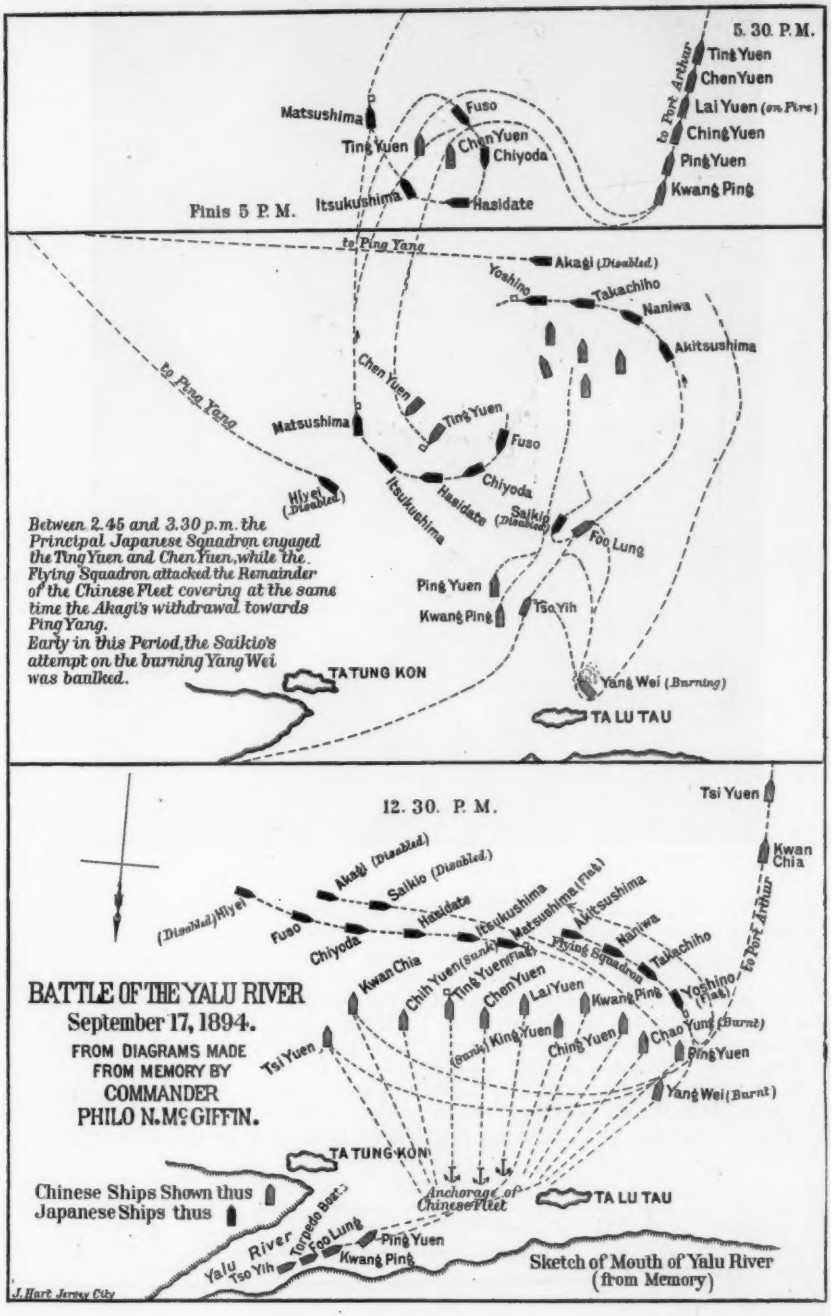


DIAGRAM SHOWING INCREASED ACCURACY OF HIGH-POWER GUNS WHEN RANGES ARE UNCERTAIN, OWING TO THE FLATTENING OF THE TRAJECTORY.


5. 30. P.M.
Ting Yuen
Chen Yuen
Lai Yuen (on Fire)
Ching Yuen
Ping Yuen
Kwang Ping
to Port Arthur
Matsushima
Fuso
Ting Yuen
Chen Yuen
Chiyoda
Itsukushima
Hasidate
Finis 5 P. M.
to Ping Yang
Akagi (Disabled.)
Yoshino
Takachiho
Naniwa
Akitsushima
Chen Yuen
Ting Yuen
Matsushima
Fuso
Chiyoda
Hasidate
Itsukushima
Hiyei (Disabled.)
Saikio (Disabled.)
Foo Lung
Ping Yuen
Kwang Ping
Tso Yih
Between 2.45 and 3.30 p.m. the Principal Japanese Squadron engaged the Ting Yuen and Chen Yuen, while the Flying Squadron attacked the Remainder of the Chinese Fleet covering at the same time the Akagi's withdrawal towards Ping Yang.
Early in this Period, the Saikio's attempt on the burning Yang Wei was baulked.
TA TUNG KON
Yang Wei (Burning)
TA LU TAU
12. 30. P. M.
Tsi Yuen
Kwan Chia
Akagi (Disabled)
Saikio (Disabled)
(Disabled) Hiyei
Fuso
Chiyoda
Hasidate
Itsukushima
Matsushima (Flag)
Akitsushima
Naniwa
Flying Squadron
Takachiho
Kwan Chia
Chih Yuen (Sunk)
Ting Yuen (Flag)
Chen Yuen
Lai Yuen
Kwang Ping
Yoshino (Flag)
to Port Arthur
Tsi Yuen
(Sunk) King Yuen
Ching Yuen
Chao Yung (Burnt)
Ping Yuen
Yang Wei (Burnt)
BATTLE OF THE YALU RIVER
September 17, 1894.
FROM DIAGRAMS MADE FROM MEMORY BY COMMANDER PHILO N. Mc GIFFIN.
TA TUNG KON
Chinese Ships Shown thus
Japanese Ships thus
Anchorage of Chinese Fleet
TA LU TAU
Yalu River
Torpedo Boat
Foo Lung
Ping Yuen
Tso Yih
Kwang Ping
Sketch of Mouth of Yalu River (from Memory)
J. Hart Jersey City



The "Chen Yuen." DRAWN BY HUGH BARNES.

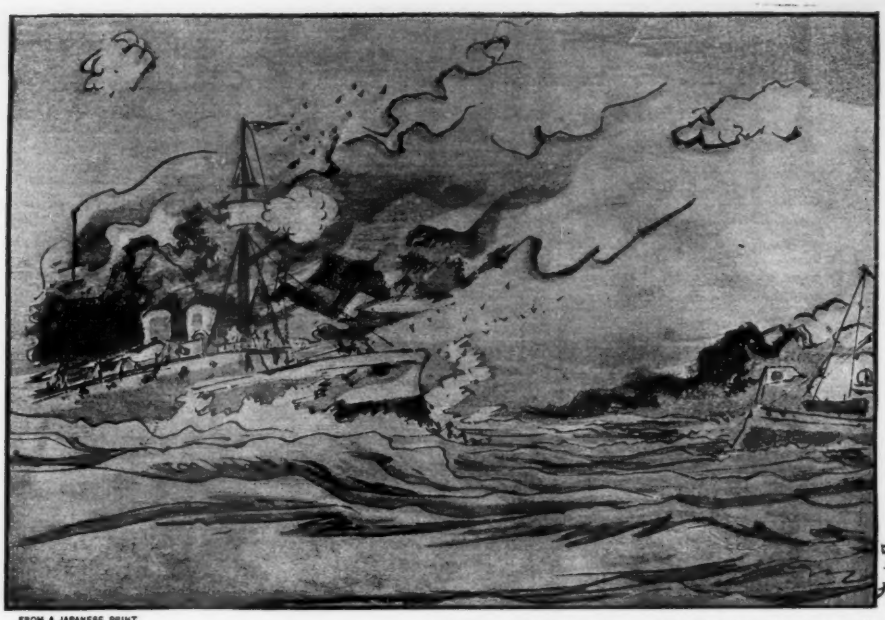
THE BATTLE OF THE YALU: THE PRINCIPAL SQUADRON ENGAGING THE "TING YUEN" AND "CHEN YUEN."

count of the flatter trajectory of J's gun. The distance C′ C″ (or J′ J″) is termed the "dangerous space," and it is at once seen that when ranges are uncertain the gunner at J has a great advantage, owing to his gun's flatness of trajectory, over the one at C.

No ordinary method of finding the range is of much use in a fleet action. Using "masthead angles," the range is found by measuring the angle subtended by the enemy's masthead and water-line (the height of mast being known). The "horizon method" depends on measuring the angle between the enemy's water-line and the horizon, the observer being stationed in a top whose height above water is known. In the latter case it is inconvenient to have the observer so far from the guns, and in either method the smoke on one side or the other generally conceals the enemy's water-line. In using a quick-firing gun, the place where the projectile hits must be seen, and this is equally difficult when shots are splashing up the water all about the object aimed at. It is needless to point out the importance of practising both officers and men in judging distances under all conditions at sea. But to resume.

The *Chen Yuen's* forenoon routine, drills and exercises, had been carried out, and the cooks were preparing the midday meal, when the smoke from the enemy's ships was sighted by the lookout men at the masthead. They were made out almost simultaneously from several vessels, and before even a signal could be made from the flag-ship the bugles throughout the fleet were sounding merrily the "officers' call" and "action." Columns of dense black smoke shooting upward from our funnels told that in the depth of each vessel the stokers were spreading fires, and, using forced draft with closed stoke-holes, were storing up energy in the boilers, that breath might not fail when most needed in the coming fight. These black pillars of smoke must have signaled our presence to the enemy; for their "smokes" now increased in volume and height, showing that they also had put on forced draft, and, like ourselves, were preparing for the contest. For weeks we had anticipated an engagement, and had had daily exercise at general quarters, etc., and little remained to be done. There were woeful defects in our ammunition supplies, as will be seen; but had we kept the seas for a year longer before fighting, there would have been no improvement in that respect, since the responsibility for the neglect lay in Tientsin. So the fleet went into action as well prepared as it was humanly possible for it to be with the same officers and men, handicapped as they were by official corruption and treachery ashore.

In far less time than is taken to read these lines signal had been made from the *Ting Yuen* to "weigh immediately," and never were cables shortened in and anchors weighed more speedily. The old *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*,



FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

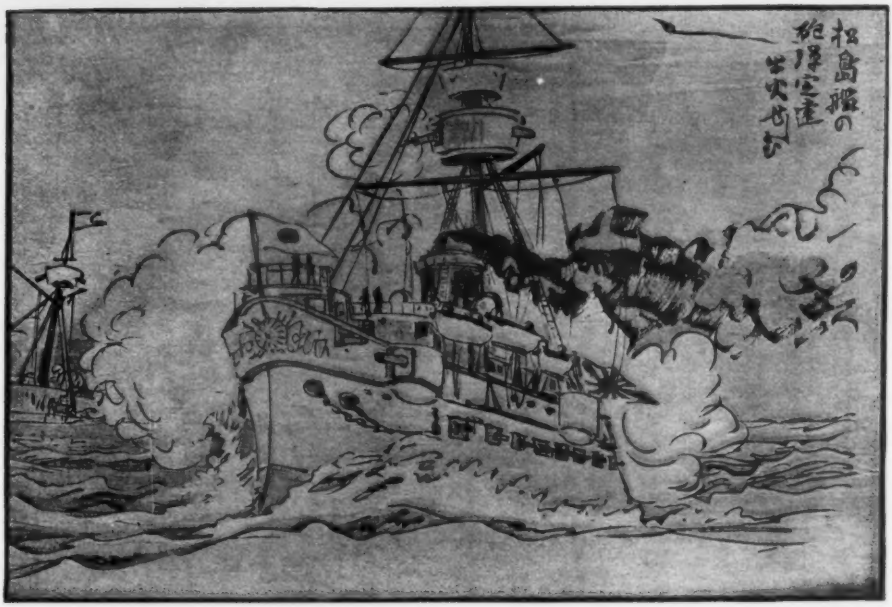
ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE CHINESE IRONCLAD "CHEN YUEN"

being always longer in weighing anchor, were left astern, and afterward, pushing on to gain station, probably gave to the fleet a seeming wedge-shaped formation for a short time, thereby giving rise to the report, widely circulated, that we used that formation in advancing to the attack. Our actual formation, which has justly been criticized, was an indented or zigzag line, the two ironclads in the center, as shown in the diagram. As the two fleets approached each other, officers and men eagerly strained their eyes toward the magnificent fleet of their country's hereditary foe, and on all sides there were animation and confidence. Our fleet consisted now of ten ships, viz.: *Ting Yuen* (flag-ship), *Chih Yuen*, *Tsi Yuen*, and *Kwan Chia*, forming the left wing; and *Chen Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *King Yuen*, *Ching Yuen*, *Chao Yung*, and *Yang Wei*, forming the right wing. It will be noticed that the right wing, as such, was stronger than the left, or admiral's. But the enemy, approaching from left to right, would thus receive the fire of our best eight ships before they could attack the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*, justly considered our "lame ducks." The *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, with the two torpedo-boats *Foo Lung* and *Tso Yih*, did not join us until the fight was well under way. The gunboats and the other torpedo-boats did not appear at all.

The Japanese formed into two squadrons: The Flying Squadron, consisting of the *Yoshino* (flag), *Takachiho*, *Naniwa*, and *Akitsushima*, led, followed by the Principal Squadron, composed of the *Matsushima* (flag of Admiral Ito, commander-in-chief), *Itsukushima*, *Hasidate*, *Chiyoda*, *Fuso*, and *Hiyei*. On the unengaged side were the *Akagi* and *Saikio*.

These twelve Japanese ships, forming apparently a single line and preserving station and speed throughout most beautifully, could not but excite a feeling of admiration. Our fleet must also have presented an imposing appearance to the enemy. Since 8 A. M. our ensigns had been flying from their accustomed halyards, but now there streamed from the *Ting Yuen's* main-truck an immense yellow new national ensign, a similar one succeeding the smaller weather-worn ensign previously hoisted, the admiral's flag at the fore-truck being also replaced by a larger one. A similar change was made on every other ship almost at once, and the Japanese promptly followed our example.

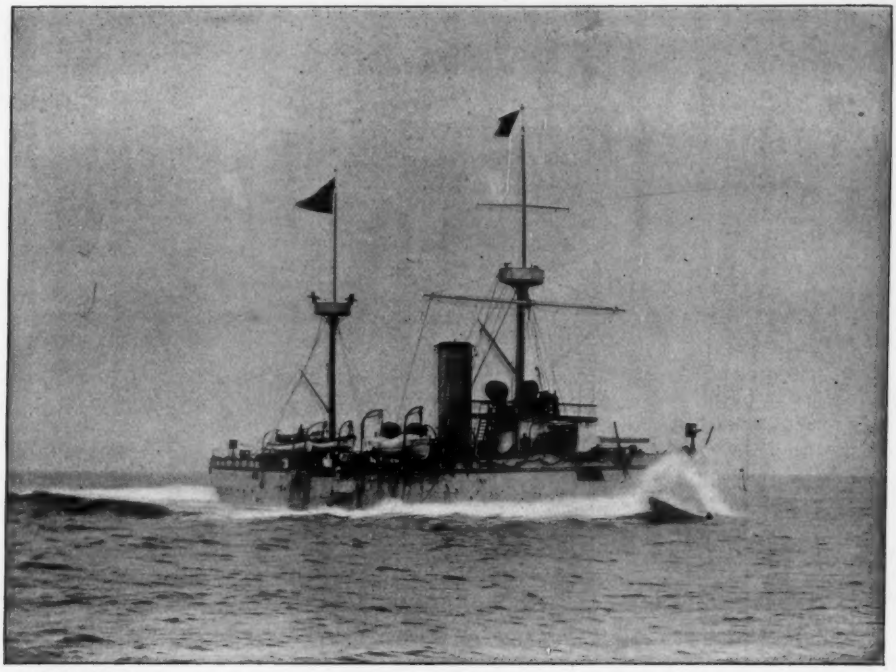
These twenty-two ships, trim and fresh-looking in their paint and their bright new bunting, and gay with fluttering signal-flags, presented such a holiday aspect that one found difficulty in realizing that they were not there simply for a friendly meeting. But, looking closer on the *Chen Yuen*, one could see beneath this gaiety much that was sinister. Dark-



AND THE JAPANESE FLAG-SHIP "MATSUSHIMA."

skinned men, with queues tightly coiled around their heads and with arms bare to the elbow, clustered along the decks in groups at the guns, waiting impatiently to kill and be killed. Sand was sprinkled on the decks, and more was kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship were men at the shell-whips and ammunition-hoists, in torpedo-rooms, etc. Here and there a man lay flat on deck, with a charge of powder — fifty pounds or more — in his arms, waiting to spring up and pass it on when it should be wanted. These men were stationed at intervals to serve the guns quickly; for charges must not be massed along the deck, lest a shell drop in and make trouble. The nerves of the men below deck were in extreme tension. On deck one could see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action, and bring a shell in through the side. Once the battle had begun, they were all right, but at first the strain was intense.

The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sublieutenant in the military foretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal-flag. As each range was called the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam-pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that in case of fire no time need be lost. The range was about four miles, and decreasing fast. "Six thousand meters!" "Five thousand eight hundred"—"six hundred"—"five hundred"—"five hundred!" "Five thousand four hundred!" The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the *Ting Yuen's* starboard barbette, "opened the ball." Just as the projectile threw up a column of white water a little short of the *Yoshino*, a roar from the *Chen Yuen's* battery seconded the flag-ship's motion. It was exactly 12:20 P. M. The range, as found on the *Chen Yuen*, was 5200 meters; on the *Ting Yuen* it was assumed to be 5300. On our side the firing now became general from the main batteries, but it was about five minutes before the Japanese replied. As they opened fire, the Chinese quick-firing Hotchkiss and Maxim-Nordenfelt, 3- and 6-pounders, joined in, and thenceforward the conflict was almost incessant. Like ours, the enemy's first shots fell short; but with an exultant chuckle we noted that a shot from one of our 12-inch guns had struck one of the Japanese leading ships. The bridge of the *Chen Yuen*, although some thirty feet above



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE CHINESE SHIP "CHIH YUEN," SUNK IN THE BATTLE.

The ship is here shown at full speed. The bow torpedo-tube parts the spray as seen at water-line, but offers only slight resistance.

the water, was very soon soaked, as was, indeed, the entire exposed surface on the engaged side, by spray thrown up by line shots that struck the water a little short. Many of the men at the guns on deck were wet through, and indeed the water was flung on board with such violence as to sting the face and hands like hail. Every one in the conning-tower had his ears stopped with cotton, yet the din made by projectiles rattling up against the outside of its 10-inch armor was a serious annoyance.

During this early part of the engagement, the Chinese fleet as a whole kept their indented line, and preserved intervals fairly well, steaming at about six knots — the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* being still out of station on the extreme right. The *Tsi Yuen*, with her faint-hearted commander, Fong, had bolted very soon after the enemy had opened fire. At 12:45 we saw this vessel about three miles astern on our starboard quarter, heading southwest toward Port Arthur. She was followed by a string of Chinese anathemas from our men at the guns. She reached Port Arthur at 2 A. M. next day (seven hours in advance of the fleet), spreading there a wild tale that we had been overwhelmed by a vast Japanese armada, etc. Upon our arrival, Captain Fong claimed that his entire battery had early been disabled, and that he had been obliged to run to save his defenseless ship. But upon an examination of his battery by a detail of line and engineer officers, it was found in perfect working order, excepting the six-inch stern-chaser — the one projectile which struck his ship having passed beneath the trunnions, lifting the gun from its seat. But this shot had entered from the stern, having evidently been received after the retreat had begun — administered, it would seem, as a contemptuous parting kick from the enemy. Captain Fong's outrageous example was at once followed by the commander of the *Kwan Chia*, whose courage was scarcely exceeded by his knowledge of navigation; for, about midnight, he ran upon a reef outside of Ta-Lien-Wan, which he said was a most unaccountable mishap, as he had laid his course (in a 100-mile run) "to clear it by *one and a half* miles"! This vessel had not been struck at all, but some days later was blown up by her crew upon the approach of some Japanese vessels. Our force had thus early been reduced to eight vessels.

As the Japanese fleet approached, it steamed along our front from left to right, at perhaps double our speed, and each vessel thus could exchange shots with each of ours in turn. The

Japanese Principal Squadron, as will be seen from the diagram, kept at closer range, upon the whole, than did the Flying Squadron. The latter, upon reaching our right flank, turned it and poured in a heavy cross-fire on the extreme wing, the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* receiving the most of it. From the first these two old-fashioned cruisers were doomed. Two passageways in each superstructure connected the bow and stern 10-inch guns, on the outboard side of each being officers' quarters, etc., the partitions and bulkheads being of wood highly varnished and oiled. The vessels were early set on fire, and the draft down these passageways at once turned them into alleys of roaring flame. The machine-guns overhead were thus rendered useless, the deck being untenable, and the bow and stern guns were isolated from each other and from their magazines. As a forlorn hope, the ill-fated vessels made for the nearest land. The Japanese armed transport *Saikio*, seeing their plight and intention, made for them; whereupon the Chinese ironclads engagement, came up and headed for her, and her amiable intentions toward the burning vessels were frustrated.

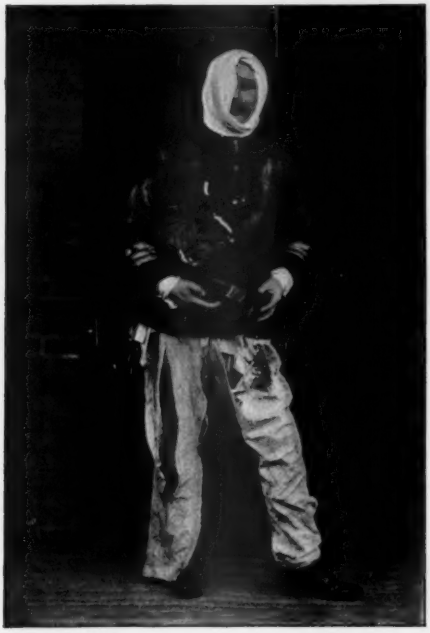
By this time the Flying Squadron had altered course sixteen points (180°) to port, and were returning, evidently to succor the *Akagi*, which was in a sad plight, having pluckily engaged us at pretty close range, and was now steering wildly, her mainmast gone, her commander and a considerable number of her crew killed, and her battery disabled.

We had now (about 2 P. M.) six vessels, viz.: the *Ting Yuen*, *Chen Yuen*, *King Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *Chih Yuen*, and *Ching Yuen*,—the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping* not yet having joined us. The flag-ship *Matsushima*, leading the Principal Squadron, had now reached our right wing, and, flanking it, steamed down again on the opposite course. The *Hiyei*, the last of the Principal Squadron, was now almost ahead of the *Ting Yuen*, having been engaged by the *Chih Yuen* on our flag-ship's left. Her distance from her next in line ahead was increasing, and her



THE CREW OF THE "CHIH YUEN." ALL BUT SEVEN OF THE CREW WERE DROWNED ON THE SINKING OF THE SHIP.

fired a few shots at her at long range, making fair practice; for, according to Japanese report, she received at least four 30.5-centimeter projectiles. Then the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, with the two torpedo-boats that had been inside the Yalu River at the beginning of the captain, presumably seeing that his slow old ship could not keep up with the rest, and, being already on fire, fearing to continue on and receive the fire of both ironclads and of the *King Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, and *Ching Yuen*, boldly decided to make a short cut between the two

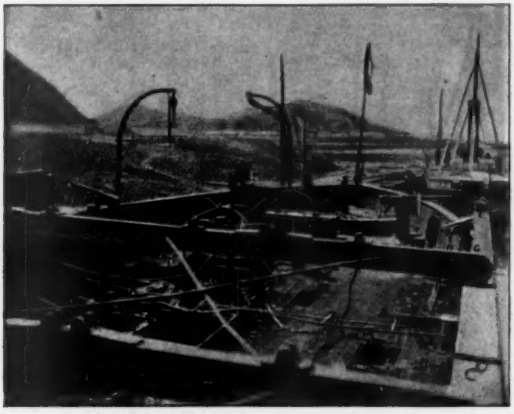


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COMMANDER McGIFFIN IN HOSPITAL AFTER THE FIGHT—SHOWING DAMAGE TO CLOTHES DUE TO CONCUSSION.

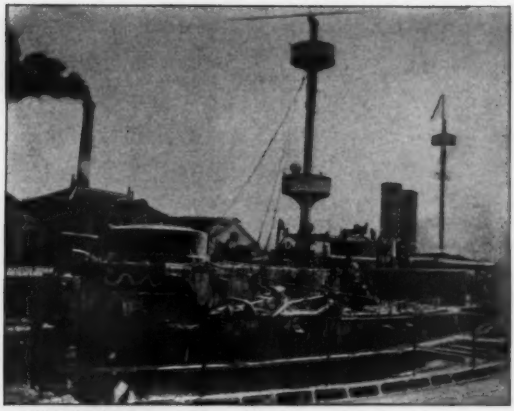
ironclads and rejoin his comrades on the other side. This was splendidly done. As his ship passed between our two big ships we fired into her point-blank. It was impossible to miss, and flying material showed that we did not. The smoke increased in volume and rolled up from the *Hiyei's* quarter-deck and poop as high as the mizzentop, the ship yawing wildly at the same time. We considered her "done for" — as doubtless she would have been had we used shell — one shot, for instance, passing diagonally through the ship from one bow to the opposite quarter, doing various minor damages. Had it been a live shell the result may be imagined.

From this time, I regret to say, the Chinese formation was broken into an irregular group. Bearing down on the one hand were the ships of the Principal Squadron, "in line ahead," keeping perfect station, while on the opposite side were those of the Flying Squadron. We were thus between two fires. As the Principal Squadron turned and altered course, the two Chinese ironclads turned also, keeping bows on to their van, the *Chen Yuen* preserving her station and distance from the flag-ship, as indeed she continued to do throughout the battle. The Japanese willingly bear witness that the two ironclads preserved their formation, and that the *Chen Yuen* by her movements and gun practice covered the *Ting Yuen* when in straits, and in fact prevented the fleet from suffering annihilation instead of its actual heavy loss. The Principal Squadron now seemed to ignore the four smaller Chinese vessels, and its five ships steamed around our two ironclads, pouring in a storm of shell. Time and again fires broke out, but, with one notable exception, the flames were subdued without much trouble. Some of the enemy's ships used melinite shells, the noxious fumes from which could at once be distinguished from those of powder. One ship, for a time, practised "broadside firing by director"— *i.e.*, each gun is laid by its crew on the object, and the entire battery, joined in one electric circuit, is fired by pressing a key. This system, though doubtless hard on the structure of the ship using it, was most effective,— the result of so many shot striking at once, and producing perhaps several fires, being very annoying.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PORT ARTHUR.

STERN OF THE "LAI YUEN," SHOWING DAMAGES FROM FIRE, ETC.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "CHEN YUEN" IN DOCK AT PORT ARTHUR THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

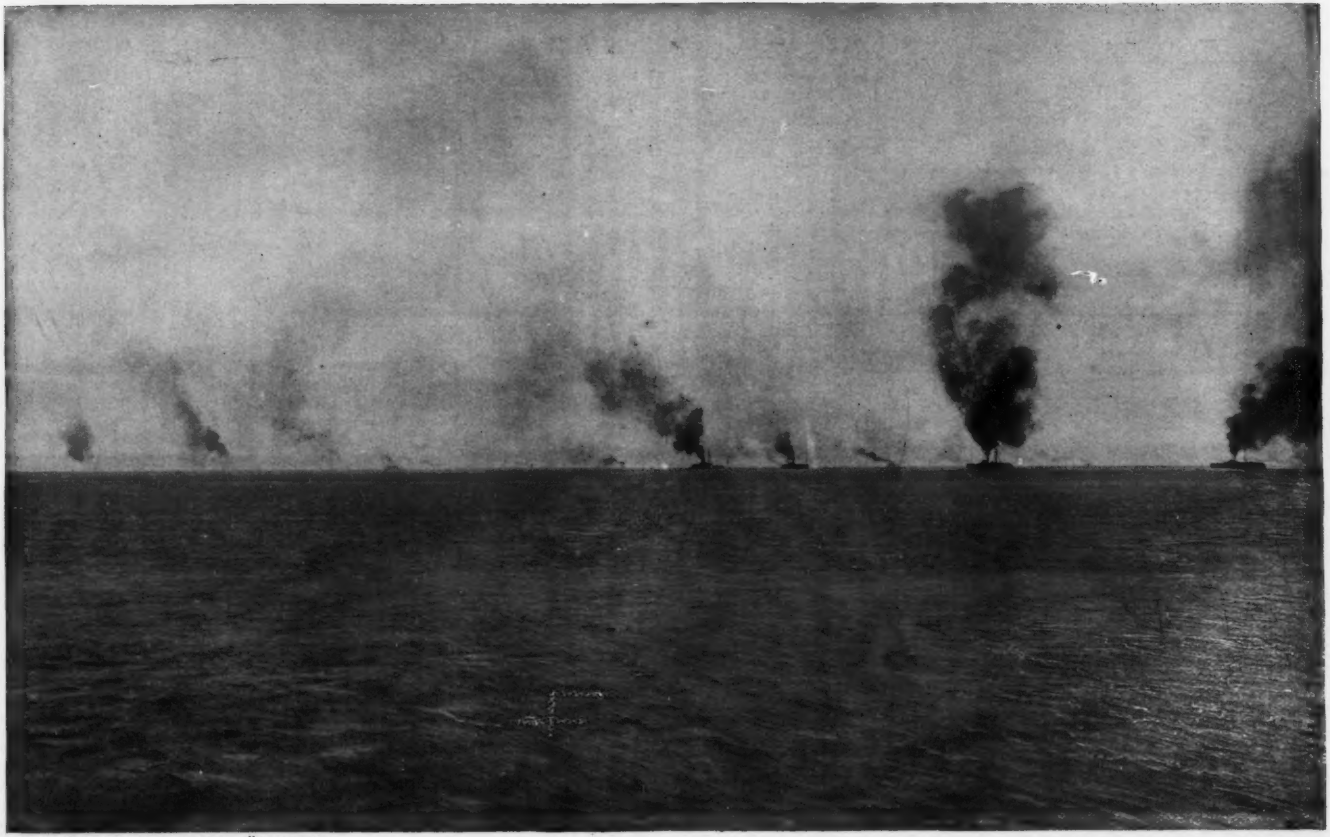
During the confusion of our line consequent upon being out-manœuvered, the *Chih Yuen* passed under our stern and joined the *Lai Yuen* and surviving ships of the right wing. The *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, now coming up, threatened the *Akagi* and *Saikio*. Signals were made on the *Matsushima*, and the Flying Squadron manœuvered to cover the endangered vessels. About this time the *Chih Yuen* boldly, if somewhat foolhardily, bore down on the Flying Squadron's line, possibly to attack the two mentioned vessels. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water-line by a heavy shell — either a ten-inch or a thirteen-inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list, and, thus fatally injured, her commander, Tang Shi Chang, a most courageous albeit somewhat obstinate officer, resolved at least to avenge himself, and charged one of the largest vessels, intending to ram. A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship, the list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged, bows first, into the depths, righting herself as she sank, her screws whirling in the air (as did the *Victoria's*), and carrying down all hands, including the chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, a gentleman and a most efficient officer, who was shut up in the engine-room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life-buoys kept on the bridge, and were drifted by the tide toward the coast, where they were rescued by a junk. The stories of these men vary so much in general as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident. Captain Tang had a large dog of a most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sank Captain Tang, who could not swim, managed to get to an oar or some small piece of wood — enough to have supported him had not his dog swum to him, and, climbing up on him, forced him to release his grasp and thus miserably drown, the brute sharing his fate — perhaps the only case on record of a man drowned by his dog.

As the Principal Squadron circled around us, the range varied from 2800 meters (nearly two miles) to perhaps 1000, at times even less. At about three o'clock the *Matsushima* closed upon the *Chen Yuen* to about 1700 meters,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PORT ARTHUR.

SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "CHEN YUEN," SHOWING DAMAGE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894, AS IT APPEARED FROM THE "SAIKIO MARU" AT FOUR MINUTES TO ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

and we fired at her, from one of our 12.2-inch guns, a steel shell of 5 calibers' (5 × 12.2 inches) length, having a bursting-charge of nearly ninety pounds of powder. The Japanese flagship was struck by this missile, and as a burst of flame arose from her, followed by a great cloud of white smoke, hiding her entirely from view, our gun's crew yelled their satisfaction. This shell indeed wrought frightful havoc. From the Japanese report it totally disabled the big 13-inch Canet gun and swept the decks. Several charges of powder for this gun had been massed on deck, and these, exploding, gave the gunners a true "hoist with their own petard." By this one shell forty-nine officers and men were instantly killed, and over fifty wounded; the gunnery lieutenant was blown into the sea, his cap and telescope being all trace of him ever found on the ship.

Soon afterward the Principal Squadron withdrew toward the southeast, seemingly having had enough of fighting. Our two ironclads followed them, firing. When they had gone a distance of two or three miles the Principal Squadron turned, and, circling about us, poured in perhaps the most destructive fire we received during the day. We had now used up all of our 6-inch ammunition, having fired 148 projectiles of that caliber. There were left for the 12-inch guns (one of which was disabled) only some 25 steel shot, and no shell. The *Ting Yuen* was in a similar plight. In half an hour we would have none left, and be at the mercy of the enemy; for to ram agile, well-handled ships of 17½ knots' speed with our slower ships was out of the question. We fired carefully, but having no shell, comparatively little damage was done. It was now nearly five o'clock. After about a half-hour's cannonade the enemy again withdrew, we firing our last shot at them, save three left in the guns for the last moment. This withdrawal at about 5:30 P. M. has always been a mystery. It would seem that the Japanese could scarcely help noting that our bow and stern 6-inch guns were silent, and that our fire was slowly delivered from the barbettes. Had they stayed with us a quarter of an hour more, our guns would have been silent and the ships defenseless. The enemy apparently were not in want of ammunition, as their firing up to the last had been animated.

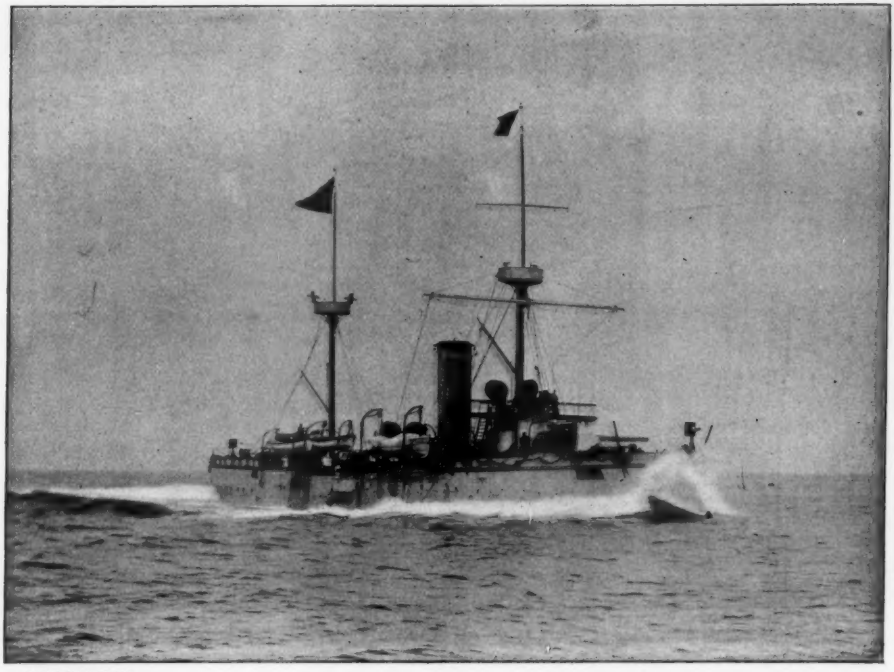
We now turned back and gathered up the surviving ships of the fleet. These vessels had fared badly at the hands of the Flying Squadron. After covering the *Saikio*, *Hiyei*, and *Akagi*, the van bore down on the *King Yuen*, which had been burning for some time, and the *Yoshino* with her next astern engaged the *King Yuen* at close range (less than 2000 meters). A heavy fire from the *Yoshino's* three 6-inch quick-firing bow guns told upon her with terrible effect. One after another of the 100-pound shells tore up her sides, and after yawing about wildly, as if her steering-gear was useless, she burst into flame and sank.

During this time the three crippled Japanese vessels had withdrawn toward Ping Yang. After the sinking of the *King Yuen*, the Flying Squadron were recalled by signal from the Principal Squadron, else the *Lai Yuen* and others could hardly have escaped destruction, since the ironclads, having no more ammunition, could not have succored them. As the sun was setting the *Ting Yuen*, with the battered *Chen Yuen*, the *Lai Yuen* (still desperately fighting the flames that threatened to devour her), the *Ching Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping*, set course for Port Arthur. As darkness set in the flames from the still burning *Chao Yung* showed luridly across the moonlit sea. The Japanese Principal Squadron of five vessels kept in sight on our port beam until darkness set in, but made no effort to reëngage. In fact, both fleets had fought themselves to a standstill.

The question is often asked, Why did the Japanese win? I reply, because the Japanese had better ships, more of them, better and larger supplies of ammunition, better officers, and as good men. As to the practice, it was on both sides bad; but, as the Japanese have admitted, the Chinese excelled. The Japanese percentage of hits (excluding 6-pounder and lighter projectiles) was about twelve; the Chinese perhaps twenty. But the latter had only three quick-firing guns in action—viz., the *Kwang Ping's* 50-pounders. An enormous number of projectiles could have been fired by the enemy. It must not be forgotten that the Japanese had twelve ships against our eight, as the *Tsi Yuen* and *Kwan Chia* ran away almost without having fired a shot, while the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* were in flames before they had time to do much more.

Admitting freely and heartily the courage of the Japanese crews and the dash of their commanders, I must also say a word for the despised Chinese sailor. The Japanese stood to their guns throughout; but their decks were not almost continuously swept by a storm of missiles, as were those of the Chinese. Had they been, it would have made no difference, I am sure. But owing to our paucity of ships and guns, especially quick-firing guns, they were not often so tried; while on the two ironclads, at least, a shower of missiles searched the upper works almost continuously, yet the men fought on, as a few incidents will show.

The captain of one of the 12-inch guns, while training or laying it, lanyard in hand, had his head dashed off, its fragments striking



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE CHINESE SHIP "CHIH YUEN," SUNK IN THE BATTLE.

The ship is here shown at full speed. The bow torpedo-tube parts the spray as seen at water-line, but offers only slight resistance.

the water, was very soon soaked, as was, indeed, the entire exposed surface on the engaged side, by spray thrown up by line shots that struck the water a little short. Many of the men at the guns on deck were wet through, and indeed the water was flung on board with such violence as to sting the face and hands like hail. Every one in the conning-tower had his ears stopped with cotton, yet the din made by projectiles rattling up against the outside of its 10-inch armor was a serious annoyance.

During this early part of the engagement, the Chinese fleet as a whole kept their indented line, and preserved intervals fairly well, steaming at about six knots — the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* being still out of station on the extreme right. The *Tsi Yuen*, with her faint-hearted commander, Fong, had bolted very soon after the enemy had opened fire. At 12:45 we saw this vessel about three miles astern on our starboard quarter, heading southwest toward Port Arthur. She was followed by a string of Chinese anathemas from our men at the guns. She reached Port Arthur at 2 A. M. next day (seven hours in advance of the fleet), spreading there a wild tale that we had been overwhelmed by a vast Japanese armada, etc. Upon our arrival, Captain Fong claimed that his entire battery had early been disabled, and that he had been obliged to run to save his defenseless ship. But upon an examination of his battery by a detail of line and engineer officers, it was found in perfect working order, excepting the six-inch stern-chaser — the one projectile which struck his ship having passed beneath the trunnions, lifting the gun from its seat. But this shot had entered from the stern, having evidently been received after the retreat had begun — administered, it would seem, as a contemptuous parting kick from the enemy. Captain Fong's outrageous example was at once followed by the commander of the *Kwan Chia*, whose courage was scarcely exceeded by his knowledge of navigation; for, about midnight, he ran upon a reef outside of Ta-Lien-Wan, which he said was a most unaccountable mishap, as he had laid his course (in a 100-mile run) "to clear it by *one and a half* miles"! This vessel had not been struck at all, but some days later was blown up by her crew upon the approach of some Japanese vessels. Our force had thus early been reduced to eight vessels.

As the Japanese fleet approached, it steamed along our front from left to right, at perhaps double our speed, and each vessel thus could exchange shots with each of ours in turn. The

Japanese Principal Squadron, as will be seen from the diagram, kept at closer range, upon the whole, than did the Flying Squadron. The latter, upon reaching our right flank, turned it and poured in a heavy cross-fire on the extreme wing, the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* receiving the most of it. From the first these two old-fashioned cruisers were doomed. Two passageways in each superstructure connected the bow and stern 10-inch guns, on the outboard side of each being officers' quarters, etc., the partitions and bulkheads being of wood highly varnished and oiled. The vessels were early set on fire, and the draft down these passageways at once turned them into alleys of roaring flame. The machine-guns overhead were thus rendered useless, the deck being untenable, and the bow and stern guns were isolated from each other and from their magazines. As a forlorn hope, the ill-fated vessels made for the nearest land. The Japanese armed transport *Saikio*, seeing their plight and intention, made for them; whereupon the Chinese ironclads engagement, came up and headed for her, and her amiable intentions toward the burning vessels were frustrated.

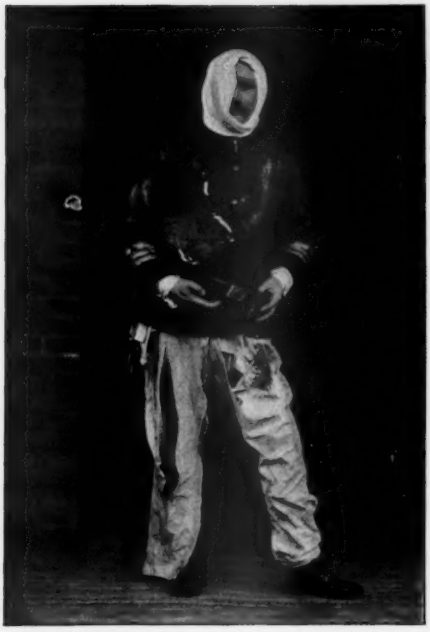
By this time the Flying Squadron had altered course sixteen points (180°) to port, and were returning, evidently to succor the *Akagi*, which was in a sad plight, having pluckily engaged us at pretty close range, and was now steering wildly, her mainmast gone, her commander and a considerable number of her crew killed, and her battery disabled.

We had now (about 2 P. M.) six vessels, viz.: the *Ting Yuen*, *Chen Yuen*, *King Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *Chih Yuen*, and *Ching Yuen*,—the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping* not yet having joined us. The flag-ship *Matsushima*, leading the Principal Squadron, had now reached our right wing, and, flanking it, steamed down again on the opposite course. The *Hiyei*, the last of the Principal Squadron, was now almost ahead of the *Ting Yuen*, having been engaged by the *Chih Yuen* on our flag-ship's left. Her distance from her next in line ahead was increasing, and her



THE CREW OF THE "CHIH YUEN." ALL BUT SEVEN OF THE CREW WERE DROWNED ON THE SINKING OF THE SHIP.

fired a few shots at her at long range, making fair practice; for, according to Japanese report, she received at least four 30.5-centimeter projectiles. Then the *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, with the two torpedo-boats that had been inside the Yalu River at the beginning of the captain, presumably seeing that his slow old ship could not keep up with the rest, and, being already on fire, fearing to continue on and receive the fire of both ironclads and of the *King Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, and *Ching Yuen*, boldly decided to make a short cut between the two



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

COMMANDER McGIFFIN IN HOSPITAL AFTER THE FIGHT—SHOWING DAMAGE TO CLOTHES DUE TO CONCUSSION.

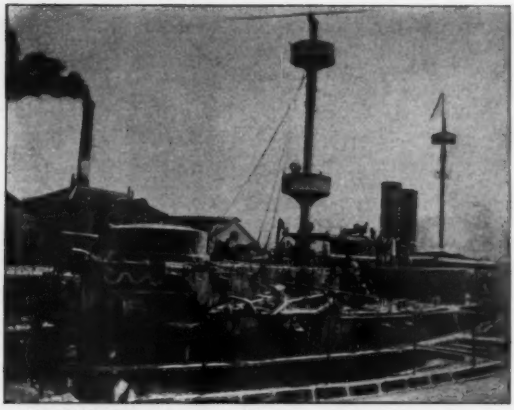
ironclads and rejoin his comrades on the other side. This was splendidly done. As his ship passed between our two big ships we fired into her point-blank. It was impossible to miss, and flying material showed that we did not. The smoke increased in volume and rolled up from the *Hiyei's* quarter-deck and poop as high as the mizzentop, the ship yawing wildly at the same time. We considered her "done for" — as doubtless she would have been had we used shell — one shot, for instance, passing diagonally through the ship from one bow to the opposite quarter, doing various minor damages. Had it been a live shell the result may be imagined.

From this time, I regret to say, the Chinese formation was broken into an irregular group. Bearing down on the one hand were the ships of the Principal Squadron, "in line ahead," keeping perfect station, while on the opposite side were those of the Flying Squadron. We were thus between two fires. As the Principal Squadron turned and altered course, the two Chinese ironclads turned also, keeping bows on to their van, the *Chen Yuen* preserving her station and distance from the flag-ship, as indeed she continued to do throughout the battle. The Japanese willingly bear witness that the two ironclads preserved their formation, and that the *Chen Yuen* by her movements and gun practice covered the *Ting Yuen* when in straits, and in fact prevented the fleet from suffering annihilation instead of its actual heavy loss. The Principal Squadron now seemed to ignore the four smaller Chinese vessels, and its five ships steamed around our two ironclads, pouring in a storm of shell. Time and again fires broke out, but, with one notable exception, the flames were subdued without much trouble. Some of the enemy's ships used melinite shells, the noxious fumes from which could at once be distinguished from those of powder. One ship, for a time, practised "broadside firing by director" — *i. e.*, each gun is laid by its crew on the object, and the entire battery, joined in one electric circuit, is fired by pressing a key. This system, though doubtless hard on the structure of the ship using it, was most effective, — the result of so many shot striking at once, and producing perhaps several fires, being very annoying.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PORT ARTHUR.

STERN OF THE "LAI YUEN," SHOWING DAMAGES FROM FIRE, ETC.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "CHEN YUEN" IN DOCK AT PORT ARTHUR THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

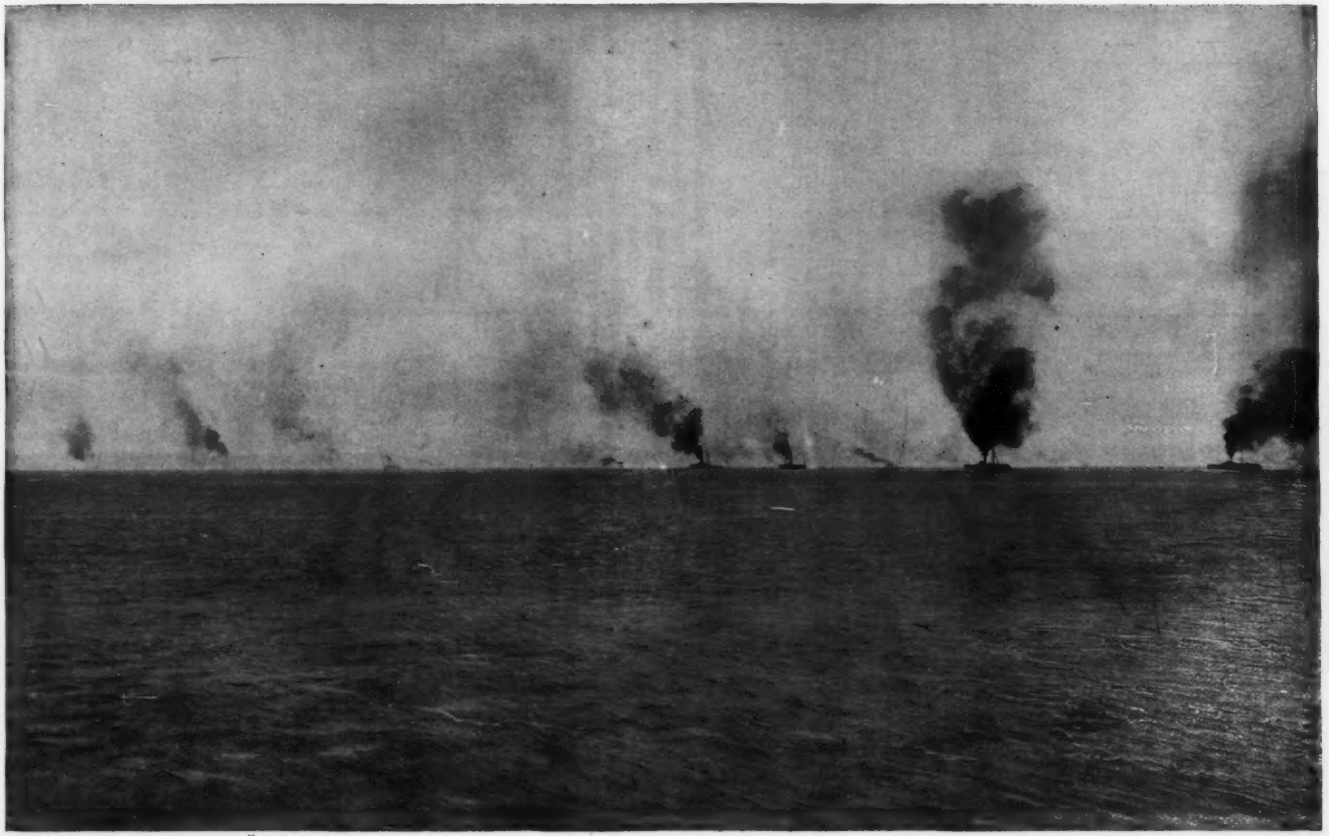
During the confusion of our line consequent upon being out-manœuvered, the *Chih Yuen* passed under our stern and joined the *Lai Yuen* and surviving ships of the right wing. The *Ping Yuen* and *Kwang Ping*, now coming up, threatened the *Akagi* and *Saikio*. Signals were made on the *Matsushima*, and the Flying Squadron manœuvered to cover the endangered vessels. About this time the *Chih Yuen* boldly, if somewhat foolhardily, bore down on the Flying Squadron's line, possibly to attack the two mentioned vessels. Just what happened no one seems to know, but apparently she was struck below the water-line by a heavy shell — either a ten-inch or a thirteen-inch. Be that as it may, she took a heavy list, and, thus fatally injured, her commander, Tang Shi Chang, a most courageous albeit somewhat obstinate officer, resolved at least to avenge himself, and charged one of the largest vessels, intending to ram. A hurricane of projectiles from both heavy and machine guns swept down upon his ship, the list became more pronounced, and just before getting home to his intended victim his ship rolled over and then plunged, bows first, into the depths, righting herself as she sank, her screws whirling in the air (as did the *Victoria's*), and carrying down all hands, including the chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, a gentleman and a most efficient officer, who was shut up in the engine-room. Seven of her crew clung to one of the circular life-buoys kept on the bridge, and were drifted by the tide toward the coast, where they were rescued by a junk. The stories of these men vary so much in general as to be unreliable, but all agree on one incident. Captain Tang had a large dog of a most vicious temper, unruly at times even with his master. After the ship sank Captain Tang, who could not swim, managed to get to an oar or some small piece of wood — enough to have supported him had not his dog swum to him, and, climbing up on him, forced him to release his grasp and thus miserably drown, the brute sharing his fate — perhaps the only case on record of a man drowned by his dog.

As the Principal Squadron circled around us, the range varied from 2800 meters (nearly two miles) to perhaps 1000, at times even less. At about three o'clock the *Matsushima* closed upon the *Chen Yuen* to about 1700 meters,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PORT ARTHUR.

SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "CHEN YUEN," SHOWING DAMAGE.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AN OFFICER OF THE "SAIKIO MARU."

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU, SEPTEMBER 17, 1894, AS IT APPEARED FROM THE "SAIKIO MARU" AT FOUR MINUTES TO ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

and we fired at her, from one of our 12.2-inch guns, a steel shell of 5 calibers' (5 × 12.2 inches) length, having a bursting-charge of nearly ninety pounds of powder. The Japanese flagship was struck by this missile, and as a burst of flame arose from her, followed by a great cloud of white smoke, hiding her entirely from view, our gun's crew yelled their satisfaction. This shell indeed wrought frightful havoc. From the Japanese report it totally disabled the big 13-inch Canet gun and swept the decks. Several charges of powder for this gun had been massed on deck, and these, exploding, gave the gunners a true "hoist with their own petard." By this one shell forty-nine officers and men were instantly killed, and over fifty wounded; the gunnery lieutenant was blown into the sea, his cap and telescope being all trace of him ever found on the ship.

Soon afterward the Principal Squadron withdrew toward the southeast, seemingly having had enough of fighting. Our two ironclads followed them, firing. When they had gone a distance of two or three miles the Principal Squadron turned, and, circling about us, poured in perhaps the most destructive fire we received during the day. We had now used up all of our 6-inch ammunition, having fired 148 projectiles of that caliber. There were left for the 12-inch guns (one of which was disabled) only some 25 steel shot, and no shell. The *Ting Yuen* was in a similar plight. In half an hour we would have none left, and be at the mercy of the enemy; for to ram agile, well-handled ships of 17½ knots' speed with our slower ships was out of the question. We fired carefully, but having no shell, comparatively little damage was done. It was now nearly five o'clock. After about a half-hour's cannonade the enemy again withdrew, we firing our last shot at them, save three left in the guns for the last moment. This withdrawal at about 5:30 P. M. has always been a mystery. It would seem that the Japanese could scarcely help noting that our bow and stern 6-inch guns were silent, and that our fire was slowly delivered from the barbettes. Had they stayed with us a quarter of an hour more, our guns would have been silent and the ships defenseless. The enemy apparently were not in want of ammunition, as their firing up to the last had been animated.

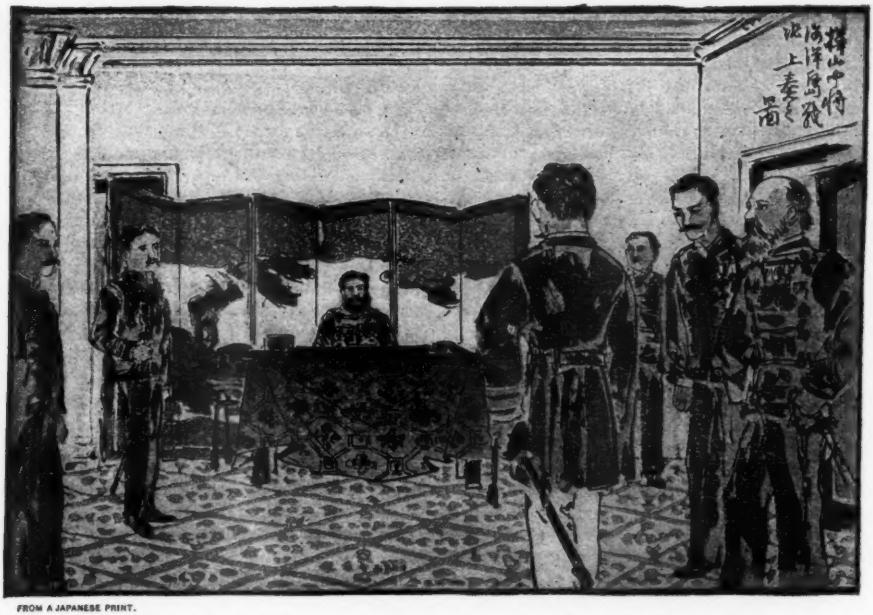
We now turned back and gathered up the surviving ships of the fleet. These vessels had fared badly at the hands of the Flying Squadron. After covering the *Saikio*, *Hiyei*, and *Akagi*, the van bore down on the *King Yuen*, which had been burning for some time, and the *Yoshino* with her next astern engaged the *King Yuen* at close range (less than 2000 meters). A heavy fire from the *Yoshino's* three 6-inch quick-firing bow guns told upon her with terrible effect. One after another of the 100-pound shells tore up her sides, and after yawing about wildly, as if her steering-gear was useless, she burst into flame and sank.

During this time the three crippled Japanese vessels had withdrawn toward Ping Yang. After the sinking of the *King Yuen*, the Flying Squadron were recalled by signal from the Principal Squadron, else the *Lai Yuen* and others could hardly have escaped destruction, since the ironclads, having no more ammunition, could not have succored them. As the sun was setting the *Ting Yuen*, with the battered *Chen Yuen*, the *Lai Yuen* (still desperately fighting the flames that threatened to devour her), the *Ching Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping*, set course for Port Arthur. As darkness set in the flames from the still burning *Chao Yung* showed luridly across the moonlit sea. The Japanese Principal Squadron of five vessels kept in sight on our port beam until darkness set in, but made no effort to reëngage. In fact, both fleets had fought themselves to a standstill.

The question is often asked, Why did the Japanese win? I reply, because the Japanese had better ships, more of them, better and larger supplies of ammunition, better officers, and as good men. As to the practice, it was on both sides bad; but, as the Japanese have admitted, the Chinese excelled. The Japanese percentage of hits (excluding 6-pounder and lighter projectiles) was about twelve; the Chinese perhaps twenty. But the latter had only three quick-firing guns in action—viz., the *Kwang Ping's* 50-pounders. An enormous number of projectiles could have been fired by the enemy. It must not be forgotten that the Japanese had twelve ships against our eight, as the *Tsi Yuen* and *Kwan Chia* ran away almost without having fired a shot, while the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* were in flames before they had time to do much more.

Admitting freely and heartily the courage of the Japanese crews and the dash of their commanders, I must also say a word for the despised Chinese sailor. The Japanese stood to their guns throughout; but their decks were not almost continuously swept by a storm of missiles, as were those of the Chinese. Had they been, it would have made no difference, I am sure. But owing to our paucity of ships and guns, especially quick-firing guns, they were not often so tried; while on the two ironclads, at least, a shower of missiles searched the upper works almost continuously, yet the men fought on, as a few incidents will show.

The captain of one of the 12-inch guns, while training or laying it, lanyard in hand, had his head dashed off, its fragments striking



FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.

ADMIRAL KABOYAMA'S ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE MIKADO OF THE VICTORY OF THE YALU.

those about him. As he toppled over, a man on the step below caught his body around the waist, passed it down into the arms of those below, and, catching the lanyard from his stiffening grasp, took his place, corrected the aim, and fired.

A brother of the *Chen Yuen's* gunnery lieutenant, a mere lad, had been taken by his brother on board for this cruise, as a change from his home at Wei-Hai-Wei. When the action began the lad took up a station on the barbette, in rear of the guns, eagerly taking the sponge or rammer from the men using them, and passing them back as required, making himself generally useful in whatever way his small body permitted. When his brother (Lieutenant Tsao Kai Cheong) was wounded, he helped pass him below, and after seeing him bandaged up returned to his work till the fight was over. Wonderful to say, he escaped without a scratch, being probably the only unwounded one of those who had been in the barbette from the first.

About the middle of the fight the *Lai Yuen* caught fire aft, and burned fiercely. The broadside guns could not be manned, being surrounded by flames; but the bow guns were worked steadily, while the crew persistently fought the flames on the quarter-deck. Below, in the engine-rooms, with the ventilators stopped on account of fire overhead, and, in darkness, receiving orders only by voice-tube transmitted from the deck through the stoke-hole, the engineers stood to their duty, hour after hour, in a temperature bordering on 200°. After several hours the fire was extinguished; but these brave men were in several cases blinded for life, and in every instance horribly burned and disfigured. There was no surgeon on board, and until Port Arthur was reached they suffered terribly. Many such incidents could be cited did space permit.

When the *Chen Yuen* was desperately on fire in the forecastle, and a call was made for volunteers to accompany an officer to extinguish it, although the gun fire from three Japanese ships was sweeping the place in question, men responded heartily, and went to what seemed to them almost certain death. Not one came back unscathed. No, these men were not cowards. There were cowards present, as there have been on every battlefield; but here, as elsewhere, there were brave men to detest them.

The battle being over, there was time to look about, and indeed the ships were found to be in a sorry plight. On the *Chen Yuen* there had long been no sign of life in the military foretop, where five men and an officer had been stationed, the former to work the two 1-pounder Hotchkiss guns, and the latter to find the enemy's range. Two gaping holes in the top gave an ominous meaning to the silence, and on investigation it was found that

a shell had penetrated and had killed every one of the six.

A curious accident saved the crew of the bow 6-inch Krupp gun. Twenty-four rounds had been fired when, upon opening the breech to load for the twenty-fifth, the guard-chain that prevents the breech-block from coming all the way out became unhooked and the steel block was pulled out and fell on the side of the carriage, breaking a locking-screw and totally disabling the gun. The crew, their occupation gone, came into the barbette and asked for orders. They were needed to fill vacancies at the 12-inch guns, and were at once stationed. Scarcely had they reached the barbette when a 10-inch shell entered beneath the gun which they had just left, and, exploding, rattled fragments about inside the shield like dice in a box. Afterward other shell penetrated and burst in the shield. Had the crew been there, not one would have escaped.

It is safe to say that the damage done to the Japanese vessels far exceeded their statements of it. As they patched up their vessels as well and speedily as they could, putting painted canvas over shot-holes, and wisely avoided the exhibition to foreigners of their most serious injuries, the relative amount of damage is misunderstood. The Chinese, on the other hand, from the first allowed many visitors to examine and visit their ships while at Port Arthur under repairs. For weeks the ships lay in the steam-basin, each gun dressed with a band or scarf of red bunting around its muzzle (a ceremony having some religious significance), all but the craven *Tsi Yuen*, which lay in the western basin, apart from all the others, in disgrace.

The Japanese claim a victory at the Yalu, and with justice. But with the going down of the sun on that day seemed to disappear the *élan* with which they broke our formation in the early afternoon. As has been said, no attempt was made to renew the battle during the night. Four of the torpedo-boats, which (from the reports of the Japanese) seemed such a bugbear to them, never left the river; and it is hard to believe that so dashing a commander as Admiral Ito would have allowed the two boats with us to frighten him. They say that, imagining us to be bound for Wei-Hai-Wei, they kept, as they considered, a parallel course, intending to renew battle and oppose our entering the harbor in the morning. But why, in the name of common sense, should we have gone to Wei-Hai-Wei, which is over eighty miles farther than Port Arthur, and had no docking facilities, nor any place where ships could be repaired, save a small yard for trifling damages, while Port Arthur, on the other hand, possessed ample facilities for repair, and abundant stores? Moreover, the course we steered — direct for Port Arthur, even before dark — should have indicated to the enemy our destination. Perhaps they were in little better condition for fighting than ourselves. The next morning a Japanese squadron from Ping Yang, which probably had not been in the battle of the day before, reconnoitered the field of battle, and, like a kick administered to a dead animal, exploded a torpedo against the stranded, fire-gutted wreck of what had been the *Yang Wei*. No attempt whatever was made on the transports, the four gunboats, and the four torpedo-boats up the river, which, some five days later, arrived safe at Port Arthur and Taku.

As may be imagined, a study of the battle teems with lessons to the naval architect and the seaman. It established the value of high-power rapid-firing guns of 4.7-inch caliber and upward, and the destructive effect of shells with large bursters. The value of quick-firing guns smaller than the 3-pounder is questionable, little if any damage being done by such guns. In the opinion of the writer, they have no place on any ship of war except torpedo-vessels.

On the other hand, with regard to the ships' defensive armament, superiority may be claimed for the Chinese ironclads. These vessels were struck both on the 14-inch belt and the 10-inch conning-tower by dozens of armor-piercing projectiles from the enemy's 13-inch Canet guns (for which thirty inches of penetration is claimed), as well as from their 10-inch Armstrong guns and from smaller guns, but not a single shot penetrated more than four inches. With this success for thick armor comes the failure of minor steel protection. The gun-shields and conning-towers of one and two inches of steel were simply man-traps. As I have said, by removing the shields from the heavy guns on the two ironclads many lives were saved. At 3000 meters' range, on July 25, the *Tsi Yuen's* conning-tower was pierced from side to side by a 4.7-inch projectile, shattering its inmates into a shapeless mass. The need of a protection of four inches at least, or none, would seem to be the lesson taught.

The important part played by fire in this action is well known. The convenient disposition and protection of fire hose in battle are shown to be imperative. On the *Chen Yuen* the ship's life was several times saved by the fact that the lines of hose were coupled up and the fire-pumps were working continually. Thus ready, our fires were extinguished, as a rule, before they had attained large proportions, which, in action, they do in a marvelously short time. Every line of hose, however, was cut by shot through and through before the close of the battle.

Another question introduced by our experiences is, What should be the situation of the

conning-tower? Between, rising above, and dominating the two barbettes in which lay the ship's main battery, that on the *Chen Yuen* was struck by many projectiles, which, breaking up or bursting, rebounded into the gun-pits in a deadly shower. Two thirds of the casualties at these guns were caused by rebounding missiles.

From the beginning nearly all the signal-halyards were shot or burned away. The *Chen Yuen's* were nearly all gone, and she entered Port Arthur next day with a small riddled ensign flying from the starboard signal yard-arm on the foremast. There should be an armored place for signalmen in full view of the conning-tower, from which signal-numbers could be shown, chalked on a slate for example; and its signal-halyards should be rove up part of the way through the steel mast.

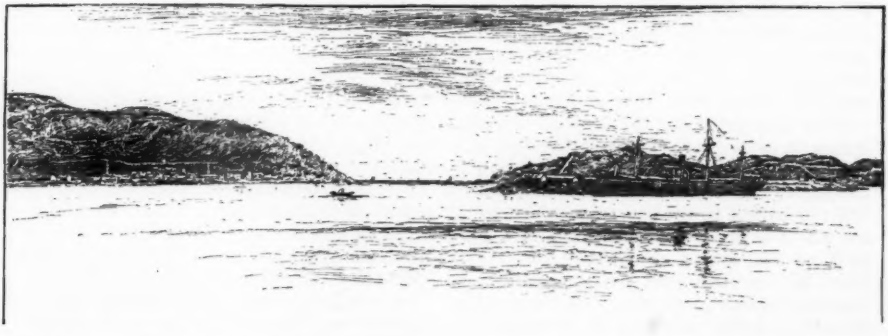
There has been considerable misapprehension of the part taken in this engagement by torpedo-boats. The *Foo Lung*, the larger of the two torpedo-boats which took part in the action, was commanded by Captain Choy, a gallant and capable officer, educated in America. According to his report the *Foo Lung*, following the *Ping Yuen*, *Kwang Ping*, and *Tso Yih* into action, came up with the *Kwang Ping* a little after two. Captain Choy says:

> Five of the Japanese were seen going in line ahead, being hotly engaged with our *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen*. . . . They were five or six miles from us. Other clouds of smoke were seen farther to the westward. . . . We then made for the Japanese ships which separated us from our fleet, and when about 3000 yards off the *Ping Yuen* opened fire, . . . and seemed to hit one of the larger Japanese ships. . . . Presently the *Kwang Ping* opened fire also. . . . At this time the *Chen Yuen* hit a Japanese ship, which was immediately covered with white smoke, and could not be seen afterward. She was burning all ablaze. . . . At this time a Japanese armed transport was seen ahead, cutting across our bow, and seemed to be heading for one of our ships [the *Yang Wei*] which was ashore, burning W.S.W. of Ta Lu Tau. The *Kwang Ping* opened fire. The transport replied to the fire. The *Foo Lung* then steered direct toward the transport, . . . and at about 400 yards one torpedo was fired at her, but it deviated toward the right, the Japanese also steering to avoid the missile. . . . A second torpedo was fired, and passed her side about fifteen feet. . . . The Hotchkiss guns and Gatling guns were fired at her, she firing at us at the same time, . . . all the shots passing over our heads. . . . We ported the helm and passed her on our port side about thirty or fifty yards off, and fired the broadside torpedo at her, *but it passed under her*. She then steered southward, trying to join the Japanese fleet. It was now between 3:30 and 4:00 P. M.

All the *Foo Lung's* torpedoes were now fired. The probable explanation of the firing under the *Saikio's* bottom is that the torpedo-boat listed over in answering her helm, thereby pointing the broadside torpedo downward. The *Tso Yih* had also tried to use her torpedoes, but leaked so that it was easy for the enemy to avoid her.

China's fleet is now a thing of the past, and many gallant men have perished with it, striving vainly to save their country's credit, with fate against them, and handicapped by corruption, treachery, and incompetence on shore. Chief among those who have died for their country is Admiral Ting Ju Chang, a gallant soldier and true gentleman. Betrayed by his countrymen, fighting against odds, almost his last official act was to stipulate for the lives of his officers and men. His own he scorned to save, well knowing that his ungrateful country would prove less merciful than his honorable foe. Bitter, indeed, must have been the reflections of the old wounded hero, in that midnight hour, as he drank the poisoned cup that was to give him rest.

Philo N. McGiffin.



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SCHILLING, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ENTRANCE TO PORT ARTHUR, FROM THE HARBOR.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

CASA BRACCIO.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Katharine Lauderdale," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XXXVI.

THE summer passed, with its monotonous heat. Rain fell in August, and poisoned the Campagna with fever for six weeks, and the clear October breezes blew from the hills, and the second greenness of the late season was over everything for a brief month of vintage and laughter. Then came November with its pestilent sirocco gales and its dampness, pierced and cut through now and then by the first northerly winds of winter.

And then, one day, there was a new life in the little apartment in the Via della Frezza. Fate, relentless, had brought to the light a little child, to be the grandson of that fated Maria Braccio who had died long ago, to have his day of happiness and his night of suffering in his turn, and to be a living bond between Gloria and the man who loved her.

They called the boy Walter Crowdie, for a relative of Angus Dalrymple's, who had been the last of the name. It was convenient, and he would never need any other, nor any third name after the two given to him in baptism.

For a few days after the child's birth, Griggs left his writing-table. He was almost too happy to work, and spent many hours by Gloria's side, not talking, for he knew that she must be kept quiet, but often holding her hand, and always looking at her face with the strong, dumb devotion of a faithful bloodhound.

Often she pretended to be sleeping when he was there, though she was wide awake and could have talked well enough. But it was easier to seem to be asleep than to play the comedy now, while she was so weak and helpless. With the simplicity of a little child, Griggs watched her, and when her eyes were closed believed that she was sleeping. As soon as she opened them he spoke to her. She understood, and sometimes smiled in spite of herself, with close-shut lids. He thought she was dreaming of him, or of the child, and was smiling in her sleep.

As she lay there and thought over all that had happened, she knew that she hated him as she had never loved him, even in the first days. And she hated the child, for its life was the last bond linking her to Paul Griggs, and barring her from the world forever. Until it had been there she had vaguely felt that if she had the courage, and really wished it, she might in some way get back to her old life. She knew that all hope of that was gone from her now.

In the deep perspective of her loosened intelligence, the endless years to come rolled away, gray and monotonous, to their vanishing-point. She had made her choice, and had not found heart to give it up, after she had made it, while there was yet time. Time itself took shape before her closed eyes, as many succeeding steps, and she saw herself toiling up them, a bent, veiled figure of great weariness. It was terrible to look forward to such truth, and the present was no better. She grasped at the past and dragged it up to her, and looked at its faded prettiness, and would have kissed it, as though it had been a living thing. But she knew that it was dead, and that what lived was horrible to her.

She wished that she might die, as she had often thought she might during the long summer months. In those days her eyes had filled with tears of pity for herself. They were dry now, for the suffering was real, and the pain was in her bodily heart. Yet she was so strong, and she feared Paul Griggs with such an abject fear, that she played the comedy when she could not make him think that she was asleep.

"My only thought is for you," she said. "It is another burden on you."

He was utterly happy, and he laughed aloud.

"It is another reason for working," he said.

And even as he said it she saw the writing-table, the poor room, his stern, determined face and busy hand, and herself seated in her own chair, with a half-read novel on her lap, staring at the gray future of mediocrity and mean struggling that loomed like a leaden figure above his bent head. Year after year, perhaps, she was to sit in that chair, and watch the same silent battle for bare existence. It was too horrible to be borne. If only he were a man of genius, she could have suffered it all, she thought, and more also. But he himself said that he had no genius. His terrible mechanics of mind killed the little originality he had. His gloomy sobriety over his work made her desperate. But she feared him. The belief grew on her

that if he ever found out that she did not love him, he would end life then, for them both—perhaps for them all three.

Surely, hell had no tortures worse than hers, she thought. Yet she bore them, in terror of him. And he was perfectly happy, and suspected nothing. She could not understand how, with his melancholy nature and his constant assertion that he had but a little talent and much industry for all his stock in trade, he could believe in his own future as he did. It was an anomaly, a contradiction of terms, a weak point in the low level of his unimaginative, dogged strength. She thought often of the poor book he had written. She had heard that talent was stirred to music by a great passion that strung it and struck it, till its heartstrings rang wild changes and breathed deep chords, and burst into rushing harmonies of eloquence. But his love was dumb and dull, though it might be deadly. There had been neither eloquence nor music in his book. It had been an old story, badly told. He had said that he was only fit to be a newspaper man, and it was true, so far as she could see. His letters to the paper were excellent in their way, but that was all he could do. And she had given him in the child another reason for being what he was, hard-working, silent — dull.

She looked at him, and wondered; for there was a mystery in his shadowy eyes and still face which had promised much more than she had ever found in him. There was something mysterious and dreadful, too, in his unnatural strength. The fear of him grew upon her, and sometimes when he kissed her she burst into tears, out of sheer terror at his touch.

"They are tears of happiness," she said, trembling and drying her eyes quickly.

She smiled, and he believed her, happier every day in her and in the child.

Then came the realization of the gray dream of misery. Again she was seated by the window in her accustomed chair, and he was in his place, pen in hand, eyes on paper, thoughts fixed like steel in that obstinate effort to do better, while she had the certainty of his failure before her. And between them, in a straw cradle with a hood, all gauze and lace and blue ribbons, lay the thing that bound her to him and cut her off forever from the world—little Walter Crowdie, the child without a name, as she called him in her thoughts. And above the child, between her and Paul Griggs, floated the little imaginary stage on which she was to go on acting her play over and over again till all was done. She had not even the right to shed tears for herself without telling him that they were for the happiness he expected of her.

He would not leave her. He had scarcely been out of the house for weeks, though the only perceptible effect of remaining indoors so long was that he had grown a little paler. She implored him to go out. In a few days she would be able to go with him, and meanwhile there was no reason why he should be perpetually at her side. He yielded to her importunity at last, and she was left alone with the child.

It was a relief even greater than she had anticipated. She could cry, she could laugh, she could sing, and he was not there to ask questions. For one moment after she had heard the outer door close behind him she almost hesitated as to which she should do; for she was half hysterical with the long outward restraint of herself, while inwardly she had allowed her thoughts to run as wild as they would. She stood for a moment, and there was a vague, uncertain look in her face. Then her breast heaved, and she burst into tears, weeping as never before in her short life, passionately, angrily, violently, without thought of control, or indeed of anything definite.

Before an hour had passed Griggs came back. She was seated quietly in her chair, as when he had left her. The light was all behind her, and he could not see the slight redness of her eyes. Pale as she was, he thought she had never been more beautiful. There was a gentleness in her manner, too, beyond what he was accustomed to. He believed that perhaps she might be the better for being left to herself for an hour or two every day, until she should be quite strong again. On the following day she again suggested that he should go out for a walk, and he made no objection.

Again, as soon as he was gone, she burst into tears, almost in spite of herself, though she unconsciously longed for the relief they had brought her the first time. But to-day the fit of weeping did not pass so soon. The spasms of sobbing lasted long after her eyes were dry, and she had less time to compose herself before Griggs returned. Still, he noticed nothing. The tears had refreshed her, and he found that same gentleness which had touched him on the previous day.

Several times after that he went out and left her alone in the afternoon. Then, one day, while he was walking, a heavy shower came on, and he made his way home as fast as he could. He opened the door quickly, and came upon her to find her sobbing as though her heart would break.

He turned very pale, and stood still for a moment. There was terror in her face when she saw him; but in an instant he was holding her in his arms and kissing her hair, asking her what was the matter.

"I am a millstone around your neck!" she

sobbed. "It is breaking my heart — I shall die if I see you working so!"

He tried to comfort her, soothing and laughing at her fears for him, but believing her, as he always did. Little by little her sobs subsided, and she was herself again, as far as he could see. He tried to argue the case fairly on its merits.

She listened to him, and listening was a new torture, knowing as she did what her tears were shed for. But she had to play the comedy again, at short notice, not having had the time to compose herself and enjoy the relief she found in crying alone.

It was a relief which she sought again and again. When she thought of it afterward, it was as an indescribable, half-painful, half-pleasant emotion through which she passed every day. When she felt that it was before her, as soon as Griggs was out of the house, she made a slight effort to resist it, for she was sensible enough to understand that it was becoming a habit which she could not easily break.

Even after she was quite strong again, Griggs often left her to herself for an hour, and he did not again come in accidentally and find her in tears. He thought it natural that she should sometimes wish to be alone.

One day, when she had dried her eyes, she took a sheet of paper from his table, and began to write. She had no distinct intention, but she knew that she was going to write about herself and her sufferings. It gave her a strange and unhealthy pleasure to set down in black and white all that she suffered. She could look at it, turn it, change it, and look at it again. Constantly, as the pen ran on, the tears came to her eyes afresh, and she brushed them away with a smile.

Then, all at once, she looked at the clock — the same cheap little American clock which had ticked so long on the mantelpiece in Griggs's old lodging up-stairs. She knew that he would be back before long, and she tore the sheets she had covered into tiny strips, and threw them into the waste-paper basket. When Griggs returned, she was singing softly to herself over her needlework.

But she had enjoyed a rare delight in writing down the story of her troubles. The utter loneliness of her existence, when Griggs was not with her, made it natural enough. Then a strange thought crossed her mind. She would write to Reanda, and tell him that she had forgiven him, and had expiated the wrong she had done him. She craved the excitement of confession, and it could do no harm. He might, perhaps, answer her. Griggs would never know, for she always received the letters, and sorted them for him, merely to save him trouble. The correspondence of a newspaper man is necessarily large, covering many sources of his information.

It was rather a wild idea, she thought, but it attracted her, or, rather, it distracted her thoughts by taking her out of the daily comedy she was obliged to keep up. There was in it, too, a very slight suggestion of danger; for it was conceivable, though almost impossible, that some letter of hers or her husband's might fall into Griggs's hands. There was a perverseness about it which was seductive to her tortuous mind.

At the first opportunity she wrote a very long letter. It was the letter of a penitent. She told him all that she had told herself a hundred times, and it was a very different production from the one she had sent to her father nearly a year earlier. There were tears in the phrases, there were sobs in the broken sentences, and there were tears in her own eyes when she sealed it.

She was going to ring for the woman-servant to take it, and her hand was on the bell. She paused, looked at the addressed envelop, glanced furtively round the room, and then kissed it passionately. Then she rang.

Griggs came home later than usual, but he thought she was preoccupied and absent-minded.

"Has anything gone wrong?" he asked anxiously.

"Wrong?" she repeated. "Oh, no!" She sighed. "It is the same thing. I am always anxious about you. You were a little pale before you went out, and you had hardly eaten anything at breakfast."

"There is nothing the matter with me," laughed Griggs. "I am indestructible. I defy fate."

She started perceptibly, for she was too much of an Italian not to be a little superstitious.

XXXVII.

STEFANONE was often seen in the Via della Frezza, for the host of the little wine-shop was one of his good customers. The neighborhood was very quiet and respectable, and the existence of the wine-shop was a matter of convenience and almost of necessity to the respectable citizens who dwelt there. They sent their women-servants, or came themselves at regular hours, bringing their own bottles and vessels of all shapes and of many materials for the daily allowance of wine; they invariably paid in cash, and they never went away in the summer. The business was a very good one; for the Romans, though they rarely drink too much, and are on the whole a sober people, consume an amount of strong wine which would produce a curious effect upon any other race, in any other climate.

Stefanone, though his wife had formerly thought him extravagant, had ultimately turned out to be a very prudent person; and in the course of a thirty years' acquaintance with Rome had selected his customers with care, judgment, and foresight. Whenever he was in Rome and had time to spare, he came to the little shop in the Via della Frezza. He had stood godfather for one of the host's children, which in those days constituted a real tie between parents and godparents.

But he had another reason for his frequent visits since that night on which he had accompanied Gloria, and had shielded her from the rain with his gigantic brass-tipped umbrella. He took an interest in her, and would wait a long time in the hope of seeing her, sitting on a rush-bottomed stool outside the wine-shop, and generally chewing the end of a wisp of broom. He had the faculty of sitting motionless for an hour at a time, his sturdy white-stockinged legs crossed one over the other, his square peasant's hands crossed upon his knee (the sharp angles of the thumb-bones marked the laboring race), his soft black hat tilted a little forward over his eyes, his jacket buttoned up when the weather was cool, thrown back and showing the loosened shirt open far below the throat when the day was warm.

Gloria reminded him of Dalrymple. The process of mind was a very simple one, and needs no analysis. He had sought Dalrymple for years, but in vain; and Gloria had something in her face which recalled her father, though the latter's features were rough and harshly accentuated. Stefanone had made the acquaintance of the one-eyed cobbler without difficulty, and had ascertained that there was a mystery about Gloria, whom the cobbler had first seen on the morning after Stefanone had met her in the storm. It was, of course, very improbable that she should be the daughter of Dalrymple and Annetta; but even the faint possibility of being on the track of his enemy had a strong effect upon the unforgiving peasant. If he ever found Dalrymple, he intended to kill him. In the mean while he had found a simple plan for finding out whether Gloria was the Scotchman's daughter or not. He waited patiently for the spring; and he came to Rome now every month for a week at a time.

More than once during the past year he had brought small presents of fruit and wine and country cakes for Gloria, and both she and Griggs knew all about him, and got their wine from the little shop which he supplied. Gloria was pleased by the decent, elderly peasant's admiration of her beauty, which he never failed to express when he got a chance of speaking to her. When little Walter Crowdie was first carried out into the sun, Stefanone was in the street, and he looked long and earnestly into the baby's face.

"There is the same thing in the eyes," he muttered, as he turned away, after presenting the nurse with a beautiful jumble which looked as though it had been varnished, and was adorned with small drops of hard pink sugar. "If it is he — an evil death on him and all his house!"

And he strolled slowly back to the wine-shop, his hand fumbling with the big curved brass-handled knife which he carried in the pocket of his blue cloth breeches.

He was certainly mistaken about the baby's eyes, which were remarkably beautiful, and of a very soft brown, whereas Dalrymple's were hard, blue, and steely, and it was not possible that anything like a hereditary expression should be recognizable in the face of a child three weeks old. But his growing conviction made his imagination complete every link which chanced to be missing in the chain.

One day in the spring he met Griggs when the latter was going out alone.

"A word, Signore, if you permit," he said politely.

"Twenty," replied Griggs, giving the common Roman answer.

"Signore, Subiaco is a beautiful place," said the peasant. "In spring it is an enchantment. In summer, I tell you nothing. It is as fresh as paradise. There is water, water, as much as you please. Wine is not wanting, and it seems that you know that. The butcher kills calves twice a week, and sometimes an ox when there is an old one, or one lame. Eh, in Subiaco one is well."

"I do not doubt it when I look at you," answered Griggs, without a smile.

"Thanks be to Heaven, my health still assists me. But I am thinking of you and of your beautiful lady and of that little angel, whom God preserve. In truth, you appear to me as the Holy Family. I should not say it to every one, but the air of Subiaco is thin, the water is light, and, for a house, mine is of the better ones. One knows that we are country people, but we are clean people; there are neither chickens nor children. If you find a flea, I will have him set in gold. You shall say, 'This is the flea that was found in Stefanone's house.' In that way every one will know. I do not speak of the beds. The Pope could sleep in the one in the large room at the head of the staircase,— the Pope with all his cardinals. They would say, 'Now we know that this is indeed a bed.' Do you wish better than this? I do not know. But if you will bring your lady and the baby, you will see. Eyes tell no lies."

"And the price?" inquired Griggs, struck by the good sense of the suggestion.

"Whatever you choose to give. If you give nothing, we shall have had your company. In general, we take three pauls a day, and we give the wine. You shall make the price as you like it. Who thinks of these things? We are Christians."

When Griggs spoke of the project to Gloria, she embraced it eagerly. He said that he should be obliged to come to Rome every week on account of his correspondence. But Subiaco was no longer as inaccessible as formerly, and there was now a good carriage-road all the way, and a daily public conveyance. He should be absent three days, and would spend the other four with her.

It was a sacrifice on his part, as she guessed from the way in which he spoke. But it was clearly necessary that Gloria and the child should have country air during the coming summer. He had often reproached himself with not having made some such arrangement for the preceding hot season, but he had seen that she did not suffer from the heat, and his presence in the capital had been very necessary for his work. Now, however, it looked possible enough; and before Stefanone went back to the country for his next trip, a preliminary agreement had been made.

Gloria looked forward with impatience to the liberty she was to gain by his regular absences, for her life was becoming unbearable. She felt that she could not much longer sustain the perpetual comedy she was acting, unless she could get an interval of rest from time to time. At first, the hour he gave her daily when he went out alone had been a relief, and had sufficed. The tears she shed, the letters she wrote to Reanda, rested her and refreshed her. For she had written others since that first one, though he had never answered any of them. But the small daily interruption of her acting was no longer enough. The taste of liberty had bred an intense craving for more of it, and she dreamed of being alone for days together.

She wrote to Reanda now without the slightest hope of receiving any reply, as madmen sometimes write endless letters to women they love, though they have never exchanged a word with them. It was a vent for her pent-up suffering. It could make no difference, and Griggs could never know. Her strange position put the point of faithfulness out of the question. She was in love with her husband, and the man who loved her held her to her play of love by the terror she felt of what lay behind his gentleness. She dreamed once that he had found out the truth, and was tearing her head from her body with those hands of his, slowly, almost gently, with mysterious eyes and still face. She woke, and found that the heavy tress of her hair was twisted round her throat and was choking her; but the impression remained, and her dread of Griggs increased, and it became harder and harder to act her part.

At the same time the attraction of secretly writing to her husband grew stronger day by day. She did not send him all she wrote, nor a tenth part of all, and the greater portion of her outpourings went into the fire, or they were torn to infinitesimal bits and thrown into the waste-paper basket. She was critical, in a strangely morbid way, of what she wrote. The fact that she was acting for Griggs, and knew it, made her dread to write anything to Reanda which could possibly seem insincere. No aspiring young author ever took greater pains over his work than she sometimes bestowed upon the composition of these letters, or judged his work more conscientiously and severely than she. And the result was that she told of her life with wonderful sincerity and truth. Truth was her only luxury in the midst of the great lie she had to sustain. She reveled in it, and yet, fearing to lose it, she used it with a conscientiousness which she had never exhibited in anything she had done before. It was her single delight, and she treasured it with scrupulous and miserly care. In her letters, at least, she could be really herself.

But the strain was telling upon her visibly, and Griggs was very anxious about her, and hastened their departure for Subiaco as soon as the weather began to grow warm, hoping that the mountain air would bring the color back to her pale cheeks. For her beauty's sake, he could almost have deprecated the prospect, strange to say, for she had never seemed more perfectly beautiful than now. She was thinner than she had formerly been, and her pallor had refined her by softening the look of hard and brilliant vitality which had characterized her before she had left Reanda. There is perhaps no beauty which is not enhanced by a touch of sadness. Griggs saw it, and while his eyes rejoiced, his heart sank.

He knew what an utterly lonely life she was leading, even as he judged her existence, and the tender string was touched in his deep nature. She had sacrificed everything for him, as he told himself many a time in his solitary walks. All the love he had given and had to give could never repay her for what she had given him. Marriage, he reflected, was often a bargain; but such devotion as hers was a gift for which there could be no return. She had ruined herself in the eyes of the world for him; but the world would never accuse him nor shut its doors upon him because he had accepted what she had so freely given. He was not an emotional man,

but even he longed for some turn of life in which for her sake he might do something above the dead level of that commonplace heroism which begins in hard work and ends in the attainment of ordinary necessities. He felt his strength in him and about him, and he wished that he could let it loose upon some adversary in the physical satisfaction of fighting for what he loved. It was not a high aspiration, but it was a manly one.

He drew upon his resources to the utmost, in order to make her comfortable in Subiaco when they should get there. He was not a dreamer, though he dreamed when he had time. It was his nature to take all the things which came to him to be done, and to do them one after another with untiring energy. He worked at his correspondence, and got additional articles to write for periodicals, though it was no easy matter in that day, when the modern periodical was in its infancy.

Gloria, acting her part, complained sadly that he worked too hard. Work as he might, he had no such stress to fear as was wearing out her life. She hated him, she feared him, and she envied him. Sometimes she pitied him, and then it was easier for her to act the play. As for Griggs, he laughed, and told her, for the hundredth time, that he was indestructible, and defied fate.

So far as he could see what he had to deal with, he could defy anything. But there was that beyond of which he could not dream, and destiny, with leaden hands, was already upon him, on the day when a great old-fashioned carriage, loaded with boxes and belongings, brought him and his to the door of Stefanone's house in Subiaco.

Sora Nanna, gray-haired, and withered as a brown apple, but tough as leather still, stood on the threshold to receive them. She no longer wore the embroidered napkin on her hair, for civilization had advanced a generation in Subiaco, and a colored handkerchief flapped about her head, and she had caught one corner of it in her teeth to keep it out of her eyes, as the afternoon breeze blew it across her leathery face.

First at the door of the carriage she saw the baby, held up by its nurse, and the old woman threw up her hands and clapped them, and crowed to the child till it laughed. Then Griggs got out. And then, out of the dark shadow of the coach, a face looked at Sora Nanna, and it was a face she had known long ago, with dark eyes, beautiful and deadly pale, and very fateful.

She turned white herself, and her teeth chattered.

"Madonna Santissima!" she cried, shrinking back.

She crossed herself, and did not dare to meet Gloria's eyes again for some time.

XXXVIII.

Sora Nanna showed her new lodgers their rooms. They were the ones Dalrymple had occupied long ago, together with a third, opening separately from the same landing. In what had been the Scotchman's laboratory, and which was now turned into a small bedroom, a large chest stood in a corner, of the sort used by the peasant women to this day for their wedding outfits.

"If it is not in your way, I will leave it here," said Sora Nanna. "There are certain things in it."

"What things?" asked Gloria, idly, and for the sake of making acquaintance with the woman, rather than out of curiosity.

"Things, things," answered Nanna. "Things of that poor girl's. We had a daughter, Signora."

"Did she die long ago?" inquired Gloria, in a tone of sympathy.

"We lost her, Signora," said Nanna, simply. "Look at these beds! They are new, new! No one has ever slept in them. And linen there is, as much as you can ask for. We are country people, Signora, but we are good people. I do not say that we are rich. One knows — in Rome everything is beautiful. Even the chestnuts are of gold. Here, we are in the country, Signora. You will excuse, if anything is wanting."

But Gloria was by no means inclined to find fault. She breathed more freely in the mountain air, she was tired with the long drive from Tivoli, where they had spent the previous night, and she was more hungry than she had been for a long time.

It was not dark when they sat down to supper in the old guest-chamber which opened upon the street. Nanna was anxious and willing to bring them their supper up-stairs, but Gloria preferred the common room. She said it would amuse her, and in reality it was easier for her not to be alone with Griggs; and by going down-stairs on the first evening she meant to establish a precedent for the whole summer. He had told her that he must go back to Rome for his work on the next day but one, and she counted the hours before her up to the minute when she should be free and alone.

They sat down at the old table at which Dalrymple had eaten his solitary meals so often, more than twenty years earlier. There was no change. There were the same solid, old-fashioned silver forks and spoons; there were plates of the same coarse china, tumblers of the same heavy pressed glass. Had Dalrymple been

there, he would have recognized the old brass lamp, with its three beaks, which poor Annetta had so often brought in lighted when he sat there at dusk. On the shelf in the corner were the selfsame decanters full of transparent aniseseed and pink *alchermes* and coarse brown brandy. Stefanone came in, laid his hat upon the bench, and put his stick in the corner, just as he had always done. There was no change, except that Annetta was not there, and the husband and wife had grown almost old since those days.

"How often does the post go to Rome?" Gloria asked of Sora Nanna, while they were at supper.

"Every evening, at one of the night, Signora. There are also many occasions of sending by the carters."

"I can write to you every day when you are away," said Gloria in English to Griggs.

She was thinking of those letters which she wrote to Reanda almost in spite of herself, but the loving smile did not play her false, and Griggs believed her.

In her, the duality of her being had created two distinct lives. For him, the two elements of consciousness and perception were merged in one by his love. All that he felt he saw in her, and all that he saw in her he felt. The perfection of love, while it lasts, is in that double certainty from within and from without, which, if once disturbed, can never be restored again. Singly, the one part or the other may remain as of old, but the wholeness of the two has but one chance of life.

On that first night Gloria had an evil dream. She had fallen asleep, tired from the journey, and worn out with the endless weariness of her secret suffering. She awoke in the small hours, and moonlight was streaming into the room. She was startled to find herself in a strange place at first, and then she realized where she was, and gazed at the clouded panes of common glass as her head lay on the pillow, and she marked the moonlight on the brick floor by the joints of the bricks, and watched how it crept silently away; for the moon was waning, and had not long risen above the black line of the hills.

Her eyelids drooped, but she saw it all distinctly still — more distinctly than before, she thought. The level light rose slowly from the floor — very, very slowly, stiff and straight as a stark, shrouded corpse — and stood upright between her and the window. She felt the heavy hair rising on her scalp, and an intense horror took possession of her body, and thrilled through her from head to foot, and from her feet to her head. But she could not move. She felt that something held her, and pressed on her, as though the air were molded about her like cast-iron.

The thing stood between her and the window, stiff and white. It showed its face, and the face was white, too. It was Angelo Reanda. She knew it, though there seemed to be no eyes in the white thing. She felt its dead voice speaking to her.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" it said.

The face was gone again, but the thing was still there. Very, very slowly, stiff and white, it lay back, straight from the heel upward, unbending as it sank, till it laid itself upon the floor, and she was staring at the joints of the bricks in the moonlight.

Then she shrieked aloud, and awoke. The moonlight had moved a foot or more, and she knew that she had been asleep.

"It was only a dream," she said to Griggs, in the morning. "I thought I saw you dead, dear. It frightened me."

"I am not dead yet," he laughed. "It was that salad: there were potatoes in it."

She turned away; for the contrast between the triviality of what he said and the horror of what she had felt brought an expression to her face which even her consummate art could not have concealed.

The impression lasted all day; and when she went to bed she carefully closed the shutters so that the moonlight should not fall upon the floor. The dream did not return.

"It must have been the salad," said Griggs, when she told him that she had not been disturbed again.

But Gloria was thinking of death, and his words jarred upon her horribly, as a trivial jest would jar on a condemned man walking from his cell to the scaffold. In the evening Griggs went by the diligence to Rome, and Gloria was left alone with her child and the nurse.

Then she sat down and wrote to Reanda with a full heart and a trembling hand. She told him of her dream, and how the fear of his death had broken her nerves. She implored him to come out and see her when Griggs was in Rome. She could let him know when to start, if he would write one word. It was but a little journey, she said, and the cool mountain air would do him good. But if he would not come, she besought him to write to her, if it were only a line, to say that he was alive. She could not forget the dream until she should know that he was safe.

She was not critical of her writing any more, for she was no longer in fear of being misunderstood, and she wrote desperately. It seemed to her that she was writing with her blood. She had sent him many letters without hope of answer; but something told her that she could not appeal in vain forever, and that he would at last reply to her.

Two days passed, and she spent much of her

time with the child. She felt that in time she might love it, if Griggs were not beside her. Then he came back; and in the great joy of seeing her again after that first short separation, the stern voice grew as soft as a woman's, and the still face was moved. She had looked forward with dread to his return, and she shivered when he touched her; she would have given all she had if only he would not kiss her. Then, when she felt that he might have found her cold to him at the first moment, that he might guess, that he might find out her secret, she shivered again from head to heel, in fear of him, and she forced the smile upon her face with all her will.

"I am so glad that I am almost frightened!" she cried; and lest the smile should be imperfect, she hid it against his shoulder.

She could have bitten the cloth and the tough arm under it, as she felt him kiss the back of her neck just at the roots of the hair; as it was, she grasped his arm convulsively.

"How strong you are!" he laughed, as he felt the pressure of her fingers.

"Yes," she answered. "It is the mountain air — and you," she added.

And, as ever, it seemed to him true. The days he spent with her were heavenly to him, as they were days of living earthly hell to her. He did not even leave her alone for an hour or two, as he had done in the city; for when he was in Rome without her he did double work, and shortened his sleep by half, that he might lengthen the time he was to have with her. The heat of the capital and the late hours brought out dark shadows under his eyes, and gave her another excuse for saying that he was overworking for her sake, and that she was a burden upon him — she and the child.

On the morning before he next went to Rome, she received a letter from Reanda. The blood rushed scarlet to her face, but Griggs was busy with his own letters, and did not see it.

She went to the baby's room. The child had been taken out by the nurse, and she sat down in the nurse's chair by the empty cradle, and broke the seal of the note. There was a big sheet of paper inside, on which were written these lines in the artist's small, nervous handwriting:

> I am perfectly well, but I understand your anxiety about my health. I do not wish to see you; but as human life is uncertain, I have given instructions that you may be at once informed of the good news of my death, if you outlive me.

Gloria's hand closed upon the sheet of paper, and she reeled forward and sideways in the chair as though she had received a stunning blow. She heard heavy footsteps on the brick floor in the next room, and with a desperate effort at consciousness she hid the crumpled letter in her bosom before the door opened. But the room swam with her as she grasped the straw cradle and tried to steady herself.

In an agony of terror, she heard the footsteps coming nearer and nearer, then retreating again, then turning back toward her. She prayed to God at that moment that Griggs might not open the door. To gain strength, she forced herself to rise to her feet and stand upright; but with the first step she took she stumbled against the chest that contained Annetta's belongings. The physical pain roused her. She drew breath more freely, and listened. Griggs was moving about in the other room, probably putting together some few things which he meant to take to Rome with him that evening. It seemed an hour before she heard him go away, and the echo of his footsteps came more and more faintly as he went down the stairs. He evidently had not guessed that she was in the little room that served as a nursery — the room which had once been Dalrymple's laboratory.

She did not read the letter again; but she found a match and set fire to it, and watched it as it burned to black, gossamer-like ashes on the brick floor. It was long before she had the courage to go down and face Griggs, and say that she was ready for the daily walk together before the midday meal. And all that day she went about dreamily, scarcely knowing what she did or said, though she was sure that she did not fail in acting her part; for the habit was so strong that the acting was natural to her, except when something waked her to herself too suddenly.

He went away at last in the evening, and she was free to do what she pleased with herself: to close the deadly wound she had received, if that were possible; to forget it, even for an hour, if she could.

But she could not. She felt that it was her death-wound, for it had killed a hope which she had tended and fostered into an inner life for herself. She felt that her husband hated her as she hated Paul Griggs.

She was impelled to fall upon her knees and pray to Something, somewhere, though she knew not what; but she was ashamed to do it when she thought of her life. That Something would turn upon her and curse her, as Reanda had cursed her in her dream — and in the cruel words he had written.

She hardly slept that night, and she rose in the morning heavy-eyed and weary. Going out into the old garden behind the house, she met Sora Nanna with a basket of clothes on her head, just starting to go up to the convent, followed by two of her women.

"Signora," said the old woman, with her leathern smile, "you are consuming yourself

because the husband is in Rome. You are doing wrong."

Gloria started, stared at her, and then understood, and nodded.

"Come up to the convent with us," said Nanna. "You will divert yourself, and while they take in the clothes I will show you the church. It is beautiful. I think that even in Rome it would be a beautiful church. I will show you where the sisters are buried, and I will tell you how Sister Maria Addolorata was burned in her cell. But she was not buried with the rest. When you come back, you will eat with a double appetite, and I will make gnocchi of polenta for dinner. Do you like gnocchi, Signora? There is much resistance in them."

Gloria went with the washerwomen. She was strong, and kept pace with them, burdened as they were with their baskets. It was good to be with them, common creatures with common, human hearts, knowing nothing of her strange trouble. Sora Nanna took her into the church, and showed her the sights, explaining them in her strident, nasal voice, without the slightest respect for the place so long as no religious service was going on. The woman showed her the little tablet erected in memory of Maria Addolorata, and she told the story as she had heard it, and dwelt upon the funeral services and the masses which had been said.

"At least she is in peace," said Gloria, in a low voice, staring at the tablet.

"Poor Annetta used to say that Sister Maria Addolorata sinned in her throat," said Nanna. "But you see. God can do everything. She went straight from her cell to heaven. Eh, she is in peace, Signora, as you say. Requiesca'. Come, Signora; it takes at least three quarters of an hour to make gnocchi."

And they did not know that she was standing on her daughter's grave, and the tablet was a memorial of the mother of the woman beside her.

"You make me think of her, Signora," said the peasant. "You have her face. If you had her voice to sing, I should think that you were she, returned from the dead."

"Could she sing?" asked Gloria, dreamily, as they left the church.

"Like the angels in paradise," answered Nanna. "I think that now, when she sings, they are ashamed, and stand silent to listen to her. If God wills that I make a good death, I shall hear her again."

She glanced at her companion's dreamy, fateful face.

"Let us not speak of the dead!" she concluded. "To-day we will make gnocchi of polenta."

XXXIX.

In the afternoon Gloria called Sora Nanna to move the chest against which she had stumbled in the morning. It would be more convenient, she said, to put it under the bed, if it could not be taken away altogether. It was a big, old-fashioned chest of unpainted, unvarnished wood, brown with age, and fastened by a hasp, through which a splinter of white chestnut wood had been stuck instead of a padlock. Gloria saw that it was heavy, as Sora Nanna dragged it and pushed it across the room. She remarked that, if it held only clothes, it must be packed very full.

Sora Nanna, glad to rest from her efforts, stood upright with her hand on her hip, and took breath.

"Signora," she said, "who knows what is in it? Things, certain things! There are the clothes of that poor girl. This I know. And then, certain other things. Who knows what is in it? It may be a thousand years since I looked. Signora, shall we open it? But I think there are certain things that belonged to the Englishman."

"The Englishman?" asked Gloria, with some curiosity.

She was glad of anything which could interest her a little. For the moment she had not yet the courage to begin to write again after Reanda's message. Anything which had power to turn the current of her thoughts was a relief. She was sitting in the same chair beside the cradle in which she had sat in the morning, for she had called Nanna to move the box at a time when the child had been taken out for its second airing. She leaned back, resting her auburn hair against the bare wall, the waxen whiteness of her face contrasting with the bluish whitewash.

"What Englishman?" she asked again, wearily, but with a show of interest in her half-closed eyes.

"Who knows? An Englishman. They called him Sor Angoscia." Nanna sat down on the heavy box, and dropped her skinny hands far apart upon her knees. "We have cursed him much. He took our daughter. It was a night of evil. In that night the abbess died, and Sister Maria Addolorata was burned in her cell, and the Englishman took our daughter. He took our one daughter, Signora. We have not seen her more, not even her little finger. It will be twenty-two years on the eve of the feast of St. Luke. That is in October, Signora. He took our daughter. Poor little one! She was young, young—perhaps she did not know what she did."

Gloria leaned forward, resting her chin in

her hand, and her elbow on her knee, gazing at the old woman.

"She was a flower," said Nanna, simply. "He tore her from us with the roots. Who knows what he did with her? She will be dead by this time. May the Madonna obtain grace for her! Signora, she seemed one of those flowers that grow on the hillside, just as God wills. Rain, sun, she was always fresh. Then came the storm. Who could find her any more? Poor little one!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Gloria.

And she made Nanna tell all she knew, and how they had found the girl's peasant dress in a corner of that very room.

"Signora, if you wish to see, I will content you," said Nanna, rising at last.

She opened the box. It exhaled the peculiar odor of heavy cloth which has been worn and has then been kept closely shut up for years. On the top lay Annetta's carpet apron. Nanna held it up, and there were tears in her eyes, glistening on her dry skin like water in a crevice of brown rock.

"Signora, there are moths in it, see! Who cares for these things? They are a memory. And this is her skirt, and this is her bodice. Eh, it was beautiful once. The shoes, Signora, I wore them, for we had the same feet. What would you? It seemed a sin to let them mold, because they were hers. The apron, too, I might have worn it. Who knows why I did not wear it? It was the affection. We are all so, we women. And now there are moths in it. I might have worn it. At least it would not have been lost."

Gloria peered into the box, and saw under the clothes a number of books packed neatly with a box made of English oak. She stretched down her hand and took one of the volumes. It was an English medical treatise. She looked at the fly-leaf.

A loud cry from Gloria startled the old woman.

"Angus Dalrymple — but —" Gloria read the name, and stared at Nanna.

"Eh, eh!" assented Nanna, nodding violently, and smiling a little as she at last recognized the Scotchman's name, which she had never been able to pronounce. "Yes — that is it. That was the name of the Englishman. An evil death on him and all his house! Stefanone says it always. I also may say it once. It was he. He took our daughter. Stefanone went after them, but they had the beast of the convent gardener. It was a good beast, and they made it run. Stefanone heard of them all the way to the sea, but the twenty-four hours had passed, and the war-ship was far out. He could see it. Could he go to the war-ship? It had cannons. They would have killed him. Then I should have had neither daughter nor husband. So he came back."

The long habit of acting had made Gloria strong, but her hands shook on the closed volume. She had known that her mother had been an Italian, that they had left Italy suddenly, and had been married on board an English man-of-war by the captain — that same Walter Crowdie, a relative of Dalrymple's, after whom Gloria and Griggs had named the child. More than that Dalrymple had never been willing to tell her. She remembered, too, that though she had once or twice begged him to take her to Tivoli and Subiaco, he had refused rather abruptly. It was clear enough now. Her mother had been this Annetta whom Dalrymple had stolen away in the night.

And the wrinkled, leathery old hag, with her damp, coarse mouth, her skinny hands, and her cunning, ignorant eyes, was her grandmother — Stefanone was her grandfather — her mother had been a peasant, like them, beautified by one of nature's mad miracles.

There could be no doubt about it. That was the truth, and it fell upon her with its cruel, massive weight, striking her where many other truths had struck her before this one — in her vanity.

She grasped the book tightly with both hands, and set her teeth. After that she did not know what Nanna said; and the old woman, thinking Gloria was not paying a proper attention to her remarks, pushed and heaved the box across the room rather discontentedly. It would not go under the bed, being too high, so she wedged it in between the foot of the bedstead and the wall. There was just room for it there.

"Signora, if ever your one child leaves you without a word, you will understand," said Nanna, a little offended at finding no sympathy.

"I understand too well," answered Gloria.

Then she suddenly realized what the woman wanted, and with great self-control she held out her hand kindly. Nanna took it and smiled, and pressed it in her horny fingers.

"You are young, Signora. When you are old, you will understand many things, when evils have pounded your heart in a mortar. Oil is sweet, vinegar is sour; with both one makes salad. This is our life. Rest yourself, Signora, for you walked well this morning. I go."

Gloria felt the pressure of the rough fingers on hers, after Nanna had left her. The acrid odor of peeled vegetables clung to her own hand, and she rose and washed it carefully, though she was scarcely aware of what she was doing. Suddenly she dropped the towel and went back to the box. It had crossed her mind that the single book she had opened

might have been borrowed from her father, and that she might find another name in the others — that Nanna might have been mistaken in thinking that she recognized the English name — that it might all be a mistake, after all.

With violent hands she dragged out the moth-eaten clothes and threw them behind her upon the floor, and seized the books, opening them desperately one after the other. In each there was the name, "Angus Dalrymple," in her father's firm young handwriting of twenty years ago. She threw them down and lifted out the oak box. A little brass plate was let into the lid, and bore the initials, "A. D." There was no doubt left. The books all bore dates prior to 1844, the year in which, as she knew, her father had been married. It was impossible to hesitate, for the case was terribly clear.

She rose to her feet, and carried the box to the window and set it upon a chair, sitting down upon another before it. It was not locked. She raised the lid, and saw that it was a medicine-chest. There was a drawer, or little tray, on the top, full of small boxes and very minute vials, lying on their sides. Lifting this out, she saw a number of little stoppered bottles set in holes made in a thin piece of board for a frame. One was missing, and there were eleven left. She counted them mechanically, not knowing why she did so. Then she took them out and looked at the labels. The first she touched contained spirits of camphor. It chanced to be the only one of which the contents were harmless. The others were strong tinctures and acids, vegetable poisons,—belladonna, aconite, and the like,—sulphuric acid, nitric acid, hydrochloric acid, and others.

Gloria looked at them curiously and set them back one by one, put in the little tray, and closed the lid. Then she sat still a long time, and gazed out of the window at the rugged line of the hills.

Between her and the pale sky she saw her own life, and the hideous failure of it all, culminating in the certainty that she was of the blood of the old peasant couple to whose house a seeming chance had brought her to die. She felt that she could not live, and would not live if she could. It was all too wildly horrible, too utterly desolate.

The only human being that clung to her was the one of all others whom she most feared and hated, whose very touch sent a cold shiver through her. She and fate together had pounded her heart in a mortar, as the old woman had said. With a bitterness that sickened her she thought of her brief married life, of her poor social ambition, of her hopeless efforts to be some one among the great. What could she be, the daughter of peasants, what could she have ever been? Probably some one knew the truth about her, in all that great society. Such things might be known. Francesca Campodonico's delicate, noble face rose faintly between her and the sky, and she realized with excruciating suddenness the distance that separated her from the woman she hated — the woman who perhaps knew that Gloria Dalrymple was the daughter of a peasant, and a fit wife by her birth for Angelo Reanda, the steward's son.

The ruin of her life spread behind her and before her. She could not face it. The confusion of it all seemed to blind her, and the confusion was pierced by the terrible thought that on the next day but one Griggs would return again,— the one being who would not leave her, who believed in her, who worshiped her, and whom she hated for himself, and for the destruction of her existence which had come by him.

In the box before her was death, painful perhaps, but sure as the grave itself. She was not a coward, except when she was afraid of Paul Griggs; and the fear lest he, too, should find out the truth was worse than the fear of mortal pain.

She sat still in her place, staring out of the window. After a long time the nurse came in, carrying the child asleep in her arms, covered with a thin gauze veil. Gloria started, and then smiled mechanically as she had trained herself to smile whenever the child was brought to her. The nurse laid the small thing in its cradle, and Gloria, as in a dream, put the books and the clothes back into the box, and was glad that the nurse asked no questions. When she had shut down the lid, she rose to her feet, and saw that she had left the medicine-chest on the chair. She took it into the bedroom, and set it upon the table.

Then she sat down and wrote to Reanda. There was no haste in the writing, and her head was clear and cool, for she was not afraid. Griggs could not return for two days, and she had plenty of time. She went over her story, as she had gone over it many times before in her letters. She told him all, but not the discovery she had just made. That should die with her, if it could. It would be easy enough, on the next day, when the nurse was out, to open the box again, and to tear out the fly-leaf from each book, and so destroy the name. As for the medicine-chest, Griggs might see that it had belonged to her father, but he would suppose that she had brought it among her belongings. He would never guess that it had lain hidden in the old box for more than twenty years. That was her plan, and it was simple enough. But she should have to wait until the next day. It was better so. She could think

of what she was going to do, and nobody would disturb her. She finished her letter.

"You have killed me," she wrote at the end. "If I had not loved you to the very end, I would tell you that my death is on your soul. But it is not all your fault, if I have loved you to death. I would not die if I could be free in any other way; but I cannot live to be touched and caressed again by this man, whom I loathe with all my soul. I tell you that when he kisses me it is as though I were stung by a serpent of ice. It is for your sake that I hate him as I do. For your sake I have suffered hell on earth for more than a whole year. For your sake I die. I cannot live without you. I have told you so again and a hundred times again, and you have not believed me. You write to-day, and you tell me that I shall be free, when you die, to marry Paul Griggs. I would rather marry Satan in hell. But I shall be free to-morrow, for I shall be dead. God will forgive me, for God knows what I suffer. Good-by. I love you, Angelo. I shall love you to-morrow, when the hour comes, and after that I shall love you always. This is the end. Good-by. I love you; I kiss your soul with my soul. Good-by, good-by. "GLORIA."

She cut a lock from her auburn hair, and twisted it round and round her wedding-ring, and thrust it into the envelop.

XL.

Two days later, Paul Griggs stood beside Gloria. She was not dead yet, but no earthly power could save her. She lay white and motionless on the high trestle-bed, unaware of his presence. They had sent a messenger for him, and he had come. The door was locked. Stefanone and his wife whispered together on the landing. In the third room, beyond, the nurse was shedding hysterical tears over the sleeping child.

The strong man stood stone still with shadowy, unblinking eyes, gazing into the dying face. Not a muscle moved, not a feature was distorted; his breath was regular and slow, for his grief had taken hold upon his soul, and his body was unaware of time, as though it were already dead.

She had suffered horrible agonies for two nights and one day, and now the end was very near, for the racked nerves could no longer feel. She lay on her back, lightly covered, one white arm and hand above the coverlet, the other hidden beneath it.

The room was very hot, and the sun streamed through the narrow aperture of the nearly closed shutters, and made a bright streak on the red bricks, for it was morning still.

The purple lids opened, and Gloria looked up. There was no shiver now, as she recognized the man she feared, for the nerves were almost dead. Perhaps there was less fear, for she knew that it was almost over. The dark eyes were fixed on his with a mysterious, wondering look.

He tried to speak, and his lips moved, but he could make no sound, and his chest heaved convulsively, once. He knew what she had done, for they had told him. He knew, now that he had tried to speak and could not, that he was half killed by grief. She saw the effort and understood, and faintly smiled.

"Why?"

He wrenched the single broken word out of himself by an enormous effort, and his throat swelled and was dry. Suddenly a single great drop of sweat rolled down his pale forehead.

"I could not live," she answered in a cool, far voice beyond suffering, and still she smiled.

"Why? Why?"

The repeated word broke out twice like two sobs, but not a feature moved. The dying woman's eyelids quivered.

"I was a burden to you," she said faintly and distinctly. "You are free now; you have —only the child."

His calm broke.

"Gloria, Gloria! In the name of God Almighty, do not leave me so!"

He clasped her in his arms and lifted her a little, pressing his lips to her face. She was inert as a statue. She feared him still, and she felt the shiver of horror at his touch, but it could not move her limbs any more. Her eyes opened and looked into his, very close; but his were shut. The mask was gone. The man's whole soul was in his agonized face, and his arm shook with her. Her mind was clear, and she understood. She was still herself, acting her play out in the teeth of death.

"I could not live," she said. "I could not be a millstone, dragging you down, watching you as you killed yourself in working for me. It was to be one of us. It is better so."

In his agony he laid his head beside hers on the pillow.

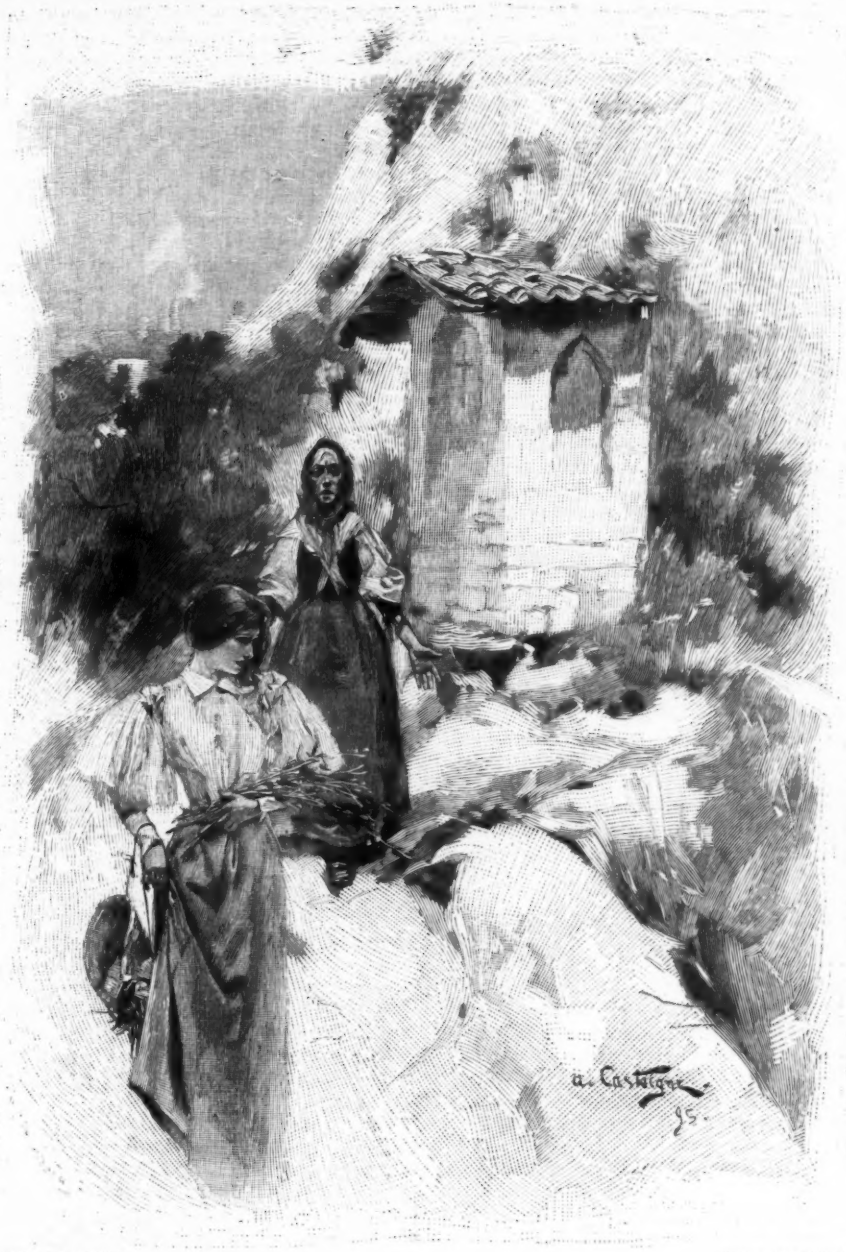
"Gloria — for Christ's sake — don't leave me —" The deep moan came from his tortured heart.

"Bring — the child — Walter —" she said very faintly.

Even in death she could not bear to be alone with him. He straightened himself, stood up, and saw the light fading in her eyes. Then, indeed, a shiver ran through her and shook her. Then the lids opened wide, and she cried out loudly:

"Quick — I am going —"

Rather than that she should not have what



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

"'LET US NOT SPEAK OF THE DEAD!'"

(SEE PAGE 613.)

she wished, he tore himself away and wrenched the door open, forgetting that it was locked.

"Bring the child!" he cried, into the face of old Nanna, who was standing there; and he pushed her toward the door of the other room with one hand, while he already turned back to Gloria.

He started, for she was sitting up, with wide eyes and outstretched hands, gazing at the patch of sunlight on the floor. Dying, she saw the awful vision of her dream again, rising stiff and stark from the bricks to its upright horror between her and the light. Her hands pointed at it and shook, and her jaw dropped, but she was motionless as she sat.

Nanna, sobbing, came in suddenly, holding up the little child straight before her, that it might see its mother before she was gone forever. The baby hands feebly beat its little sides, and it gasped for breath.

Words came from Gloria's open mouth, articulate, clear, but very far in sound.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" the words said, as though spoken by another.

The outstretched hands sank slowly, as the vision laid itself down before her, straight and corpse-like. The beautiful head fell back upon Griggs's arm, and the eyes met his.

Nanna prayed aloud, holding up the child mechanically, and the small eyes were fixed, horror-struck, upon the bed. A low cry trembled in the air. Stefanone, his hat in his hand, stood against the door, bowed a little, as though he were in church. The cry came again. Then there was a sort of struggle.

In an instant Gloria was standing up on the bed to her full height. And the hot, still room rang with a burst of desperate, ear-breaking song, in majestic, passionate, ascending intervals.

Calpesta il mio cadavere, ma salva il Trovator!

The last great, true note died away. For one instant she stood up still, with outstretched hands, white, motionless. Then the flame in the dark eyes broke and went out, and Gloria fell down dead.

"Maria Addolorata! Maria Addolorata!" Nanna screamed in deadly terror, as she heard the transcendent voice that one time, like a voice from the grave.

She sank down, fainting upon the floor, and the little child rolled from her slackened arms upon the coarse bricks, and lay on its face, moaning tremulously. No one heeded it.

Stefanone, with instinctive horror of death, turned and went blindly down the steps, not knowing what he had seen, the death-notes still ringing in his ears.

On the bed the man lay dumb upon the dead woman. Only the poor little child seemed to be alive, and clutched feebly at the coarse red bricks, and moaned and bruised its small face. It bore the slender inheritance of fatal life, the inheritance of vows broken, and of faith outraged, and with it, perhaps, the implanted seed of a lifelong terror, not remembered, but felt throughout life, as real and as deadly as an inheritance of mortal disease. Better, perhaps, if death had taken it, too, to the lonely grave of the outcast and suicide woman, among the rocks, out of earshot of humanity. Death makes strange oversights, and leaves strange gleanings for life, when he has reaped his field and housed his harvest.

They would not give Gloria Christian burial, for it was known throughout Subiaco that she had poisoned herself, and those were still the old days when the Church's rules were the law of the people.

Paul Griggs took the body of the woman he had loved, and loved beyond death, and he laid her in a deep grave in a hollow of the hillside. Such words as he had to speak to those who helped him he spoke quietly, and none could say that they had seen the still face moved by sorrow. But as they watched him a human sort of fear took hold of them at his great quiet, and they knew that his grief was beyond anything which could be shown or understood. It was night, and they filled the grave after he had thrown earth into it with his hands. He sent them away, and they left him alone with the dead, leaving also one of their lanterns upon a stone near by.

All that night he lay on the grave, dumb. Then, when the dawn came upon him, he kissed the loose earth and stones, and got upon his feet, and went slowly down the hillside to the town beyond the torrent. He went into the house noiselessly, and lay down upon the bed on which she had died. And so he did for two nights and two days. On the third, a great carriage came from Rome, bringing twelve men, singers of the Sistine Chapel and of the choir of St. Peter's and of St. John Lateran, twelve men having very beautiful voices, as sweet as any in the world. He had sent for them when he had been told that she could not have Christian burial.

They were talking and laughing together when they came; but when they saw his face they grew very quiet, and followed him in silence where he led them. Two little boys followed them, too, wondering what was to happen, and what the thirteen men were going to do, all dressed in black, walking so steadily together.

When they all came to the hollow in the hillside, they saw a mound, as of a grave, amidst the stones, and on it there lay a cross of black

wood. The singers looked at one another in silence, and they understood that whoever lay in the grave had been refused a place in the churchyard for some great sin. But they said nothing. The man who led them stood still at the head of the cross and took off his hat, and looked at his twelve companions, who uncovered their heads. They had sheets of written music with them, and they passed them quietly about from one to another, and looked toward one who was their leader.

Overhead, the summer sky was pale, and there were twin mountains of great clouds in the northwest, hiding the sun, and in the southeast, whence the parching wind was blowing in fierce gusts. It blew the dry dust from the clods of earth on the grave, and the dust settled on the black clothes of the men as they stood near.

The voices struck the first chord softly together, and the music for the dead went up to heaven, and was borne far across the torrent to the distance in the arms of the hot wind. And one voice climbed above the others, sweet and clear, as though to reach heaven itself; and another sank deep and true and soft in the full close of the stave, as though it would touch and comfort the heart that was quite still at last in the deep earth.

Then one who was young stood a little before the rest, a strong, pale singer, with an angel's voice. And he sang alone to the sky and the dusty rocks and the solemn grave. He sang the "Cujus animam gementem pertransivit gladius" of the Stabat Mater, as none had sung it before him, nor perhaps has ever sung it since that day — he alone, without other music.

They came also to the words "Fac ut animæ donetur Paradisi gloria," and the word was a name to him who listened silently in the midst of them.

Besides these they sang also a "Miserere," and last of all, "Requiem eternam dona eis."

Then there was silence, and they looked at the still face, as though asking what they should do. The mysterious eyes met theirs with shadows. The pale head bent itself in thanks twice or thrice, but there were no words.

So they turned and left him there on the hillside, and went back to the town, awe-struck by the vastness of the man's sorrow. And afterward, for many years, when any of them heard of a great grief, he shook his head, and said that he and those who had sung with him over a lonely grave in the mountains alone knew what a man could feel and yet live.

And Paul Griggs lived through those days, and is still alive. His grief could not spend itself, but his stern strength took hold of life again, and he took the child with him and went back to Rome, to work for it from that time forward, and to shield it from evil if he could, and to bring it up to be a man, ignorant of what had happened in Subiaco in those summer days, ignorant of the tie that made it his,— to be a man free from the burden of past fates and sins and broken vows and trampled faith, and of the death its dead mother had died, having a clean name of its own, with which there could be no memories of misery and fear and horror.

He wrote a few short words to Angus Dalrymple, now Lord Redin at last, to tell him the truth as far as he knew it. The hand that had labored so bravely for Gloria could hardly trace the words that told of her death.

Then, when the summer heat was passed, he took little Walter Crowdie with him, hiring an Englishwoman to tend the child, and he crossed the ocean and gave it to certain kinsfolk of his in America, telling them that it was the child of one who had been very dear to him, that he had taken it as his own, and would provide for it and take it back when it should be older. And so he did, and little Walter Crowdie grew up with an angel's voice, and other gifts which made him famous in his day. But many things happened before that time came.

He could do no better than that. For a time he strove to earn money with his pen in his own country. But the land was still trembling from the convulsion of a great war, and there were many before him, and he was little known. After a year had passed, he saw that he could not then succeed; and very heavy at heart he set his face eastward again, to toil at his old calling as a correspondent for a great London paper, to earn bread for himself and for the one living being that he loved.

(To be continued.)

F. Marion Crawford.

A FRIEND.

THE plum-tree bends, all dumb with snow, and pale
With mockery of the coming bloom.
But ah! with one sweet cry, the nightingale
Leaps to her bough and sings perfume.

Mary McNeil Scott.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

ON A HOT TRAIL.

FOX-HUNTING IN KENTUCKY.

WITH PICTURES BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

I.

THE judge parted his coat-tails to the big pine blaze, and, with one measuring, vertical glance, asked two questions:

"Do you hunt coons? Do you hunt gray foxes?"

A plea of not guilty was made to both, and the judge waved his hand.

"If you do," he said, "I decline to discuss the subject with you."

Already another fox-hunter, who was still young, and therefore not quite lost to the outer world, had warned me. "They are cranks," he said, "all of 'em."

And then he who was yet sane went on to tell about his hound Red Star: how Red Star would seek a lost trail from stump to stump, or on top of a rail-fence; or, when crows cawed, would leave the trail and make for the crows; how he had once followed a fox twenty hours, and had finally gone after him into a sink-hole, from which he had been rescued several days later, almost starved. On cold winter nights the young hunter would often come on the lonely figure of the old one, who had walked miles out of town merely to sit on the fence and listen to the hounds. Against him the warning was particular. I made a tentative mention of the drag-hunt, in which the hounds often ran mute, and the fun was in the horse, the ride, and the fences. For a moment the judge was reflective.

"I remember," he said slowly, as though he were a century back in reminiscence, "that the darkies used to drag a coon-skin through the woods, and run mongrels after it."

A hint of fine scorn was in his tone, but it was the scorn of the sportsman and not of the sectionalist, though the judge, when he was only fifteen, had carried pistol and saber after John Morgan, and was, so the general said a moment later, the gamest man in the Confederacy.

"Why, sir, there is but one nobler animal than a long-eared, deep-mouthed, patient fox-hound — and that is a woman! Think of treating him that way! And the music is the thing! Many an old Virginian would give away a dog because his tongue was not in harmony with the rest. The chorus should be a chord. I shall never hear sweeter music, unless by the grace of Heaven I hear some day the choiring of angels."

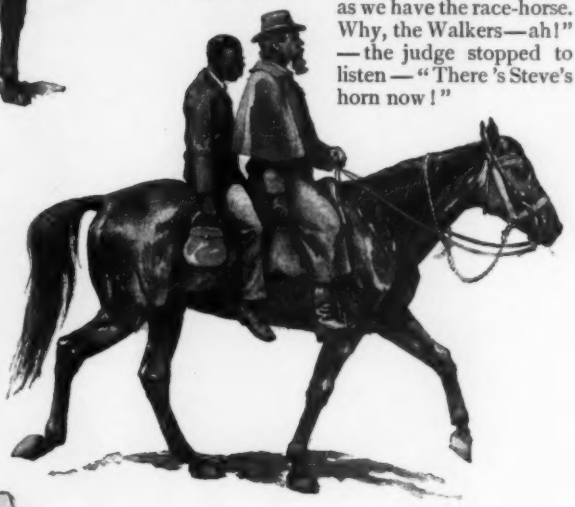
I was about to speak of the Maine and Massachusetts custom of shooting the fox before the hounds, but the judge forestalled me.



A TYPICAL HUNTER.

"I believe, sir, that is worse — if worse be possible. I do not know what excuse the gentlemen make. They say, I believe, that their dogs cannot catch their red fox — that no dogs can. Well, the ground up there, being rough, is favorable to the fox, but our dogs can catch him. Logan, a Kentucky dog, has just caught a Massachusetts fox for the Brunswick Fur Club, and we have much better dogs here than Logan.

"Yes," he added tranquilly; "I believe it is generally conceded now that the Kentucky dog has taken a stand with the Kentucky horse. The winnings on the bench and in the field, the reports wherever Kentucky dogs have been sent, the advertisements in the sporting papers, all show that Steve Walker, who, by the way, will never sell a dog, and who will buy any dog that can beat his own, has tried every strain in this country except the Wild Goose Pack of Tennessee. He has never gone outside the State without getting a worse dog. I reckon phosphate of lime has something to do with it. The same natural forces in the Blue Grass region that make horses better improve the dogs. Since the war, too, we have bred with more care; we have hunted more than people elsewhere, and we have bred the dog as we have the race-horse. Why, the Walkers — ah!" — the judge stopped to listen — "There 's Steve's horn now!"

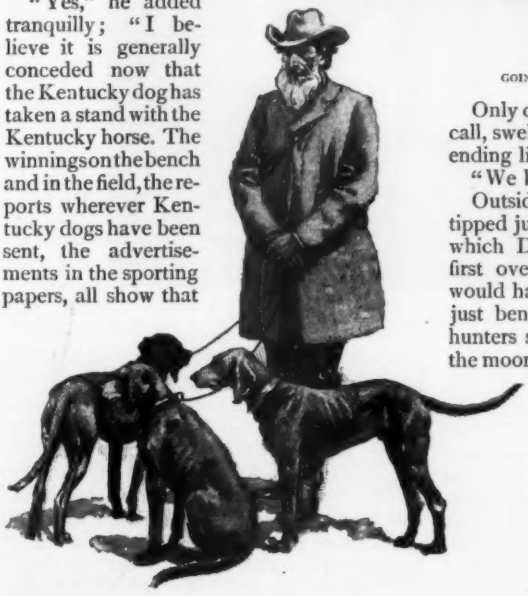


GOING TO THE HUNT.

Only one man could blow that long mellow call, swelling and falling without a break, and ending like a distant echo.

"We better go, boys," he said.

Outside the hotel, the hunter's moon was tipped just over one of the many knobs from which Daniel Boone is said to have looked first over the Blue Grass land. A raindrop would have slipped from it into the red dawn just beneath. And that was the trouble, for hunters say there is never rain to drop when the moon is tipped that way. So the field trials had been given up; the country was too rough; and the elements and the local sportsmen, who hunted the ground by night that we were to hunt by day, held the effort in disfavor. That day everybody and everybody's hound were to go loose for simple fun, and the fun was beginning before dawn. In the stable yard darkies and mountaineers were bridling and saddling horses. The



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. NATIVE DOGS.

hunters were noisily coming and going from the little hotel that was a famous summer resort in the Bath County Hills forty years ago, and, once owned by a great Kentuckian, was, the tradition goes, lost by him in a game of poker. Among them were several Blue Grass girls in derby hats, who had been in the saddle with us on the previous day from dark to dark, and on to midnight, and who were ready to do it again. There were fox-hunters from Maine, the Virginias, Ohio, and from England; and the contrasts were marked even among the Kentuckians who came from the Iroquois Club of Lexington, with bang-tailed horses and top-boots; from the Strodes Valley Hunt Club and the Bourbon Kennels, who disdain any accoutrement on horseback that they do not wear on foot; and from the best-known fox-hunting family in the South, who dress and hunt after their own way, and whom I shall call Walkers, because they are never seen on foot. No Walker reaches the age of sixteen without being six feet high. There were four with us, and the shortest was six feet two, and weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. They wore great oilskin mackintoshes, and were superbly mounted on half thoroughbreds. Not long ago they carried their native county Democratic for one friend by two hundred and fifty majority. At the next election they carried it Republican by the same majority for another friend. "We own everything in common," said one, who asked me to come over and spend a few months, or a year, or the rest of my natural life with him, "except our dogs." No Walker's dog will follow any other Walker or come to his horn. All the Walkers had great,



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

LISTENING TO THE MUSIC OF THE DOGS.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. CALLING OFF THE DOGS. ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

soft musical voices and gentle manners. All were church members, and, *mirabile dictu*, only one of the four touched whisky, and he lightly. About one of them the general told a remarkable story.

This Walker, he said, got into a difficulty with another young man just after the war. The two rode into the county town, hitched their horses, and met in the court-house square. They drew their pistols, which were old-fashioned, and emptied them, each man getting one bullet. Then they drew knives. They closed in after both had been cut slightly. The other man made for Walker's abdomen, just as Walker's knife was high over his head for a terrible downward stroke. Walker had on an old army belt, and the knife struck the buckle and broke at the hilt. Walker saw it as his knife started down. He is a man of fierce passion, but even at that moment he let his knife fall and walked away.

"It 's easy enough in a duel," commented the general, "when everything is cool and deliberate, to hold up if your adversary's pistol gets out of order; but in a hand-to-hand fight like that! They have been close friends ever since — naturally."

Being such a company, we rode out of the stable yard through the frosty dawn toward the hills, which sink by and by to the gentle undulations of Blue Grass pasture and woodland.

II.

In Kentucky the hunting of the red fox antedates the war but little. The old Kentucky fox-hound was of every color, loose in build, with open feet and a cowhide tail. He had a good nose, and he was slow, but he was fast enough for the gray fox and the deer. Somewhere about 1855 the fox-hunters discovered that their hounds were chasing something they could not catch. A little later, a mule-driver came through Cumberland Gap with a young hound that he called Lead. Lead caught the eye of old General Maupin, who lived in Madison County, and whose name is now known to every fox-hunter North and South. Maupin started poor, and made a fortune in a frolic. He would go out hunting with his hounds, and would come back home with a drove of sheep and cattle. He was a keen trader, and would buy anything. He bought Lead, and in the first chase Lead slipped away from the old deerhounds as though he knew what he was after; and it was not long before he captured the strange little beast that had been puzzling man and dog so long. Lead was thus the first hound to catch a red fox in Kentucky; and since every foxhound in the State worthy of the name goes back to Lead, he is a very important personage. General Maupin never learned Lead's exact origin; perhaps he did not try very hard, for he soon ran across a suspicion that Lead had been stolen. He tried other dogs from the same locality in Tennessee from which he supposed the hound came, but with no good results. Lead was a *lusus naturæ*, and old fox-hunters say that his like was never before him, and has never been since.

People came for miles to see the red fox



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

A BIT OF BRUSH.

that Lead ran down, and the event was naturally an epoch in the history of the chase in Kentucky. Nobody knows why it took the red fox so long to make up his mind to emigrate to Kentucky, not being one of the second families of Virginia, and nobody knows why he came at all. Perhaps the shrewd little beast learned that over the mountains the dogs were slow and old-fashioned, and that he could have great fun with them and die of old age; perhaps the prescience of the war moved him: but certain it is that he did not take the "Wilderness Road" until the fifties, when began the inexplicable movement of his race south and southwest. But he took the trail of the gray fox then, just as the tide-water Virginians took the trail of the pioneers, and the gray fox gave way, and went farther west, as did the pioneer, and let the little red-coated aristocrat stamp his individuality on the Blue Grass as his human brother had done. For a long while he did have fun with those clumsy old hounds, running a hundred easy lengths ahead, dawdling time and again past his den, disdaining to take refuge, and turning back to run past the hounds when they had given up the chase — great fun, until old Lead came. After that General Maupin and the Walkers imported Martha and Rifler from England, and since then the red fox has been kept to his best pace so steadily that he now shows a proper respect for even a young Kentucky foxhound. He was a great solace after the war, for Kentucky was less impoverished than other Southern States, horses were plentiful, it was inexpensive to keep hounds, and other game was killed off. But fox-hunting got into disrepute. Hunting in Southern fashion requires a genius for leisure that was taken advantage of by ne'er-do-weels and scapegraces, young and old, who used it as a cloak for idleness, drinking, and general mischief. They broke down the farmer's fences, left his gates open, trampled his grain, and brought a reproach on the fox-hunter that is alive yet. It is dying rapidly, however, and families like the Clays of Bourbon, the Robinsons and Hamiltons of Mount Sterling, the Millers and Winns of Clark, and the Walkers of Garrard, are lifting the chase into high favor. Hitherto the hunting has been done individually. Now hunt clubs are being formed. Chief among them are the Bourbon Kennels, the Strodes Valley Hunt Club, and the Iroquois Club, the last having been in existence for ten years. This club does not confine itself to foxes, but is democratic enough to include coons and rabbits, which last are hunted on horseback, without dog or gun — a unique and rather dangerous sport peculiar to the Blue Grass.

Except in Maine and Massachusetts, where the fox is shot before the hounds, fox-hunting in the North is modeled after English ways. In Kentucky and elsewhere in the South it is almost another sport. The Englishman wants his pack uniform in color, size, tongue, and speed: a hound that is too fast must be counted out. The Kentuckian wants his hound to leave the rest behind if he can. He has no whipper-in, no master of the hounds. Each man cries on his own dog. Nor has he any hunting terms, like "cross-country riding," or "riding to hounds." To hunt for the pleasure of the ride is his last thought. The fun is in the actual chase, in knowing the ways of the plucky little animal, in knowing the hounds individually, and the tongue of each, in the competition of one man's dog with another, or of favorites in the same pack. It is not often that the hounds are followed steadily. The stake-and-ridered fences everywhere, and the barbed wire in the Blue Grass, would make following impossible even if it were desirable. Instead, the hunters ride from ridge to ridge to wait, to listen, and to see. The Walkers hunt chiefly at night. The fox is then making his circuit for food, and the scent is better. Less stock is moving about to be frightened, or among which the fox can confuse the hounds. The music has a mysterious sweetness, the hounds hunt better, it seems less a waste of time, and it is more picturesque. At night the hounds trot at the horses' heels until a fire is built on some ridge. Then they go out to hunt a trail, while the hunters tie their horses in the brush, and sit around the fire telling stories until some steady old hound gives tongue.

"There 's old Rock! Whoop-ee! Go it, old boy!" Only he does n't say "old boy" exactly. The actual epithet is bad, though it is endearing. It reaches old Rock if he is three miles away, and the crowd listens.

"There 's Ranger! Go it, Alice, old girl! Lead 's ahead!"

Then they listen to the music. Sometimes the fox takes an unsuspected turn, and they mount and ride for another ridge; and the reckless, daredevil race they make through the woods in the dark is to an outsider pure insanity. Sometimes a man will want to go on one side of the tree when his horse prefers another, and the man is carried home senseless. Sometimes a horse is killed, but no lesson is learned. The idea prevails that the more reckless one is, the better is his chance to get through alive, and it seems to hold good. In their county, the Walkers have both hills and blue grass in which to hunt. The fox, they say, is leaving the hills, and taking up his home in the plantations, because he can get his living there with more ease. They hunt at least three nights out of the week all the year around, and

they say that May is the best month of the year. The fox is rearing her young then. The hunters build a fire near a den, the she-fox barks to attract the attention of the dogs, and the race begins. At that time the fox will not take a straight line to the mountains and end the chase as at other times of the year, but will circle about the den. It is true, perhaps, that at such times the male fox relieves the mother and takes his turn in keeping the hounds busy. The hunters thus get their pleasure without being obliged to leave their camp-fire. Rarely at this time is the fox caught, and provided he has had the fun of the chase, the Kentucky hunter is secretly glad, I believe, that the little fellow has gone scot-free.

Such being the hunt, there is, of course, no ceremony whatever in its details; it is go as you please as to horse, way of riding, dress, and riding accoutrements. The effect is picturesque and individual. Each man dresses usually as he dresses on foot, his seat is the military seat, his bridle has one rein, his horse is bridle-wise, and his hunter is his saddle-horse. The Kentuckian does not like to trot anywhere in the saddle. He prefers to go in a "rack," or a running walk. His horse, when he jumps at all, does not take fences in his stride, but standing. And I have yet to see anything more graceful than the slow rear, the calculating poise, the leap wholly from the hind feet, and the quick, high gather to clear the fence. It is not impossible to find a horse that will feel for the top rail with his knees, and if they are not high enough, he will lift them higher before making his leap. I have known of one horse that while hitched to a stake-and-ridered fence would jump the fence without unhitching himself.

It was an odd and interesting crowd that went through the woods that morning,—those long-maned, long-tailed horses, and their riders, the giants in slouched hats and oilskins, the pretty girls with a soft fire of anticipation in their straight, clear eyes,—especially to the hunters from the East, and to the Englishman with his little hunting-saddle, his short stirrups, his top-boots thrust into them to the heels, and his jockey-like seat—just as he was odd to them. I saw one Kentuckian double on his horse, laughing at the apparent inefficiency of his appearance, little knowing that in the English hunting-field the laugh would have been the other way.

To the stranger the dogs doubtless looked small and wiry, being bred for speed, as did the horses, because of the thoroughbred blood in them, livery hacks though most of them were. Perhaps he was most surprised at the way those girls dashed through the woods, and the way the horses galloped over stones and roots, and climbed banks, for which purpose the Eastern hunter would have been inadequate, through lack of training. The Southern way of riding doubtless struck him as slovenly—the loose rein, the toes in the stirrups (which upheld merely the weight of the legs), the easy, careless, graceful seat: but he soon saw that it was admirably adapted to the purpose at hand—staying on the horse and getting out all that there was in him. For when the Southern fox-hunter starts after his hounds through wood and thicket, in daylight or dark, you know whence came the dashing horsemanship that gave the South a marked advantage some thirty years ago. And when he gets warmed up, and opens his throat to cry on his favorite hound, you know at last the origin of the "rebel yell," and you hear it again but little changed to-day.

III.

WITHIN ten minutes after the dogs were unleashed there was an inspiriting little brush through the woods. A mule went down, and his rider executed a somersault. Another rider was unhorsed against a tree. How the girls came through with their skirts was a mystery; but there they were, eager and smiling, when we halted on the edge of a cleared field. The hounds were circling far to the left. The general pointed to a smoldering fire which the local sportsmen had used through the night.

"It 's an old trail," he said, and we waited there, as we waited anywhere, with an unwearying patience that would have thrown an Eastern hunter into hysteria.

"No, sir," said the general, courteously, in answer to a question; "I never sell a fox-dog; I consider him a member of my household. It would be a sacrilege to sell him." Then he continued learnedly and calmly:

"As is the fox, so in time is the dog; that is the theory. The old English dog was big-boned, coarse, and heavy, and he had to have greyhound blood before he could catch the English red fox. The English dog has always been, and is now, inadequate for the American red fox. By selection, by breeding winner with winner, we have got a satisfactory dog, and the more satisfactory he is, the more is he like the fox, having become smaller in size, finer in bone, and more compact in shape. The hunted molds the hunter: the American red fox is undoubtedly superior to the English red fox in speed, endurance, and stratagem, and he has made the American dog superior. The principle was illustrated when old Lead came over to Cumberland; for he was rather small and compact, his hair was long and his brush heavy, though his coat was coal-black except for a little tan about the face and eyes. The Virginia red fox had already fashioned Lead."

The hounds were coming back now; they were near when the music ceased. The great yellow figure of a Walker was loping toward them through the frost-tipped sedge, with his hat in his hand and his thick gray hair catching the first sunlight, The general was right; the trail was old, and it was lost. As we rode across the field, however, an old hound gave tongue. Sharp, quick music began, and ceased just as another Walker was reaching down into his trousers' pocket for his plug of tobacco.

"I believe that was a rabbit," he said. "I 'm going over there and knock old Rock in the head." Without taking his hand from his pocket, he touched his horse, and the animal rose in his tracks, poised, and leaped, landing on a slippery bank. The plug of tobacco was in one corner of the rider's mouth when both struck the road. He had moved in his saddle no more than if his horse had stepped over a log. Nothing theatrical was intended. The utter nonchalance of the performance was paralyzing. He did not reach old Rock. Over to the right another hound raised so significant a cry that Rock, with an answering bay, went for him. In a moment they were sweeping around a knoll to the right, and the third Walker turned his horse through the sedge, loping easily, his hat still in his hand, a mighty picture on horseback; and as I started after him, I saw the fourth brother scramble up a perpendicular bank twice the length of his horse—each man gone according to his own judgment. I followed the swinging black hat, and caught up, and we halted in the woods to listen, both jerking the reins to keep the horses from champing their bits. One peculiar, deep, musical tongue rose above the pack's cry. The big Walker stood in his stirrup, with his face uplifted, and I saw in it what fox-hunting means to the Kentuckian. Had he been looking into heaven, his face could not have been more rapt.

"That 's Rock!" he said breathlessly, and then he started through the woods. He weighed over two hundred, and was six feet four. A hole through the woods that was big enough for him, was, I thought, big enough for me, and I had made up my mind to follow him half an hour, anyhow. My memory of that ride is a trifle confused. I saw the big yellow oil-skin and the thick gray hair ahead of me, whisking around trees and stumps, and over rocks and roots. I heard a great crashing of branches and a clatter of stones. Every jump something rapped me across the breast or over the head; my knees grazed trees on each side; a thorn dug into my face not far from one eye; and then I lay down on my horse's neck and thought of my sins. I did not know what it was all about, but I learned when I dared to lift my head. We had been running for a little hollow between the hills to see the fox pass, but we were too quick. Several hunters had crossed the trail before the hounds, and fox and scent were lost.

"You 've bu'sted up the chase," said a hunter, with deep disgust.

"Who—we?" said the Walker. "Why, we have just been riding quietly up the ridge, have n't we?" *Quietly* — that was his idea of riding quietly!

I told the general about that ride, and the general laughed. "That 's *him*," he said, with ungrammatical emphasis. "He 's fifty-three now, but he 's the hardest hunter in this State to follow."

We had to end the chase that day, and we went back to the hotel, early in the afternoon, so disheartened that the general threw his pride and his hunting traditions to the wind, and swore with a beautiful oath that the ladies should have a chase. He got a mountaineer to climb a mule and drag a coon-skin around the little valley. The natives brought in their dogs, and entered them for a quart of whisky. The music started, and Logan was allowed to let out his noble length for exercise, and Patsy Powell slipped her leash and got away, while her master swore persistently that she was running because the others were — that she scorned the scent of a drag, and would hardly run a gray fox, let alone the skin of a coon. Logan came in ahead; but a native got the whisky, and in half an hour every one of his friends owned the best dog in the county.

That last night, after a game of blindman's-buff, we had intersectional toasts and congratulations, and welcomes to come again. The conditions had all been antagonistic. It was too early; it was too dry; and there were many other reasons.

The man from the Brunswick Fur Club explained that in his country the sportsmen shot the foxes because the dogs could not catch them fast enough. The foxes were so thick up there that they could hardly raise a Thanksgiving turkey. So they shot them to appease the farmers, whom they had to fight annually in the legislature to prevent them from having the fox exterminated by law as a pest. The Southern sportsmen were glad to hear that, and drank to his health, and argued that the solution of the difficulty was to try more dogs like Logan. Then everybody discussed phases and problems of the chase that emphasized the peculiarities of hunting in the South — how the dogs, like the race-horse, have grown lighter, more rangy in form, smaller, solider in bone; and how, in spite of the increase in speed, they yet win by bottom, rather than by speed; that it was, after all, a question

of the condition of the fox, whether he was gorged or not; that rough ground being favorable to the fox, more kills were made south of Virginia, because the ground is favorable to the dog; how since the war the breeding has been toward better feet, rougher hair, better brush, gameness, nose, and speed. Yet the Walkers say that hounds are not as good as they were twenty years ago; that the English dogs are tougher and have more bottom and less nose and speed; that the half thoroughbred makes the best hunter, the thoroughbred being too high-strung, too fretful; that the right proportion of English blood in the hound is one fourth. And everybody wondered why some Kentucky horseman has never bred hunters for the Eastern market, arguing that the Kentucky hunter should excel, as the racehorse and the trotter have excelled.

One and another told how a fox will avoid a corn-field, because a muddy tail impedes him; how he will swim a creek simply to wash it out; and how, in Florida, he will swim a river to escape the dogs, knowing that they will not follow him through fear of the alligators. How he will turn up-stream when he is not hard pressed, and down-stream when he is. Does the red fox actually kill out the gray? One man had come on the fresh-bitten carcass of a gray in the snow, and about it there was not another sign than the track of a red fox. Or does the gray disappear because he is more easily caught, or does an instinctive terror of the red drive the gray off to other hunting-grounds? A hunter declared that a full-grown gray would show mortal terror of a red cub. Is the red fox a coward, or is he the only sporting member of the animal kingdom? Does he really enjoy the chase? Many had seen him climb a stump or fence to look back and listen to the music. One man claimed that he often doubled out of curiosity to see where the dogs were, though another had seen a fox go through the window of a deserted house, through the floor, and out under it; and in doubling, go through it just the other way. He always did that, and that did not look like curiosity. Several had known a fox, after the hounds had given up the chase and turned homeward, to turn too, and run past the dogs with a plain challenge to try it again. Another said he had known a fox to run till tired, and then let a fresh fox take up the trail, and lead the hounds on while he rested in the thicket twenty yards away. All except one hunter had known foxes to run past their holes several times during the chase, and often to be caught within one or two hundred yards of a den. One opinion was that he would not go into his hole because he was too hot and would smother; another said he was game. But the doubting hunter, an old gentleman who was nearly seventy, and who had kept close behind the dogs on a big sorrel, with an arm that had been thrown out of place at the shoulder only the night before, declared that most fox-stories were moonshine, that the fox was a sneaking little coward, and would make for a hole as soon as he heard a dog bark. There was one man who knew another man who had seen a strange thing. All the others had heard of it, and many believed it. A fox, hard pressed, had turned, and, with every bristle thrown forward, had run back, squealing piteously, into the jaws of the pack.

"That 's a bluff game," said the old hunter.

"No," said another; "he knew that his end had come, and he went to meet it with his colors flying, like the dead-game little sport that he is."

John Fox, Jr.

THE STRAYED REVELER.

AS she flees up the mountain-side
The valley is astir
With gay companions, racing wide
In vain pursuit of her.

In every tangled copse they seem
To see her streaming hair,
And where the wild, white lilies gleam,
Her face a lily there.

But laughing, hand to side, to still
The beating of her heart,
Tiptoe upon the lonely hill
She stands, with lips apart.

The gay rout passes, and there falls
A silence in the place;
Again the cuckoo softly calls,
The watchful squirrels race.

Then, like a sigh among the trees,
A wind is softly heard,
And, like a leaf blown down the breeze,
There darts a songless bird.

For one swift moment then she slips
Into a world apart:
She thinks of mold upon her lips
And dust about her heart.

L. Frank Tooker.

LESSONS FROM THE YALU FIGHT.

COMMENTS ON COMMANDER McGIFFIN'S ARTICLE[1] BY THE AUTHOR OF "INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY."

COMMANDER McGIFFIN is to be congratulated upon being one of the first, if not the very first, of naval officers belonging to the nations of European civilization, not only to undergo the dangers and experiences of a naval action under modern conditions, but also to tell what he has seen and felt in a manner at once instructive and suggestive. The remarks that follow are an attempt to develop somewhat further, along the line of thought of one person, the inferences that may be drawn from his story.

1. It appears that although the Chinese government permitted the fleet to cruise freely to the westward of a line drawn from the Yalu River to Shantung lighthouse, they positively forbade the admiral to go to the eastward, thereby depriving him of the power to bring the Japanese to action if, from the information he might receive, a fair opportunity offered. Admiral Ting's views in this matter seem to have been contrary to those of his superior on shore. In the absence of full information a decisive judgment would be improper; but it seems likely that we have here one of the commonest and most deplorable experiences of war — the hands of a commander-in-chief, present on the scene of operations, tied by the positive instructions of a man, or set of men, at a distance. How often the Aulic Council ruined the Austrian armies, how much more often it neutralized their efficiency by the unavoidable slowness consequent upon having to refer continually to Vienna for instructions, is one of the commonplaces of military history. It is inevitable and necessary that the armies and navies should be subordinate to the general war policy of the civil government; but the latter should beware of too particular directions, and, above all, of absolute orders, fettering the discretion of the commander-in-chief. If the man *on the spot* cannot be trusted, he should be removed; but no one at a distance from the scene of operations can effectively direct them.

2. The experiences with the gun-shields on July 25, as well as in the Yalu fight of September 17, are extremely suggestive, and from my point of view should be taken in connection with another fact which has seemed to make the deepest impression on the professional mind, not only of naval officers, but of civilians who have made a special study of naval matters — namely, the great effect of rapid-fire guns. Speaking broadly, the gun-shield represents the defensive element, the rapid-fire gun the offensive. Both ideas, of course, are necessary, and in a sense complementary each of the other; but not only does the unvarying voice of military history assign superiority to the offensive, but Commander McGiffin gives reason to think that the gun-shield, unless of unusual thickness, — perhaps even then, — is a source rather of increased injury than of defense. The reason, as far as he goes in this, is simple enough: a single projectile that might clear everything and every one but for the shield, and that at the worst would probably strike only a single man, is by the shield converted into several projectiles which can scarcely miss all round, not to speak of the shock caused by the explosion to those who escape being hit. Most modern shells, it should be explained, do not burst unless they meet a fairly solid resistance.

Regarding the contrast of ideas expressed respectively by the gun-shield and the rapid-fire guns, I have long been inclined to think that Admiral Farragut's pregnant phrase, "The best defense against the enemy is a well-directed fire from our own guns," was almost a prophecy to our present times, though the rapid-fire gun now so called was not even dimly foreshadowed in his day: but in truth his words simply expressed tersely a great undying principle as applied to the situation then before him. Offense is better than defense. A war-ship is vulnerable in two chief respects — in her motive power and in her personnel. It is imaginable that one might be wholly neutralized without materially injuring the other. The question, not only of to-day, but of a century's standing, is, Which is it better to attack in order to subdue the ship? In olden days the British habitually attacked the personnel, the French the motive power, and each was consistent; for the aim of the former was to insure decisive results, and that of the latter to avoid them. Each has had its advocates, and consequently there is something to be said on each side; but upon the whole it is, I think, fair to say that experience replies, Attack the men. And the reason is

[1] See page 585.

much the same as a hundred years ago: not only is it impossible to have the men as well protected as the motive power, but the destruction of the men who handle the offensive powers of the ship makes the motive power practically useless. Now the weight which a ship of given size can carry is limited, and must be distributed among several objects, of which gun-power is one; and the question has to be met, How shall this gun-power be subdivided among the different classes of gun? If your aim is the motive power, you want heavy guns; for the motive power — the engines and boilers — are given the utmost possible protection, by position, by the thickest armor, by the coal stowage, the protective deck, and so on, to pierce which great force is required. But heavy guns mean few guns, and few guns mean few shots, and few shots mean fewer hits; while of those that hit, if they strike the protective system of the engines, etc., fewer still penetrate, a truth long foreseen, yet very generally dropped out of sight, and which the Yalu battle has singularly confirmed. On the other hand, the weight of armor required to protect the water-line adequately makes it impossible to extend by similar means adequate protection to the battery spaces, except only those occupied by the heavy guns; and even where these are adequately protected,— impervious, that is, to the missiles from those lighter guns technically called "rapid-fire,"— there can be no question that their accuracy of fire is singularly embarrassed. For that reason it is sought to aim and fire them from an exterior position — the conning-tower,[1] for instance — a plan of which it is enough here to say that, except for the heaviest guns, it is tending to fall into disuse. Considering the vast importance of securing the best practice from the heavy guns,— for I am not at all arguing against them, only against their excessive number,— it becomes necessary to beat down and keep down all the other fire of the enemy. If success in this is attained, a distinct and immense advantage is gained for the heavy guns over those of the enemy; for, if the rapid-fire guns which have established their ascendancy cannot penetrate the turrets, they can greatly annoy the men in them, and may enter the gun-ports. This superiority, if maintained, must result in victory. It has long seemed to me that the mutual relations of the heavy and rapid-fire guns of a ship have a strong analogy to a field battery of artillery and its infantry supports, the latter of which at once protect and secure the efficient service of the former. However that may be, the rapid-fire gun of moderate caliber has just now fairly established its position as the greatest offensive power in naval warfare.

3. Rapidity of fire for guns of all kinds is a question partly of the size and mechanism of the gun, but still more of supply. The ammunition storage of a ship is, for obvious reasons, buried as deep under water as possible, and it is both an important and intricate matter so to proportion supply to demand as to make no needless exposure of such dangerous material *in transitu* or on deck — not, in short, to be hoist with your own petard. It appears from Commander McGiffin's narrative that both Chinese and Japanese were led, by design or accident, to accumulate projectiles and ammunition on deck in advance of immediate demands — a practice greatly deprecated. But is the deprecation wholly sound? Offense is better than defense. Rapid fire with some risk is better than slower fire with no risk — risk, that is, from this particular source — because the slower fire yields to the enemy an advantage greater than the risk avoided. On board a foreign battle-ship, not long ago, the captain said to me that in providing for action they accumulated a certain number of rounds — ten, I think — near each rapid-fire gun. "Don't you consider that a great risk?" I asked. "Undoubtedly," he replied; "but not so great a risk as that the enemy should fire faster than we." I think he was right. Collingwood used to tell his crew that if they could fire three well-aimed broadsides in as many minutes, no enemy could resist them. Farragut noted with emphatic commendation, in 1839, when the French attacked the castle of San Juan de Ulua at Vera Cruz, that they habitually kept a great number of shot accumulated in racks on deck — a practice many naval officers still remember. The introduction of shells — explosive projectiles — gave pause to this habit, for direful experiences had taught that a shot, solid or hollow, striking one would explode many near by. Nevertheless, the difficulty of insuring rapid supply at any time, even the quietest, and the dreadful liability to severance of the chain of supply by the casualties of battle, suggest the imperative necessity of an accumulation. This should be so planned and so proportioned to the rate of fire possible to the gun as to insure the minimum of risk that must be taken if the full efficiency of the battery is to be maintained. Especially is this necessary for the beginning of an action — usually, at least as regards the single ship, the most pregnant of the final result.

4. The manner in which the battle was fought — the tactics, to use the correct technical word — presents some points of interest. It is to be regretted that we have not with more precision the ideas which underran the distri-

[1] "To con" is to direct the steering.

bution of the forces of either admiral; but the various accounts made public are so far in agreement as to show authoritatively, within certain limits, what was done, though not the reasons for doing it.

It will be observed, assuming Commander McGiffin's figures, that the possible speed of the Japanese fleet, according to the accepted maxim that the speed of a fleet is that of the slowest ship, was about three knots in excess of that which the Chinese could show. The figures would be, approximately, seventeen and fourteen. The Japanese *Akagi*, *Hiyei*, and *Fuso*, of twelve and thirteen knots, scarcely invalidate this statement, as they were weak ships, except the *Fuso*, and the first two dropped behind and were disabled. This superiority would encourage the Japanese admiral to attempt the manœuver — to me somewhat inexplicable — of steaming in column from left to right across the front of the Chinese line. He had the speed to do it; otherwise, to present the flank of his ships to the oncoming prows of the enemy would have been a reckless undertaking, as was exemplified by the mischance of the slow *Hiyei*, which failed to get across, its captain, to avoid consequent destruction, having turned and passed between the two Chinese ironclads — a deed, be it said in passing, that showed a promptness of decision and a daring which well deserve the praise bestowed by Commander McGiffin. But the same consideration — the danger of being rammed — forced the Japanese to pass a long way ahead of the Chinese, — three thousand yards (if I remember right; McGiffin does not say), — and to deliver their fire at that range, which I do not think naval professional opinion would generally approve. The first blow is half the battle, and should, if practicable, be more closely delivered.

The Chinese admiral, in reducing the speed of his fleet to six knots, its actual rate of steaming, had accepted the defensive rôle — awaited attack. In his disposition for defense (if the result of deliberation) he had to consider that there are three weak points of a line, the center and the two flanks. If the center is pierced, the force is divided; but the center can be more easily reinforced than either flank can be. Owing to the want of homogeneity in his ships, the problem was perplexing, but the natural solution was the one adopted; namely, to keep the two battle-ships together and to place them in the center. Having done this, however, I think that if it was intended to fight in the order assumed, the next strongest ships, the two armored cruisers, should have been placed on each flank; and immediately in rear of each of them should have followed one of the ships standing third in the order of strength, thus forming a flanking column of two. To file past the flank of a line of ships, as the Japanese did, is an old incident of naval warfare, sometimes accidental, as in Rodney's battle of 1782, sometimes intentional, as it always was when a line was intentionally broken by an enemy. If the line be single, the flank ship is alone, and receives, unsupported, the fire of all the enemy that pass by. If another ship be placed in her rear, they support each other; and if there be three or four, the enemy's attempt loses much of its danger. All of which goes to show that, upon the whole, a column of ships is a better defensive formation than a line, as the broadsides of the ships cover their flanks and they move up to each other's support.

Having passed the Chinese front, the Japanese filed by the right flank; and this is why, failing other light than I have, I find the manœuver of passing the front inexplicable. Considerable risk of casualty was thereby run merely to concentrate fire in the end on the right flank, when the left flank could, apparently, equally well have been attacked without the previous punishment, whatever that might amount to. Nor would the slow rear ships have been exposed to the mischance of the *Hiyei*. This comment, however, as well as that upon the Chinese dispositions, is confessedly made upon partial information, and may also be open to the proverbial retort that hindsight is always better than foresight.

After the first collision between the enemies, the Chinese order was soon lost, whereas the Japanese retained control of their own throughout. This advantage they seem to have utilized in a manner at once judicious, spirited, and skilful. Dividing their force, they separated the two hostile battle-ships from their consorts; and holding the latter in check with a light division, they concentrated upon the two their five heaviest ships, circling round them swiftly, and pouring in the fire of their numerous rapid-fire guns. Such an attack searched every open or weak point in the enemy's harness. The number of shots, and the consequent number of hits, told everywhere; and while the heavy guns failed utterly to get through the armor to the motive power, the personnel suffered grievously in efficiency, if not by wounds. Of this the proof is that only one 12-inch projectile from the Chinese fleet got in seriously upon the Japanese, while the terrible effect produced by that one showed how complete might have been the victory of the Chinese had their gunners been able to fire with full judgment and sight; having, as they had, five enemy's ships only partly protected, in close line, among which to choose. How the Japanese small projectiles found their way everywhere is also indicated by the fact cited by Commander McGiffin that the captain of one

of the 12-inch guns, which had the maximum of protection, was killed.

As regards systems, the result of this episode is a drawn battle, which may be summed up broadly as the successful resistance of two ships, armored, with a joint displacement of 15,000 tons, to five ships, partly protected, of 19,000 tons. This, as far as it goes, favors the view that a given amount of tonnage in one or in a few big ships possesses a decided advantage over the same, or even a greater amount, divided among several. This view is also in strict accord with the general teachings of warfare, that force concentrated under one command is more efficient than that disseminated among several. This conclusion must not, of course, be pressed to absurdity, but tempered, as all practical conclusions are, by moderation and discretion. A man may consider one 10,000-ton ship better than two of 6000 without wanting one of 20,000 tons at all, for sufficient reasons. Our forerunners found a 74-gun ship absolutely superior to two frigates,—for the latter to attack was considered folly,—yet the seventy-four was their norm for the battle-ship, and only exceptionally was exceeded in size.

On the other hand, this episode was a drawn fight because forty-five (more or less) quick-firing guns got the better of eight 12-inch guns unsupported by any quick-firing guns at all. They did so, I apprehend, because they destroyed the personnel of the ship, either directly or by shattering its power of efficient offense. Men, however brave, cannot stand up against fire of a certain intensity; and when such a condition is reached and sustained, they are as good as dead for the time being.

I make all these inferences broadly, neither ignoring nor wishing to ignore the existence of qualifying circumstances, which, however, only qualify, do not reverse, the conclusions reached. I have, for instance, not taken into account the Japanese heavy guns, of which there were three 13-inch, and twenty-seven of calibers varying from 5 to 9 inches. These certainly must have counted for something; but as, on the one hand, this increase of the Japanese power reinforces my argument that force in two big ships is better than if distributed in five, so, on the other hand, it goes to show that heavy guns, slowly manipulated, are inferior to rapid-fire guns in effect against personnel. Directed against the vitals of the ship herself, they failed to penetrate. They represent the attack on motive power, as the rapid-fire guns represent that on personnel.

In itself, and considered simply as a naval engagement, the Japanese victory of the Yalu appears to me inconclusive. The failure to press at once the advantage obtained may be accounted for in more ways than one, not in the least discreditable to the Japanese; but the comparative losses, and the insignificance of the Chinese vessels sunk, coupled with the fact that the engagement was not renewed, would indicate that their gallant and skilful admiral felt it was expedient to retire. The subsequent demoralization of the Chinese left to their enemies the control of the sea, which was decisive of the war, but which the Yalu fight alone would not have conferred.

In conclusion, the failure of the heavy projectiles to penetrate the Chinese armor which they struck, while it strengthens the argument of those who favor the battle-ship as the chief constituent of naval force, deserves the close attention of all persons, lay as well as naval, who are perplexed by the alternate crowing of both parties in the wearisome contest between guns and armor. The result shows, as most of us could have foreseen had we stopped to think, that armor is actually a far better protection than is indicated by the trials of the testing-ground, where, for purposes of extreme proof, all the off chances are given to the gun. On the trial ground the victory of the gun has, with occasional fluctuations of opinion, been generally taken as proved; in the Yalu fight the armor, thanks to the operation of causes carefully excluded in testing, came out ahead when it was struck.

In considering these various questions, I have tried, as far as possible, not to regard them merely as particular unrelated cases, but to treat them as illustrations of general principles, operative formerly as well as now, and which were exemplified by the history and practice of the past as really as they are by these modern instances.

A. T. Mahan.



"THE GREEN GRASS AV OWLD IRELAND."

THE green grass av owld Ireland!
Whilst I be far away,
All fresh an' clean an' jewel-green
It 's growin' there to-day.
Oh, it 's cleaner, greener growin' —
All the grassy worrld around,
It 's greener yet nor any grass
That grows on top o' ground.

The green grass av owld Ireland,
Indade, an' balm 't 'u'd be
To eyes like mine that drip wid brine
As salty as the sea!
For still the more I 'm stoppin' here,
The more I 'm sore to see
The glory av the green grass av owld Ireland.

Ten years ye 've paid my airnin's —
I 've the l'avin's on the shelf,
Though I be here widout a queen,
An' own meself meself.
I 'm comin' over steerage,
But I 'm goin' back firrst-class,
Patrolin' av the foremost deck
For firrst sight av the grass.

God bless yez, free Ameriky!
I love yez, dock and shore!
I kem to yez in poverty
That 's worstin' me no more.
But most I 'm lovin' Erin yet,
Wid all her graves, d' ye see,
By reason av the green grass av owld Ireland.

James Whitcomb Riley.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Season of Timidity in Presidential Candidates.

THE year preceding a national campaign is always a very trying period for Presidential candidates. However courageous and outspoken in expressing their views on leading questions of the day they may be at other times, as soon as they find themselves within a twelvemonth of the nominating conventions a great wave of conservatism passes over them. They become so judicially minded that a one-sided view of any such question becomes an impossibility. Both sides seem to have so much in their favor that no one except a heedless partizan could think of stating publicly which he favored. If it be a question of silver, the candidate either refers the inquirer to his "well-known views expressed on former occasions,"— date omitted,— or he assures him that his party, which has always shown such patriotism and ability in solving problems of government, in case it be trusted with power will solve this particular one with equal ability and wisdom. He will admit to you that there is much to be said in favor of bimetallism, provided it can be secured on an international basis, and much to be said against it because of the doubt that it can be secured on that basis; but he will be very careful not to let you see on which side he ranges himself. He is quite willing to say that the question should be discussed amicably, without heat, with charity for all opinions, and that he is very warmly in favor of the wisest solution, preferring one which would be acceptable to all sides.

We cite the silver question as an example because it happens to be the leading issue this year. Upon any

other public question the position of most of the candidates would be distinguished by a similar diffidence. This seems at first sight somewhat inexplicable from the fact that so large a proportion of the people of the country are looking eagerly about for a candidate with pronounced views. They are yearning literally for a candidate with courage and convictions, and would be ready to rally in overwhelming numbers to his support. The business interests of the entire country — commercial, industrial, and all others — are solidly united in a determination to support for the Presidency no candidate whom they cannot trust to maintain the credit of the Government, and keep its currency upon the gold basis. Whatever else they may consent to be uncertain about, they will take no chances on those two points. Why do not the Presidential candidates see this, and rally this most powerful of all support to their fortunes? The reason is a very simple one. They are not seeking support at the polls now, but support in the nominating conventions. They reason that the fewer opponents they have from any section in those bodies, the better will be their chances. They believe that in these conventions the candidate who can show the least amount of sectional antagonism — who, in other words, can be shown to be most "available"—will be most likely to capture the prize.

It cannot be denied that there is strong ground for this line of reasoning. Many times has it happened that candidates have been nominated because of their unknown views, and generally unknown abilities and character. But, on the other hand, we believe that in every case in which a candidate has disregarded all the usual tactics of timidity, has declared his honest convictions on the great questions, or the greatest question, of the day, and has trusted to the people rather than to the professional politicians for support, he has gone into the national convention of his party with such a popular demand for his nomination that the delegates have been forced to yield to it. It was Lincoln's refusal, at Springfield, in June, 1858, to strike out from his speech the famous passage, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free," which made him President of the United States two years later. When he submitted the speech in advance of delivery to the politicians of his party, men who were pushing him forward for high political honors, they were unanimously of the opinion that that passage should be stricken out. Lincoln listened to them politely, as usual, and when they had all spoken said:

> Friends, this thing has been retarded long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I shall go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth — let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.

To a friend who upbraided him for the passage after the speech was delivered he said:

> If I had to draw a pen across my record, and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I would choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased.

The conscience of the country recognized in that speech the high note of a fearless devotion to duty—a note which in all times the American people has heard joyfully, and followed in irresistible numbers.

The practical politicians are seldom or never able to recognize this power in politics. They were sure that Lincoln had ruined himself in 1858, and their successors were equally sure that Mr. Cleveland had ruined himself in 1891 when he wrote his letter against free silver coinage. They were more sure of it when the regular party organization of Mr. Cleveland's own State refused to support him for renomination in the following year; but the people, remembering the silver letter, took possession of the convention and insisted that the politicians must give way to them. It is impossible to cite an instance in which the people have failed to come to the support of a candidate who trusted his future to them on an issue of principle and devotion to duty. It is very strange that so many candidates, men who have a high sense of honor, and who, if elected, would undoubtedly fill the office of President creditably to themselves and usefully to the country, fail to profit by these examples from our history. It is an uncontrovertible fact that Presidential candidates, without the support of party machines and without the sympathy of the professional politicians, have proved more powerful in elections than the first choices of the machines and the idols of the politicians. Why cannot our candidates of to-day learn from this that the people are so much more powerful than the politicians that any man who has the people behind him is certain to win? Why cannot they learn also that by acting as real leaders of the people, guiding them to wise action, they best serve their country and strengthen the cause of popular government throughout the world?

The Need of a City Party.

THOSE who have followed the discussion of municipal-reform questions during the last year have been impressed by the fact that interest in them has been growing steadily. This is demonstrated by the great quantity of publications upon various phases of the subject which are put forth in all the large cities. Until within a year or two it has been virtually impossible to find publications of this kind. They have been produced now in response to a wide-spread and growing demand for exact information as to the nature and defects of existing municipal government, and as to the best means for bringing about reforms. The existence of this demand gives evidence that there is a larger number of people devoting their attention to the subject than ever before — a fact which is of the greatest encouragement; for awakened public interest is the first and most powerful agency for a better condition of affairs.

It is of vital importance that this awakened city interest be consolidated and concentrated upon city problems alone. Every one who has studied these problems recognizes party names and party passions and prejudices as the most formidable obstacles to permanent municipal reform. Temporary reform may be secured in spite of them, but nothing enduring. So long as men allow State and national political names and issues to decide their votes in municipal elections, we can hope for only spasmodic improvement in city affairs. In times of unusual popular indignation, as was the case in New York in November last, and in Chicago in April, enough men may forego their partizanship to secure the election of a mayor upon the question of city

interests alone; but unless the state of mind which permits them to do this continues, the city is likely to slip away from the reformers at the next following election. Then, too, partizan interests and feelings are very likely to make themselves felt after election. It very often happens that the mayor who was elected nominally as a non-partizan finds, on taking office, that he is really at the head of a multi-partizan body of voters, each partizan group of which expects him to give its members some offices. Instead of devoting himself entirely to the good government of the city without regard to any political party, he finds he can give it only as much good government as the various political parties which combined for his election will permit him to give.

There is only one sure road out of this trouble. Multi-partizan government leads inevitably to greater and more diversified partizanship, and renders practically impossible a succession in kind; but it can be made the stepping-stone to real non-partizan rule. Thousands of voters have been convinced, by what has happened in New York and Chicago during the last few months, of the necessity of having city affairs separated completely from State and national politics. Here is the nucleus for a party outside and above the regular political organization, calling itself the City Party, and devoted entirely to city interests. In New York city the City Club and the affiliated Good Government clubs form the rallying-point for such an organization. They are composed of men of all parties who are pledged to place the good government of the city above all political considerations.

The course to be followed by a city party is plain. It should not wait to combine with political organizations in support of a city ticket, but should pick out its own candidates and put them before the voters on the city issue alone. If defeated, it should keep on undismayed until it has rallied to its cause enough voters to win. It would not have to do as the political organizations do when they combine,—find for a candidate some man acceptable to all shades of politics,—but would have only to find a man who had demonstrated his ability and character as a servant of the city. It should be on the watch for such men in the public service. In fact, the existence of a city party would of itself act as a stimulus for the growth of such men—would encourage, indeed, the development and training of a body of public servants from which the city could draw in time of need. As it is now, in default of any such body, we are forced to take up any one who is found willing to accept the place, and whose career in business or professional life gives reasonable assurance that he would be a capable public official. We are seldom or never able to find a man who has had experience in municipal affairs, or who is in any sense a trained public servant.

One of the difficulties which a city party will have to encounter in New York is that of really non-partizan nominations for members of the State legislature. It will be impossible to have State and national politics ignored in the nomination of these candidates whenever they shall be required, after election, to take part in the choice of a United States senator. This difficulty can be met in several ways. The City Party might offer to give its support to Republican candidates in Republican districts and to Democratic candidates in Democratic districts, provided such candidates would pledge themselves to act as non-partizans on all legislative measures affecting the city. Or the City Party might itself pick out the Republican or Democratic candidates, and invite the coöperation of the regular party organizations in their support. If the regular party organizations refuse either to allow their candidates to be pledged on city matters, or to cooperate at all with the City Party, then the latter's course becomes plain. It must put its own candidates for the legislature in the field, and appeal to the public for support on the ground of city issues alone, washing its hands of all responsibility for the results of the election, so far as they may affect the United States senatorship question. This course, if persisted in, would soon convince the regular party managers that it was for their interest to coöperate with the City Party; for the following of the latter would soon be too large to be ignored or defied with safety.

The great thing to be sought is a party which in all municipal elections will act upon the principle that the interests of the city are paramount and will not be waived for any other interests whatever. With separate municipal elections, which the new constitution of New York provides, and which are the rule in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities, the building up of such a party would be only a question of time, provided the work were undertaken and persisted in with unconquerable spirit. In fact, the work has been begun in nearly all these cities now, but it has not been formulated with sufficient definiteness, and has not yet got into shape which promises ultimate success. We are confident, however, that the proper spirit has been awakened, and that within a few years the harvest will be gathered.

The Degenerate Stage.

NOBODY with any knowledge of the facts will deny that the American theater, considered merely as a rational means of entertainment, without reference to its relations to literature and art, is in a most forlorn and debased condition. Tragedy, high comedy, the historical and romantic drama, have been virtually banished from the stage, or find few worthy interpreters, and have been replaced to a large extent by worthless melodramas, the extravagant buffooneries of so-called farce-comedies, or the feverish and unwholesome society play, in which the most vicious topics are discussed openly under the pretense of solving social problems.

The causes that have led to this deplorable state of affairs are various. Good new plays cannot be had without the men to write them, or great acting without great actors. Death has been busy of late among writers and players. Many bright lights in the ranks of both have been extinguished, and, naturally, after their removal a period of darkness and depression might be expected. But what makes the present outlook for the American theater so dark is the fact that there are no perceptible signs of any coming revival. The dearth of young actors, of both sexes, of noteworthy capacity or promise is becoming more and more painfully evident, while the efforts of the native playwright are devoted chiefly either to adaptation—a more polite word than appropriation—or to utter trivialities. Ask one of the typical managers of the day to account for this con-

dition of things, and his reply will be pat. He will tell you that all the talk about elevating the stage is sentimental rubbish; that the people do not want an elevated stage; that they wish to be amused, not instructed; and that all that he and his fellows can do is to follow the general economic law of supply and demand, and cater to the public taste. This, on the face of it, looks plausible, but there never was a more fallacious bit of special pleading. The simple fact is that managerial ignorance, vulgarity, and greed are more largely responsible for current theatrical evils than all other causes put together. It will be understood, of course, that this arraignment does not apply to the four or five managers in the United States (there are no more of them) who live up to a creditable standard of literary and dramatic excellence, but to the illiterate and only partly civilized speculators who, by their commercial enterprise, audacity, and astuteness,—admirable qualities in their way,—have secured control of nearly all the theaters, and conduct them upon the principles which in better days were confined to the music-hall and the circus. These men, with scarcely an exception, do not possess even the rudiments of a liberal education. They know nothing of art, literature, or acting, and care nothing about them. They would be incapable of recognizing the literary or dramatic merit of the finest play that was ever written, if it came to them in manuscript from an unknown author; their one idea of management being to secure plays or players, irrespective of quality, which, for some reason or other, have won notoriety elsewhere. The nature of the entertainment is to them a matter of the most profound indifference. They are ready to deal in theatrical goods of any description, from a Shaksperian revival to the lowest type of melodrama, from the "Passion Play" to the coarsest of French farces or the most idiotic variety-shows, if only somebody has made money out of them somewhere else. The public must accept what is provided or go without, and the public, preferring inferior amusement to none at all, selects the former alternative.

The establishment of this unenlightened theatrical monopoly has worked and is working serious mischief. The organization of theatrical circuits extending all over the country is not only fatal to the competition which is essential to progress, but, by a system of rotation, enables plays of small value to be kept upon the stage for two or three years. This practice not only acts as a bar to new productions, but confines thousands of actors to one part for season after season, depriving them of all opportunities of improvement, confirming them in all sorts of mannerism and slovenliness, and encouraging them to cultivate a special line, instead of seeking to acquire that power of versatility which is the one supreme test of excellence in their profession. Some of the proprietors of these traveling organizations call them stock companies, but they are nothing of the kind, except in the sense of being kept in stock for a particular purpose, to produce one class of plays in one stereotyped manner. A stock company, in the old and generally accepted meaning of the phrase, was a company capable of representing intelligently every kind of dramatic work from high tragedy down, and such companies were the schools in which young actors learned their profession, under the guidance of teachers qualified by a similar experience. The modern manager, with the rare exceptions already referred to, is absolutely ignorant of the subject of acting, and therefore there are not in this country and in England half a dozen companies which, by any stretch of courtesy, can be considered schools of that art. The chief of them, beyond doubt, is the London Lyceum. There an actor still plays many parts; elsewhere, as a rule, he only appears in them.

The stage, moreover, has suffered and is suffering immeasurably from the want of sound and discerning criticism, and of the observance of due proportion by the daily press in dealing with theatrical affairs. There are writers, of course, whose honesty and capacity are both beyond question, but that the great bulk of the so-called theatrical criticism published in the daily journals is feeble and misleading, not to use stronger terms, must be obvious to all who take the trouble to read it. It is full of inaccuracies, of contradictions, and of generalities which do not glitter. Extravagant praise is bestowed upon dull mediocrity, and genius is ascribed to performers of the second or third degree. More ridiculous, and perhaps even more mischievous, is the absurd prominence given to the sayings and doings of minor theatrical folk—a class which includes a large number of the vainest and emptiest of created mortals. Is it strange that the modern actor, without managers, instructors, or critics, and discussed with so much reverence, should degenerate?

The modern playwrights as a class must share responsibility for the condition of the theater, for they have helped to create it by writing for a market instead of for fame. For years they have been growing more audacious in the pursuit of wealth by defiance of the proprieties. But a reaction has set in, and it is probable, therefore, that the remarkable literary and technical skill displayed in the most successful plays of the last few years will be employed hereafter to better purpose. The success of clean and wholesome character plays like "The Old Homestead" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson," which, crude as they are in workmanship, yet possess a certain sociological value, is also an encouraging symptom. In these respects the outlook is not altogether discouraging, but the real reformation of the theater must begin at the top with the managers.

The "Heart Line" in Fiction.

AMID all the discussion which has recently taken place with regard to schools of fiction, as between the realistic and the romantic, there has been perhaps too much absorption in the question of method, and too little attention to that of substance. On the one hand we have the partizans of precision of statement and exactness of fact, and on the other the partizans of idealism as contradistinguished from actuality. Meanwhile a proof of the subordinate importance of this or that method is the fact that great works of art have been written indifferently in either—the greatest perhaps with a combination of both. Art is nothing but the right direction of power to a definite and worthy purpose, and it is equally futile to deny its existence in romances such as "Les Misérables" or "Ivanhoe" and in the baldest realism of Maeterlinck's touching transcripts of life, "L'Intruse" and "Les Aveugles." Between these two extremes lie the great novels which

the world will not willingly let die. A characteristic of the best work, if not its ultimate test, is suggestiveness — the awakening rather than the satisfaction of the mind: more must be meant than meets the ear; and this, it must be admitted, is likelier of achievement in the presentation of the ideal than in the transcription of the actual. For this reason poetry will always remain the first of the arts — the vehicle for the successive perpetuation of what is best worth having out of the common inheritance of the race.

But even in so ideal an art as poetry, to paraphrase the Laureate, Art reveals herself in many ways,

> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

How much less is it worth while to dogmatize as to methods in departments of prose expression? It is not style that makes the man, but the man that makes the style. That the narrative manner of Grant is, let us say, Doric, is not without a significant relation to the character of the man. So, in fiction, power reaches its end through the natural speech of the writer. The law of the conservation of force holds good in all forms of literary expression: as much power as is put into a work can come out of it, no more and no less. And art, indispensable as it is, exists merely to give currency to power. Art for art's sake is as though the dynamo should exist for the battery.

When one comes to consider wherein the power of the great novelists consists, it may be found to be closely related to what, in spite of the psychologists, we have agreed to call the heart. Klopstock was clearly shallow in thinking that the highest test of a work of art is that it should bring tears to the eyes. On the stage and elsewhere the most superficial emotions are thus stirred by the vulgarest expedients. The stronger roots of human nature are planted deeper, and one must go deeper to feed them. The true artist must first realize his scene in his own feeling. Many a reader has wept with Thackeray over the death of Colonel Newcome who has been much more permanently affected by the nobility and pathos of his life. In "Middlemarch" the meeting of Dorothea and Rosamond is an unforgettable glimpse of triumphant womanly sympathy. To name over to one's self the favorite scenes of fiction is to count a rosary of art, with every bead of which one's heart goes out in adoration. Against these treasures how empty is the word-painting of the artificial school! Not the most exquisite technic — though it be that of a Bourget — can compensate for the lack of this broad human feeling. The way to oblivion is paved with the bones of clever authors. The most admired of recent books in America at the present time owes its vogue to the fact that, in spite of serious faults of style and construction, it produces an atmosphere of affection and sympathy to which it is impossible to feel one's self a stranger, and that from first to last the author's touch is free from the degradation of cynicism. "Manner is a great matter," of course, but genius is expansive, and shifts the boundaries of art. And genius is authoritative in fiction exactly in the proportion in which it speaks with the *vox humana*.

OPEN LETTERS.

Remarks on a Recent Hypnotic Experiment.

IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for October, 1894, in an article entitled "The Eternal Gullible," Mr. Ernest Hart related certain experiments made in my presence and in that of several other medical men. The crushing to a jelly of a portion of the skin on a young man's arm with a pair of strong pincers was the only one of importance. This lad had performed as a mesmeric subject, and Mr. Hart had bought the confession that he was an impostor. The amount paid I do not know; I heard afterward that he persistently demanded £50, but possibly he received much less. During the experiment he showed neither the ordinary signs of pain, nor, by dilatation of pupil or quickening of pulse, the physiological ones. Mr. Hart ridicules the idea that this was due to post-hypnotic analgesia, and cites natural insensibility to pain — the insensibility of hysterical women and of fakirs — as possible explanations. Before the operation some of the medical men examined the subject, and asserted that sensation was normal and that there were no signs of hysteria. The lad, moreover, was not an Indian fakir, but a somewhat unprepossessing-looking young Hebrew who had previously cut his own throat. His apparent insensibility might possibly have resulted from ordinary, not hypnotic, training; several circumstances, however, render this improbable. He was ignorant of the involuntary signs of pain, yet these were repressed, and those who testified to his normal condition before the operation were of opinion that it was abnormal during it. My objection to the stage performance is that it is sometimes, though rarely, genuine, and is capable of harm; but in this instance all felt that Mr. Hart had failed to prove simulation, and expressed this opinion to him in writing.

At Dr. Hack Tuke's request, I submitted two of my own patients to various test experiments. Mr. Hart asserted that he could hypnotize them, and also awaken them when hypnotized by me. In this he was entirely unsuccessful; the genuine character of the hypnotic phenomena was admitted by all, including Mr. Hart, and in addition Dr. Tuke wrote me as follows: "As you were good enough to comply with my request in undertaking what might have been a thankless task, I write a line to thank you again, and to congratulate you on the result." These facts Mr. Hart passes over in silence.

The committee appointed by the British Medical Association unanimously reported that they had satisfied themselves of the genuine nature of hypnotic phenomena and of the value of hypnotism in medicine. Hypnotism has recently become a recognized method of treatment in many countries, and of those who employ it some occupy high official positions and have distinguished themselves in other departments of medi-

cine. They record operations performed during hypnotic anæsthesia, together with thousands of medical cases relieved or cured by hypnotic suggestion. Their statistics are fair subjects for investigation, but is it logical to conclude from the imperfectly recorded case referred to that they must be contaminated by simulation? The purchased testimony of one who had already avowed falsehood is of little scientific value; but granting the truth of his evidence, it has as little connection with hypnotism as the assertions of the village quack or bone-setter have with modern medicine. Such subjects could be bribed to simulate epilepsy or other convulsive disorders, but this would not justify the conclusion that these diseases, as observed by medical men, are usually fraudulent imitations.

It has been shown that the nervous and ill-balanced are the most difficult, instead of the most easy, to hypnotize, and, as stated by Professor Forel of Zurich, "Every mentally healthy man is naturally hypnotizable." No single case has yet been recorded where mental or physical harm has resulted from the skilled medical use of hypnotism. Suggestion plays an important part in the medicine of to-day. Dr. Tuke, speaking of the late Sir Andrew Clark, said: "Neither drugs nor diet formed the central factors of his treatment, or explained his success. 'Suggestion' lay at the root of it all. In short, Sir Andrew out-Bernheimed Bernheim; he was, in a word, the most successful hypnotist of his day." Recent experiments have shown that the magnets with which Prof. Benedikt claims to obtain astonishing results owe their efficacy entirely to suggestion, and would be equally serviceable if made of wood. Suggestion in these forms, however, owes its virtue to faith on the part of the patient, frequently associated with ignorance in the operator, and increased knowledge is ever liable to rob it of its power. The hypnotist gives no material form to the mental influence, but tries to understand its nature and how to produce the physical condition — by no means dependent on the blind faith of the patient — most favorable for its development.

In medicine evolution is constantly taking place. Fevers and kindred disorders, long treated by bloodletting and starvation, then by feeding without drugs, or in conjunction with them, now seem likely to pass into the hands of the bacteriologist. In like manner, many functional nervous disorders, either treated by drugs or by suggestion in the form of magnets, electropathic belts, or colored waters, seem likely to pass into those of medical men practising hypnotism.

LONDON, ENGLAND. *J. Milne Bramwell.*

The Home-Makers and the Boom-Makers.

THE rapid settlement of the new Northwestern States has developed — or, rather, afforded a field of operation for — two classes of people essentially different in character: earnest, industrious, thrifty builders of homes, and adventurous, speculative builders of booms. Fortunately for the land, the former vastly outnumber the latter. Most unfortunately, however, while the army of the home-building class has devoted its energy and industry to the practical work of developing the vast resources of the soil and mines, to opening farms and digging minerals, the troop of boom-makers has actively given its perennial leisure to extravagant schemes of town-platting, visionary financial enterprises, and to the profitable farming of practical politics. Taking advantage of the absorption of the conservative classes in positive material development, it has cunningly manipulated itself into every representative place, always assuming to voice the demands, the necessities, and the sentiments of the Western pioneers; and the East has manifestly come to receive these adventurers as typical exponents of Western ideas.

The inevitable reaction from the criminal speculations of these boomers has lately been lying oppressively upon the West, paralyzing every legitimate enterprise; but it is awakening the conservative, candid men, who accomplish their reasonable undertakings, to the necessity of securing representation, politically and otherwise, by men who deserve and will secure and retain the confidence of the country.

A sturdy spirit occupied the new
Far Western land. Unflinchingly it met
The elemental odds; paid ground-rent debt
To Providence; with faith-born courage drew
Large drafts against unfailing Hope's account.
The summer's drought, the devastating hail,
The winter's storm, this spirit could not quail.
From Traverse Lake to Harney's lambent mount
The erstwhile desert bloomed, and there homes grew
Where modest culture dwelt. A noisy pack
Of pilfering coyotes — shifts that neither hew
The rock nor dig sweet wells — sent yelping back
A deafening tumult from the Coteau peaks.
The world said, "Hear! The Western spirit speaks."

WATERTOWN, S. DAKOTA. *Doane Robinson.*

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Stranger to Luck.

WHEN I got off the train at Darbyville, which, as all will remember, is the junction of the L. M. & N. and O. F. & Q. railroads, and found that, owing to an accident, it would be an hour before the train came in on the latter road, I was vexed. Although ordinarily my own thoughts are agreeable companions, yet events of the past week, in which my good judgment had not borne a conspicuous part, made it likely that for the nonce these thoughts of mine would be more or less unpleasant, and so I cast about for some human nature to study.

At one end of the platform three or four farmers were seated upon trunks. They were alert-looking men, and, like me, were waiting for the train. As I neared them, one of their number, a tall, lanky, sharp-boned, knife-featured fellow, imperturbably good-natured-looking, and with an expression of more than ordinary intelligence in his eyes, left them, and sauntered off down the road with long, irregular strides.

It was one of those calm, clear, dry days when sounds carry well, and, although I did not join them, yet I heard every word of the conversation. Indeed, as their glances from time to time showed, they were not averse to having an auditor.

"It 's cur'us," said one of them, a ruddy-faced man with a white beard, "how unlucky a man c'n be an' yit manage to live." His eyes followed the shambling figure that had just left them. "I 'll help myself to some of thet terbacker, Jed. Left mine to hum, an' I have the teethache — awful." This to a short, stout man with a smooth face, who had just taken a liberal mouthful of tobacco from a paper that he drew from his hip pocket.

"He'p 'se'f!" said the one addressed. Then he added, "Meanin' Seth, I s'pose."

"Yes," replied the other; "I b'lieve thet ef Seth was to hev anythin' really fort'nit happen to him, it would throw him off his balance."

"'N' yit ther' never was a feller thet better deserved good luck than Seth. Most obligin' man I ever saw. Ain't no fool nuther," remarked the third and last member of the group, a typical Uncle Sam in appearance, with prominent front teeth, and a habit of laughing drily at everything that he or any one else said.

"He don't suffer fer the actooal needs of life, doos he?" asked the stout man, whom the others called Jed.

"No — oh, no," answered Sam; for it turned out that so the typical Yankee was called. "No; he gits enough to eat and wear, but he never hez a cent to lay by, and never will."

"Don't drink, doos he?" asked Jed, who seemed to belong to a different town from the one wherein the others and Seth abode. His acquaintance with the one under discussion was evidently by no means intimate.

"No; he ain't got no vices 't I know of. Jest onlucky."

"It 's s'prisin' haow tantalizin'ly clus good fortin hez come to him — different times," said the one who had asked for the tobacco, and whom the others called Silas.

"You 're *right*, Silas," assented Sam. "He c'n come nearer to good luck 'thout techin' it 'an any man I ever see."

"Don't seem to worrit him much," said Jed. "He seems cheerful."

"Don't nuthin' worrit *him*," Sam continued. "Most easy-goin' man on the face of the airth. *He* don't ask fer sympathy. He takes great doses of bad luck 's ef 't was good fer his health."

"Never fergit," said Silas, "the time when he bought a fine new milch Jarsey at auction fer five dollars. Why, he hed two offers fer her nex' day, an' I *know* one of 'em was forty dollars — "

"Well, naow I call that purty lucky," interrupted Jed.

"Wait!" continued Silas, seating himself more comfortably on a trunk. "Seth he would n't sell. Said he never did hev his fill of milk, an' he was goin' to keep her. Very nex' day, b' George! she choked on a turnip, an' when he faound her she was cold. Man sympathized with him. 'Too bad, Seth,' says he; 'ye 'r' aout forty dollars.' 'Five 's all I figger it at,' says Seth. 'Did n't *keer* to sell.'

"Closest call 'at fortune ever made him was time his uncle Ralzemon aout West died and left him $5000. Everybody was glad, fer every one likes Seth. I was with him when he got the letter f'om the lawyer, sayin' it was all in gold, an' hed be'n expressed to him, thet bein' one of the terms of the will. Mos' shif'less way of sendin' it, I thought," declared Silas, compressing his lips. "'What ye goin' to do with it, Seth?' says I. 'Put it in the bank?' 'Ain't got it yit,' says he; 'an', what 's more, I never will.' 'Why d' ye think so?' says I. 'On gin'al principles,' says he, a-laaffin'.

"Sure 'nough, a few days later it was printed in the paper thet a train aout in Wisconsin hed be'n held up by robbers. I was in the post-office when I saw it in the paper, an' Seth was there too. 'Bet ye a cooky thet my $5000 was on thet train,' says he. 'Won't take ye,' says I; 'fer I 'll bet ye five dollars 't was, myse'f.' 'I 'll take ye,' says he. B' George! he lost the five and the $5000 too, fer *'t was* on the train, an' they never could git a trace of it. The robbers hed took to the woods, an' they never found 'em."

"Well, I swan!" ejaculated Jed, chewing hard, and regarding with ominous look a knot-hole in the platform.

Silas continued: "I says, 'I'm sorry fer ye, Seth.' Says he: 'I ain't no poorer 'an I was before I heard he 'd left it to me.'"

"He was aout the five dollars he bet, though," said Jed.

"Wa' n't nuther," said Silas, rather shamefacedly. "I told him thet the bet was off."

"Why did n't he sue the comp'ny?" asked Jed.

"'At 's what I advised him doin', but he said 't wa' n't no use."

"I think I heard 'baout his havin' a fortin left him at the time, but I thought it was f'om a cousin down in South America," Jed went on, looking inquiringly at Sam.

"Heh! heh! thet was another time," said Sam, with his dry little laugh. "Good Nation! ef all the luck thet 's threatened to hit him hed *done* it, he 'd be the richest man in this caounty. I tell ye, good luck 's allers a-sniffin' at his heels, but he don't never git bit. This time he got a letter f'om his cousin, tellin' him he 'd allers felt sorry he hed sech poor luck, an' he 'd made him sole heir of his estate, prob'ly wuth a couple o' thousand dollars. He hed some oncurable disease, he wrote, an' the doctors did n't give him over three months to live —"

"S'pose he lived forever," put in Jed, chuckling.

"No, sir; he died in good shape, an' in fac' he bettered his word, for he did n't live two months f'om the time he wrote to Seth; but I 'm blest ef they did n't find there was some claim against the estate thet et it all up. Well, sir, I never saw any one laugh so hard as Seth when he heard the news. It struck him ez a dretful good joke."

"He must hev a purty paowerful sense of the ridikerlus," said Jed, drily.

"Well, he hez," assented Sam, rubbing his knees with his horny hands. "Ain't no better comp'ny 'an Seth. Ain't never daown-hearted."

After a moment's silence Silas smiled, and, closing his eyes, pinched them between thumb and forefinger as if calling up some pleasing recollection. At last he said, "Ye know Seth allers works by the day. He gin'ally has enough to do to keep him busy, an' allers

doos his work up slick, but he never hed stiddy employment, on'y once, an' then it lasted on'y one day. 'Member that, Sam? Time he went to work at the Nutmeg State clock shop?"

"*Yes*, yes," laughed Sam, driving a loose nail into the platform with his heel.

"Stiddy employment fer a day, eh?" said Jed, grinning. "Thet 's 'baout ez stiddy ez my hired man, an' he ain't stiddy at all."

"It was this way," Silas went on. "Seth allers was purty slick at han'lin' tools, an' Zenas Jordan was foreman of the shop, an' he offered Seth a place there at twelve dollars a week, which was purty good pay, an' more 'n Seth could make outside, 'thout it was hayin' time. I met him on his way to work fust mornin'. 'Well, luck 's with you this time, Seth,' says I. ''Sh!' says he. 'Don't say thet, or I 'll lose my job sure. It 's jes' better 'n nuthin', thet 's all. *Don't* call it good luck'; an' he laaffed an' went along a-whistlin'. B' Gosht! ef the blamed ol' shop did n't burn daown thet very night, an', ez ye know, they never rebuilt. Seth he come to me nex' day, an' he says kinder reproachful: 'You 'd orter held yer tongue, Silas. I 'd be'n hopin' thet was a stroke er luck thet hed hit me by mistake, an' I was n't goin' to whisper its name for fear it 'd reckernize me an' leave me, and you hed to go an' yell it aout when ye met me.'" And Silas laughed heartily at recollection of the whimsicality.

"Cur'us, ain't it, what a grudge luck doos hev against some men?" remarked Jed, rubbing his smooth chin meditatively.

Far down the valley I heard the faint whistle of a locomotive.

"Las' story they tell 'baout Seth 's this," Silas said, rising and stretching himself, and then leaning against the wall of the station. "He 's a very good judge o' poultry, an', in fac', he gin'ally judges at the caounty fair every fall. Well, a man daown in Ansony told him he 'd pay him ten dollars apiece for a couple of fine thoroughbred Plymouth Rock roosters. Seth knowed a man daown Smithfield way named Jones thet owned some full-blooded stock, but ez he on'y kep' 'em fer home use he did n't set a fancy price on 'em, an' Seth knowed he could git 'em fer seventy-five cents or a dollar apiece. Well, it happened a day or two later he was engaged to do a day's work fer this man Jones, an' he went daown there. He see two all-fired fine roosters a-struttin' raound the place, an' he cal'lated to buy them, but fer some reason he did n't say nuthin' 'baout it jes then to Jones, but went to work at choppin' or sawin' or whatever it was he was doin'."

"Said nuthin', did he? *Must* ha' sawed wood, then," interrupted Jed, looking over at me, and winking.

"Sure! Well, when it kem time fer dinner he hed got up a good appetite, an' he was glad to set daown to table, fer Jones is a purty good feeder, an' likes to see people hev enough. Hed stewed chicken fer dinner, an' Seth says he never enjoyed any so much in his life. After dinner he says, 'By the way, Jones, what 'll ye take fer those two Plymouth Rock roosters 't I saw this mornin'?' Jones bust aout a-laaffin', an' he says, 'Ye kin take what 's left on 'em home in a basket an' welcome!' Blamed ef Seth hed n't be'n eatin' a dinner that cost him nigh on to twenty dollars."

"Thet *must* hev riled him some," remarked Jed.

"No, sir; he never seemed to realize the sitooation."

Charles Battell Loomis.

A Hot Spell.

WHAT 's the use of diggin'?
The world won't stop
If we take to hammocks
And let work drop.

"Folks as won't labor
Need n't eat," they say.
Like to know who wants to,
On such a day.

Too hot to hoe;
Too hot for fishin'.
Wish you were a pickerel? Pshaw!
I 'm too hot for wishin'.

Agnes M. Cole.

A Ballade of Islands.

I WOULD I had been island-born.
I dearly love things insular:
The coral bed, the quaint bazaar,
The palm and breadfruit never shorn,
The smoking cone that cannot char
The azure of a tropic morn,
The dancing girl in soft simar —
All these such lures, such wonders are —
Oh, why was I not island-born?

In island crossed of Capricorn —
In Otaheite, wild Happar —
Lurk all the powers that make or mar.
The ogress, wrinkled like a Norn,
The parrot-fish, the nenuphar,
The tides that leave in quiet scorn
The moon out of their calendar,
Miranda's cave, Nausicaa's car —
All these are for the island-born.

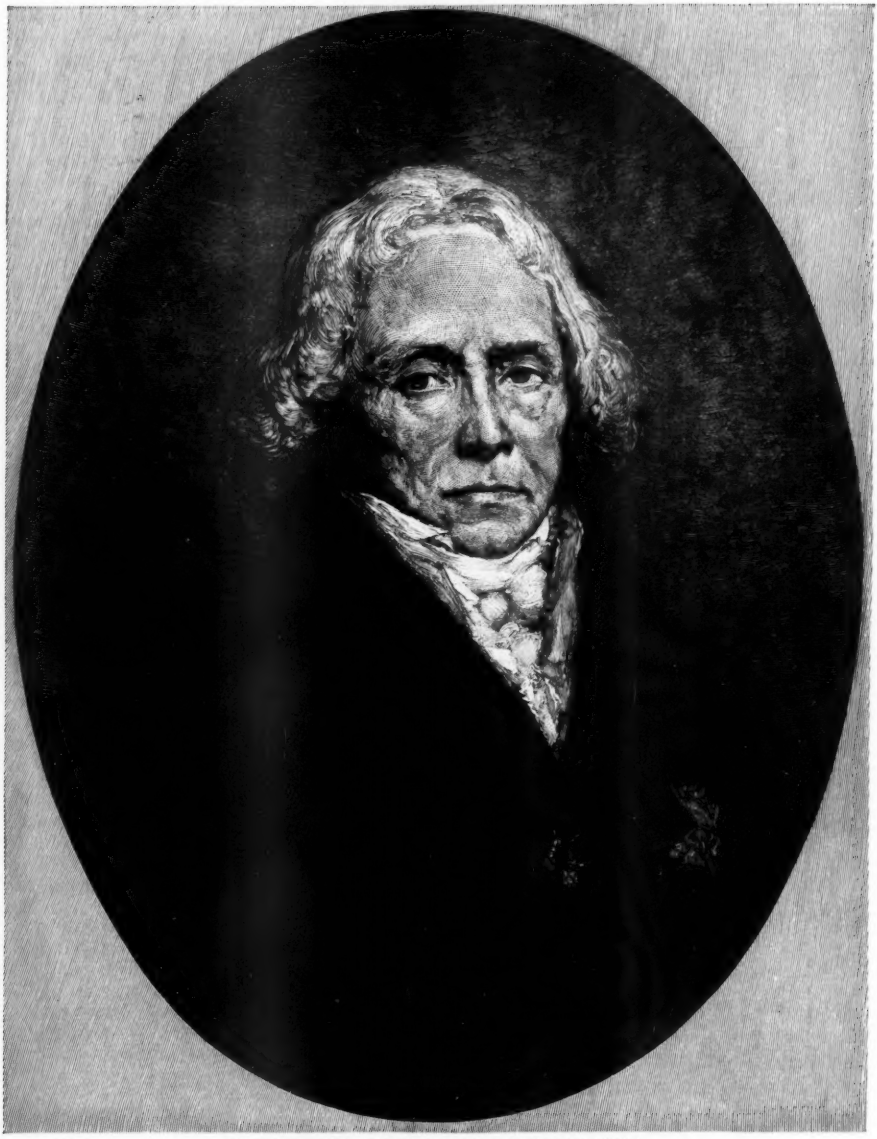
'T was on a far-off isle forlorn
That Haidee wore her golden bar,
Virginia seemed a drifted spar,
Rarahu's loving heart was torn,
Sweet Allan Bane, in peace and war,
Awoke St. Modan's harp outworn,
And Graziella her guitar;
She bore the brimming water-jar,
Not grieving to be island-born.

ENVOI.

Prince, on three islands, sundered far,
Thine were life's flower, its husk, its thorn.
Ripe grew thy wrath on Elba's scar,
In St. Helena sank thy star.
Napoleon, thou wert island-born!

Lucy C. Bull.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



FROM THE PAINTING BY ARY SCHEFFER, IN THE COLLECTION OF THE DUC D'AUMALE.

ch. mau. talleyrand.